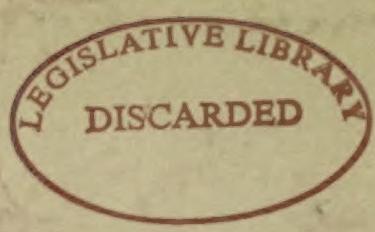
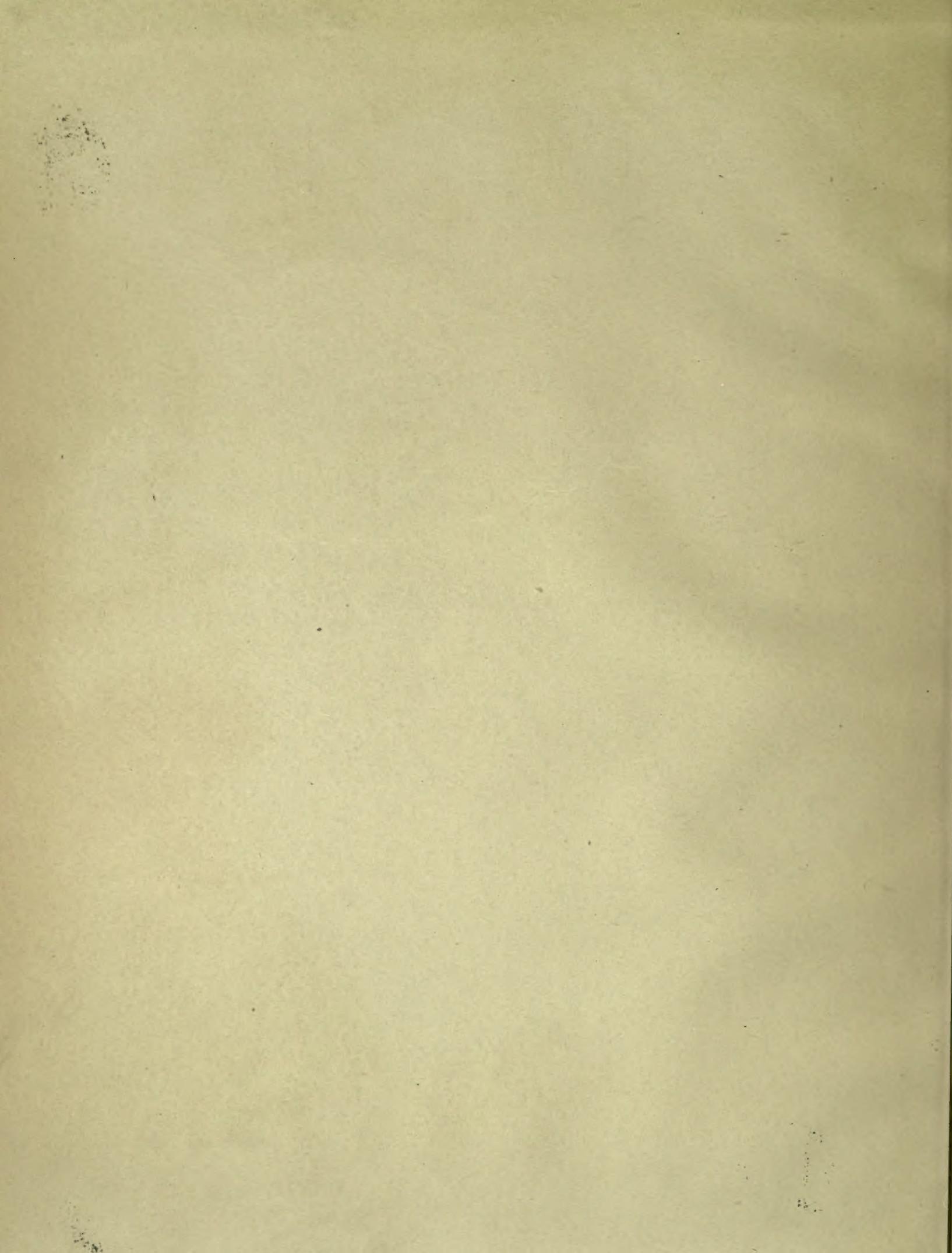


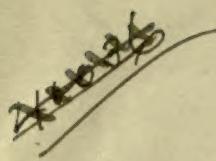


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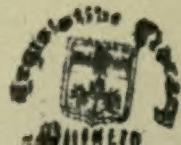
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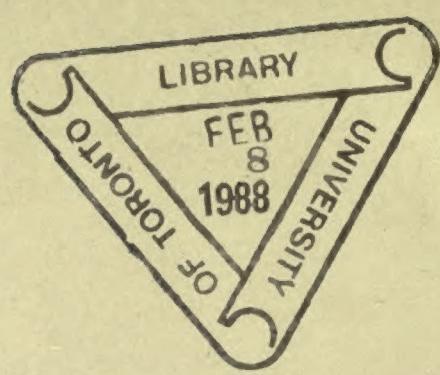
THE "LAND & WATER" EDITION OF
RAEMAEKERS'
CARTOONS

VOL. II

49645

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II

THIS Portfolio (No. 14) begins the second bound volume of these wonderful cartoons. In the first plate, "Verdun, 1916," Raemaekers epitomises the splendid gallantry and devotion of the French Army during the long weeks that witnessed the Offensive on that section of the line since February, 1916. All the world knows now that the task which France undertook single-handed was to hold the German Army at bay until preparations were complete, both in men and munitionment, for the Great Offensive. Magnificently did she carry out this high duty. The battle of the Marne was the first decisive action of the war; the defence of Verdun is the second; the third is in progress as I write.

"To have fidelity and for the sake of fidelity to risk honour and blood, even in evil and perilous courses"—this, Nietzsche declared to be the voice of Germany's Will to Power. We now know this to be true and may well conceive it to be a devil's voice. It has plunged the Continent into a sea of blood, and it has lured Germany well-nigh to destruction.

Nietzsche spoke of Germany as "the land of culture," and in a chapter so headed he wrote of those who dwelt there in these scathing words: "Verily ye could wear no better masks, ye present-day men, than your own faces! Who could recognise you?"

Few indeed would have recognised the present-day men of the land of culture under the masks of their own features, were it not for this great Dutch cartoonist. Raemaekers knew them, for he had lived among them and alongside of them, and had their blood in his veins, and in these cartoons he has taught civilisation exactly what the real Germany is. It is no use saying all Germans are not so. The soul of a nation finds expression through the mass of its people, and the soul of Germany is corrupt and bestial, despising mercy and pity and glorying in brutal might. But no longer the masks of their own faces deceive the world regarding the true character of the present-day men of the land of culture. They have preached and practised the gospel of might,

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME II

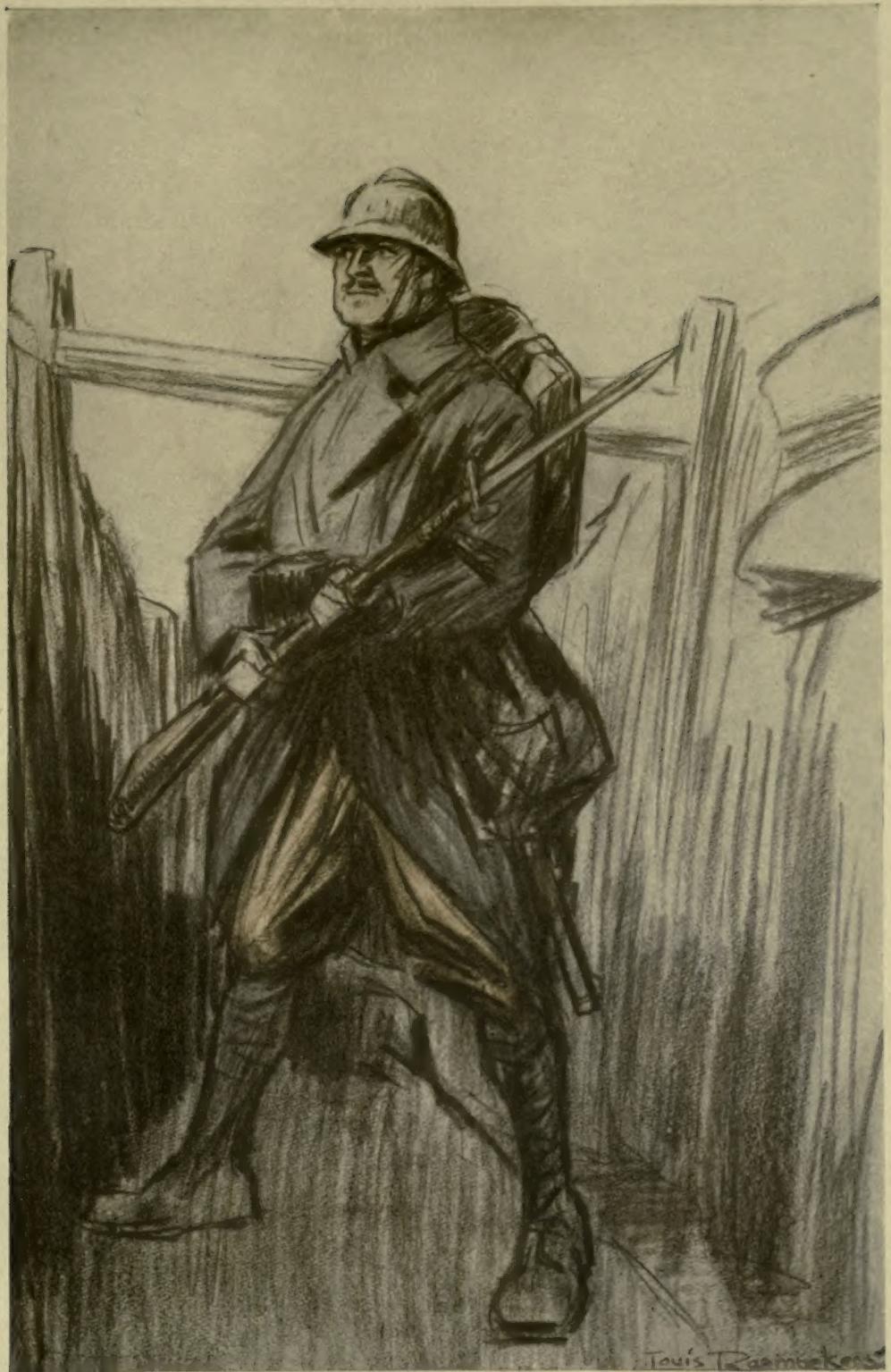
regarding themselves as a chosen people whose deeds were not to be weighed in the same balance with the acts of other men. They have deemed humanity weakness, violence a virtue; they have exalted treachery to neighbouring nations as the noblest service to their own State. Had their cause triumphed, civilisation in all things, except material profit for the dominant race, would have been thrown back three hundred years.

Mr. Perry Robinson, a personal friend of the artist, has well said : " It is doubtful if any artist, any painter or poet, prose-writer or cartoonist, has ever exercised so great an influence on so large a number of his contemporaries as Raemaekers exercises to-day. . . . His terrible arraignment is not the arraignment of an individual, belligerent or otherwise. . . . It is the voice of eternal Right denouncing the eternal wrong ; of Truth accusing falsehood ; of Humanity, torn and bleeding, protesting against inhumanity and barbarism and brute violence. It is by virtue of this that Raemaekers' drawings find their instantaneous response in the heart and conscience of everyone who sees them. It is this that will make them live indefinitely."

Before the last portfolio of this series is issued, and *Finis* inscribed at the end of the volume, Raemaekers will have placed on record the total sum of the horrible realities of this world-struggle. As victory approaches it is for us—for each and every one of us—to nerve ourselves for the great peace crisis. We must see to it that the terms and conditions are of such a nature as to prevent a recurrence of the awful crime of which Germany has been proved guilty. No sacrifice has been too great for our sailors and soldiers in order to win the war, and no sacrifice must be too great for our men of politics, commerce, finance, and leisure in order to secure a permanent and durable peace.

FRANCIS STOPFORD

EMPIRE HOUSE,
KINGSWAY, LONDON.
July, 1916.



ON GUARD

Verdun, 1916.

"A Pitiful Exodus"

THIS is one of Raemaekers' crowds. He is fond of depicting crowds, and he is right. He has the art of making them singularly effective. He catches wonderfully both the general impression and the value of a face or figure here and there not violently obtruded but individually appealing.

And these crowds are so effective because they are so true. This is a war of crowds. The nations have fought in crowds, they have suffered in crowds. "Multitudes—multitudes in the valley of decision" might be said to be its text.

And Antwerp was ever a place of crowds; though not, of course, like this. Who does not know Antwerp as she was before the war? A great, buzzing, thriving hive on the water's edge, filled with a jolly, comfortable, busy *bourgeoisie*; mediæval and modern at once, with her churches and her quays, her florid "Rubenses" her Van Dycks, her Teniers, her *Maison Plantin*, and all the rest of her past; her world commerce, her fortifications of to-day, deemed impregnable!

She had been besieged and fallen before. To-day she fell with scarcely a siege.

Who was responsible for this fiasco—for the defence which was no defence, the relief which was no relief? Why was the Naval Brigade sent there? We shall perhaps know some day, when Raemaekers' country is free to set them also free again.

What we can know is graphically and terribly told by Mr. John Buchan and the witnesses he cites.

The highways were black with the panting crowds: ladies of fashion, white-haired men and women, wounded soldiers, priests old and young, nuns, mothers, daughters, children, so it was described by one who saw it.

More than a quarter of a million of inhabitants left Antwerp in one day. The world has never before seen such an emptying of a great city. "Some day," Mr. Buchan ends, "when its imagination has grown quicker, it will find the essence of war not in gallant charges and heroic stands, but in the pale women dragging their pitiful belongings through the Belgian fields in the raw October night."

If anything could further quicken the world's imagination it would be this picture. Rubens devised the famous "pomps" for the entry of Ferdinand of Austria. The German entry had no Rubens. But this miserable pomp, this "pitiful exodus," has found its realistic Rubens in Raemaekers.

HERBERT WARREN



A PITIFUL EXODUS

The flight from Antwerp.

"Fancy, how nice . . ."

THE ethics of war are difficult to reduce to consistent principles. At first sight it does not seem more cruel to asphyxiate your enemy than to blow him to pieces with a land-mine or to turn a machine-gun upon him. Nevertheless, two facts are certain. One is that this very invention was offered to our War Office years ago, and was rejected as unworthy of a civilised nation. The other is that it is forbidden by The Hague Convention in a clause accepted by Germany herself.

The adoption, without warning, of poisonous gas is perhaps the most shameless of all the treacherous violations of international law which Germany has committed. It is now known that Germany had determined, before hostilities began, to violate all the laws of war. In the Official German War Book these conventions are referred to only with contempt. To disregard them is what the Germans call "absolute war"; and they claim that absolute war is the only logical kind of war.

In adopting this theory Germany has fallen far behind barbarism; for, cruel as the barbarian often is, there are always some things which he will not do to his enemy, some conventions which he will observe, either from the chivalry which belongs to the character of the genuine fighting man or from fear of Divine anger, or from a vague sense of what is due to human beings even when they are enemies. The notion that all moral principles are in abeyance during war is the most revolting doctrine that can be proclaimed. It is disgusting to find that it is openly defended by many of the religious guides of the German people, who profess to speak in the name of Christianity.

Such moral obliquity, one thinks, can only exist in a nation which does not play games. But perhaps the reason why games are discouraged in Germany is that they encourage a "foolish" sense of honour and chivalry in the serious business of life.

W. R. INGE,
Dean of St. Paul's



"Fancy, how nice ! They are drinking death in their sleep."

The Zeppelin Raider

THIS cartoon is not in the least allegorical, and it is far less terrible than the reality. For the simple reason that children torn to pieces by high explosives are far more horrible to look at than children with their throats cut.

Had these blood cartoons of Raemaekers been published in the spring of 1914 the artist would have been considered a maniac.

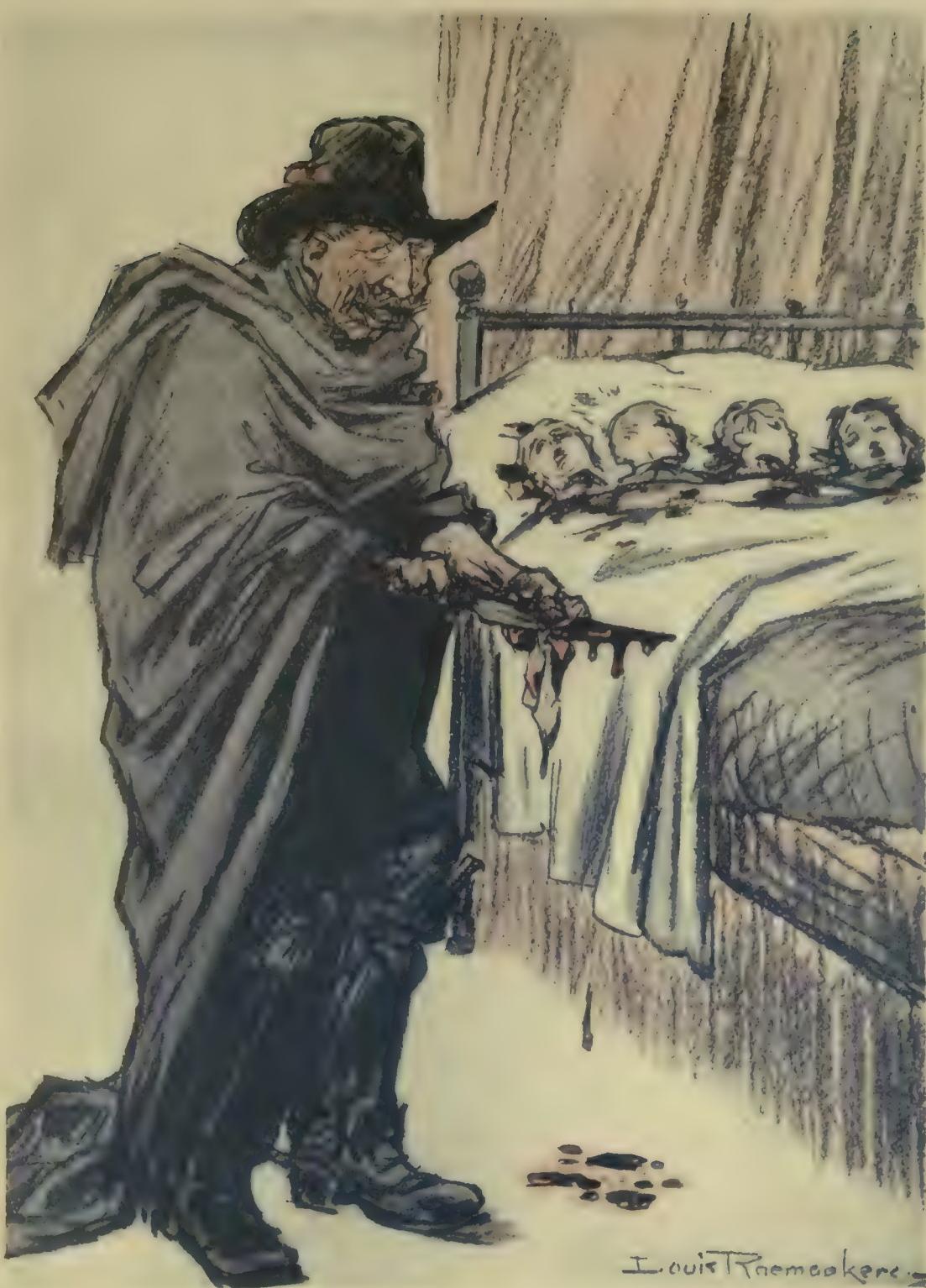
But in the spring of 1916 we know him to be a man portraying the truth, giving us the doings of the German Emperor and his satellites in coloured pictures, and a very mild interpretation of them at that. For it is a fact that no man could bear to look at or consider the real truth of what William of Germany has done through the hands of others, of the horrors that he has committed against women who cannot here accuse him, against children of whose very names he knows nothing.

But their accusations are heard and their names remembered by those whose eternal business it is to hear and record, and the silence of those civilized nations who have said nothing before the doings of the infamous One has spoken where silence is heard as well as speech.

Just as St. Paul stood by in silence at the martyrdom of St. Stephen, so have they stood at the martyrdom of these Innocents, and just as he uttered that lamentable cry in the Temple of Jerusalem, so will they cry in his very words, but without his justification of holiness.—

“ I stood by and consented.”

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



Louis Raemaekers

THE ZEPPELIN RAIDER

The "Lusitania" Nightmare

THOUGH a year and more has passed since the great tragedy of the *Lusitania*, and many evil things have been done since that day by the enemy who strikes at rooted principles of civilisation, yet by reason of its magnitude and its utter disregard of the elementary principles of humanity the memory of this deed is still alive in the minds of men. This "nightmare" that Raemaekers pictures was no dream fancy, but a reality; men and women walked along the rows of corpses laid out in the sheds, searching for that which they dreaded to find. . . .

"There is no right but might," said Germany in that act, "and there is no law in the exercise of might." Men, women, and children alike of this perverted nation were bidden rejoice over the sinking of the vessel—the fact cannot be too often stated or too fully kept in mind, more especially now that the fabric whence that doctrine of unguided force has emanated is crumbling under the blows of the Allied armies. For in the day of peace will be found many who will merit Achan's fate through following Achan's way, careless of the rows of little corpses that lay out for identification after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—careless of all but the material aspect of the settlement that must be made when the military power of this present Germany is crushed.

If it be not crushed beyond the possibility of rising again—if there be any way left by which those who own no law but necessity and expedience may repeat the experiment of these years of war, then these lives that ended off the Old Head of Kinsale ended in vain, and their memory is dishonoured. With that which caused this nightmare there must be no compromise.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN

THE "LUSITANIA" NIGHTMARE



The Laodiceans

“**T**HOU art neither cold nor hot I would thou wert cold or hot. . . . Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing. . . . I counsel thee. . . . anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.”

Raemaekers has patience with most things, but with neutrality he would scorn to be patient. He refuses to parley with it, even when it waves the colours of his own country in its hand—if it ever does anything so sturdy as to wave colours. These old women are dreadful, they are almost as terrifying as his Prussian monsters. The persuasive old fanatic in the foreground arguing the divinity of lukewarmness is dreadful in herself, and more dreadful still because we all know that she exists, in belligerent as in neutral countries. And worse, far worse, is the granite female with her stone brooch in her marble collar behind her. The others are surprised, doubtful, not yet entirely won over to the specious argument; but the woman behind is a very Gibraltar of neutrality.

Seldom, very seldom, does Raemaekers draw dreadful women. His Germania is a symbol, not a woman. I can only remember one other cartoon, a merciless drawing of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, in which a woman stands for evil. He likes to picture pity and mercy and nobility in the form of women, and when he wishes to paint sorrow and endurance he gives us such cartoons as those of the mothers and widows of Belgium. And this makes it the more likely that in these gossiping, selfish, silly, wicked creatures he is drawing a type of mind rather than a type of female. In every country there are “old women”; but they are not always females.

H. PEARL ADAM



FARSIGHTEDNESS

"We say that more soldiers means abandoning neutrality for war."

The Old Serb

THE calculated brutality of German and Austrian "frightfulness," its cowardice and cold-blooded evil are already familiar to all impartial students of Teutonic warfare. But a Nation that has consented to its own slavery cannot value freedom, or be supposed to respect the life or liberty of the innocent and weak. With her neck under Prussia's heel, tamed Germany strives in word and deed to reflect the spirit of her masters, and so far succeeds that she can contemplate the atrocities of this war with satisfaction and from pulpit, school, and press applaud each new manifestation in turn. Blind obedience to command has brought the Germans to a state where even their thinking is done for them ; they grovel before the brute power that drives them and kiss and sanctify the bloody hands that hold the whip.

Luther said the justification of liberty was that man could only truly serve God and his fellow-man if freedom of choice of means were permitted to him. The German of to-day relinquishes that freedom and is content to be herded under a political system that denies him his independent manhood. He sacrifices responsibility and liberty alike to a race which he still suffers to inherit the privilege of directing his State ; he prostitutes his own reasoning faculties and ignores the evolution of morals by applauding Prussia's reactionary ideals at the expense of every modern movement for the progress of humanity. He knows the right and does the wrong—a willing slave to an archaic autocracy. Thus servile obedience to physical power is the noblest principle that United Germany has yet attained, and the consequences permeate the people in a spiritual indifference to elementary honour displayed alike on her battlefields and in her council chambers.

The lie is accepted as her first diplomatic weapon ; "frightfulness" is developed as an invaluable ally of conquest ; cruelty and treachery are praised by the scholar and pastor, practised as a matter of course by the soldier and politician. None sees what dishonour is thus heaped upon his country and how her history has been defiled by this generation on the precepts of the last.

Ignoring, as she always does, every contact with other cultures, Germany, out of a congenital megalomania, has evolved her own ; and in her eyes it is no doubt as beautiful and precious as the ugly treasure of the child in the perambulator, who discards the most delightful modern toys for its own battered and hideous doll.

In this regard she is indeed still a child ; but a study of comparative cultures, following upon the destruction of her present rulers and their doctrine of force, should create a larger-minded nation wherein the civilised concepts of older States shall find recognition.

"Until that final consummation," as Francis Stopford has well said, "Europe dare not rest secure and the horrors of Belgium and Serbia will be repeated for the next generation if Germany be left the freedom to re-establish her might and to reorganise the life of her peoples with the sole object of crushing her neighbours at the first favourable opportunity."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



THE OLD SERB

"Fighting with the Bulgars against the Turks I lost my brother; my son fell fighting with the Greeks against Bulgaria, but only when the Germans came here were my wife and grandchildren killed."

Religion and Patriotism

THIS horrible war that has been sprung upon us has taught the Empire many useful lessons. It has been a revelation in character value. In the long piping time of peace, before grim-visaged war broke in upon us, we were much too self-centred. Colonia's and others returning from our overseas dominions to the "Old Country" did not hesitate to say how appalled they were by the wealth and how shocked they were by the uses to which it was being put in England.

It seemed to them, coming home from the simple life to the lap of luxury, that men and women in England were living to pile up colossal wealth and to bask in the sunshine of newspaper notoriety. I might continue in this strain for pages more, but that is not my purpose. What I do want to say is that, as soon as the tocsin of war was heard across the silver sea, and the bugle-call of duty was sounded, these same club-loungers and society-loafers rolled up, rallying to the flag as though they had been born for nothing else. In the story of England's life only will the headline "Five Millions of Volunteers to the Colours" be read, topping the chapter telling of this European war to our children's children.

Not only have those on the highest rung of the social ladder responded to the King's call for service, but those on the lowest rung also—never was there such a fellowship in arms by land and on sea.

But if England with her overseas peoples stands out in such fine relief against the dark war background, we must not forget that our Allies have shone out as conspicuously as ourselves as fighting patriots, resolved to do or die.

Chaplains, too, have done fine work for country as well as for religion. Conspicuous among all Churchmen rises the lithe, imposing, ascetic figure of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier. If ever there was a follower of the Good Shepherd, ready to lay down his life for his sheep, it is the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. "The Good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." Nothing could have pleased the Cardinal better than to have escaped the sights forced upon him by sacrificing his own life for his flock. But it was not to be; his life has been spared that all the world might find in this good shepherd its object lesson in true religion and in true patriotism.

BERNARD VAUGHAN



Louis Rue-maekers.—

CARDINAL MERCIER

THE WOLF: "How dare you stir up the sheep to attack us wolves?"

Gott Strafe England !

IN these sombre times one is grateful for a touch of humour, and it would perhaps be impossible to conceive in all created nature a spectacle so exquisitely ludicrous as the appearance of the Prussian in the guise of a Wronged Man. For, of course, it is the very foundation of the Prussian theory that there can be no such thing as a wronged man. Might is right. That which physical force has determined and shall determine is the only possible test of justice. That was the diabolic but at least coherent philosophy upon which the Kingdom of Prussia was originally based and upon which the German Empire created by Prussia always reposed.

Nor was that philosophy—which among other things dictated this war—ever questioned, much less abandoned, by the Germans so long as it seemed probable to the world and certain to them that they were destined to win. Now that it has begun to penetrate even into their mind that they are probably going to lose, we find them suddenly blossoming out as pacifists and humanitarians.

Especially are they indignant at the “cruelty” of the blockade. It is not necessary to examine seriously a contention so obviously absurd. Any one acquainted with the history of war knows the blockade of an enemy’s ports is a thing as old as war itself. Everyone acquainted with the records of the last half-century knows that Prussia owes half her prestige to the reduction of Paris in 1871—effected solely by the starvation of its civilian inhabitants.

But the irony goes deeper than that. Look at the face of the Prussian in Raemaekers’ cartoon and you will understand why Germans in America, Holland and other neutral countries are now talking pacifism and exuding humanitarian sentiment. You will understand why the German Chancellor says that in spite of the victorious march of Germany from victory to victory his tender heart cannot but plead for the dreadful sufferings of the unhappy, though criminal, Allies. Then you will laugh; which is good in days like these.

CECIL CHESTERTON



GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND !

"Now it even prevents my sending my goods by the Holland route."

The Beginning of the Expiation

IT is sometimes an unpleasant necessity to insult a man, in order to make him understand that he is being insulted. Indeed, most strenuous and successful appeals to an oppressed populace have involved something of this paradox. We talk of the demagogue flattering the mob; but the most successful demagogue generally abuses it. The men of the crowd rise in revolt, not when they are addressed as "Citizens!" but when they are addressed as "Slaves!"

If this be true even of men daily disturbed by material discomfort and discontent, it is much truer of those cases, not uncommon in history, in which the slave has been soothed with all the external pomp and luxury of a lord. So prophets have denounced the wanton in a palace or the puppet on a throne; and so the Dutch caricaturist denounces the gilded captivity of the Austrian Monarchy, of which the golden trappings are golden chains.

But for such a purpose a caricaturist is better than a prophet, and comic pictures better than poetical phrases. It is very vital and wholesome, even for his own sake, to insult the Austrian. He ought to be insulted because he is so much more respectable than the Prussian, who ought not to be insulted, but only kicked. If Austria feels no shame in letting the Holy Roman Empire become the petty province of an Unholy Barbarian Empire, if such high historic symbols no longer affect her, we can only tell her, in as ugly a picture as possible, that she is a lackey carrying luggage.

G. K. CHESTERTON



THE BEGINNING OF THE EXPIATION

The Exhumation of the Martyrs of Aerschot

READ here a few sentences from the sworn and sifted testimony of witnesses who saw what happened at Aerschot in August, 1914.

"When the war broke out a German whom I knew well by sight had been living at Aerschot some three years. He had no apparent occupation, but lived on his means in a small house. Occasionally he was away for some time. On the outbreak of war he was expelled from Belgium. He came back with the German troops and pointed out to them all houses and other property belonging to the burgomaster, and the Germans destroyed it all. Many civilians in Aerschot were killed by the Germans. I myself saw some forty dead bodies, including three women. They had been shot. . . . In one house the wife of a man whom I know well was burned alive. Her husband broke both legs whilst attempting to rescue her. . . . The Germans with their rifles prevented anyone going to help this man, and he had to drag himself along the street with his legs broken as best he could. . . ."

"I saw some German infantry soldiers kill with bayonets two women who were standing on their doorsteps. . . ."

"There we saw a whole street burning. . . . We heard children and beasts crying in the flames."

"The Germans deliberately fired beyond us at four women, a child of 11 or 12 years of age, an infant of six months (about) and four other children who were clinging to their mothers' skirts. The infant was in its mother's arms, and was riddled with shot, which passed through into the mother's body. While she was trying to crawl into safety on her knees the Germans still fired at her until she died."

"I saw the body of a little boy about $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7 years of age, with four bayonet wounds in it. It was stiff and propped against a wall."

"The first thing we saw was the body of a young girl of about 18 to 20 absolutely naked, with her abdomen cut open. Her body was also covered with bruises. . . . About a kilometre farther I saw the body of a little boy, aged 8 or 9, with his head completely cut off. The head was some distance from the trunk."

These simple phrases, and hundreds more like them, plain to read in the book of evidence, make a better commentary than any I could write on this drawing. There are, indeed, many passages more terrible, such as the tale of the unspeakable treatment of the priest, dragged into Aerschot from the neighbouring village of Gelrode. And I turn from reading such things to an English newspaper, wherein is the report of the speech of a person at a great gathering of people interested in co-operative trading—a person who hopes, after the war, to "take by the hand" the creatures guilty of these infamies. It has been my experience to know many sad blackguards in the worst parts of London, but I cannot remember one who could fall as low as that. To find such we must search the smuggeries and the prigerries and the Fellowships of Reconciliation.

ARTHUR MORRISON

THE EXHUMATION OF THE MARTYRS OF AERSCHOT



Dr. Kuyper to Germany

OF benevolent neutrality we have all heard ; and of the existence of the malevolent kind, too, we are quite frequently reminded. The allied countries failed to perceive the benevolence of the Vatican's utterance that the violation of Belgium "happened in the time of my predecessor," and so apparently called for no comment from the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Since that interview the inaction of the Vatican, which had till then been almost complete, and has since been troubled by one or two tentative mentions of olive branches and no more, has appeared in more than a dubious light to the Allied nations. In France, where the opening of the war brought about something like a religious revival, the Pope's inaction and the Pope's speech caused a cold Gulf Stream of suspicion and disappointment to flow steadily Romewards. The spectacle of a Protestant premier of a two-thirds Protestant country favouring a mission to the Vatican is one which would in any case have troubled Protestants, and in this case does not even please Roman Catholics. Then whom does it please ? Raemackers knows.

Alas for the days when we associated screens with "little French milliners" ; what a Lady Teazle have we here ! And what a school of something worse than scandal holds its classes in the seminaries of war-politics ! Dr. Kuyper, "the snowy-breasted pearl" of the drawing, is, perhaps, guilty of hoping a thing he does not avow ; of working for it ; but at least even Raemackers, a stern critic, admits that without being a villain (we know the mark Raemackers sets on the brow of his villains) he may be still quite pleased with himself. But the two behind the screen are furtive, are anxious, are unable to enjoy even an act that should further their plans ; they are pleased, but their pleasure is sickled o'er with the pale cast of a thought which turns ever more eagerly to the future, and turns back ever more anxiously to the present.

H. PEARL ADAM



DR. KUYPER TO GERMANY

"I am in favour of anything that will serve your purpose."

(Dr. Kuyper, the Dutch Premier, is a staunch Protestant, yet he favoured a mission to the Vatican.)

The Pacificist Kaiser

FROM time to time of late the Kaiser has posed as the champion of peace. His official spokesman, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, has announced the Imperial readiness to stay the war—on his master's own terms, which he disdains to define precisely.

The Emperor and his advisers are involved in a tangle of miscalculations which infest the conduct of the war alike in the field of battle and the council-chamber. But no wild imaginings could encourage a solid hope that the Chancellor's peaceful professions would be taken seriously by anybody save his own satellites. Loudly the compliant Minister vaunted in the Reichstag his country's military successes, but he could point to no signs either of any faltering in military preparations on the part of the Allies, or of their willingness to entertain humiliating conditions of peace.

Even in Germany clear visions acknowledge that Time is fighting valiantly on the side of Germany's foes, and that peace can only come when the Central Powers beg for it on their knees.

It is improbable that the Kaiser and his Chancellor now harbour many real illusions about the future, although they may well be anxious to disguise even to themselves the ultimate issues at stake in the war. Their home and foreign policy seems to be conceived in the desperate spirit of the gambler. They appear to be recklessly speculating on the chances of a pacifist rôle conciliating the sympathy of neutrals. They count on the odds that they may convert the public opinion of non-combatant nations to the erroneous belief that Germany is the conqueror, and that further resistance to her is futile. But so far the game has miscarried. The recent German professions of zeal for peace fell in neutral countries on deaf or impatient ears. The braggart bulletins of the German Press Bureau have been valued at their true worth. Neutral critics have found in Bethmann-Hollweg's cry for peace mere wasted breath.

The Chancellor and his master are perilously near losing among neutrals the last shreds of reputation for political sagacity.

SIDNEY LEE



THE CONFEDERATES

"Did they believe that peace story in the Reichstag, Bethmann?"
"Yes, but the Allies didn't."

Dinant

DURING the joint expedition to Peking, all the other contingents were horrified at the cruelty of the German troops. I have heard how on one occasion a number of Chinese women were watching a German regiment at drill, when suddenly the commanding officer ordered his men to open fire upon them. When remonstrated with, he replied that terrorism was humane in the end, because it made the enemy desire peace. For some reason, these atrocities were not very widely known in England; and no one dreamed that such infernal crimes would ever be perpetrated in European war. But such are indeed the calculated methods of Germany; and her officers began to order them as soon as her troops crossed the Belgian frontier.

The German military authorities advise that terrorism should be used sparingly when there is danger of reprisals. Accordingly, though many abominable things have been done to civilians in France and Russia, and to ourselves when opportunity offered, the worst atrocities were committed in Belgium, because Belgium is a small country, which had dispensed with universal military service in reliance on the international guarantee of her security.

These events of the first month of the war are in danger of being forgotten, now that Germany is contending on equal terms against the great nations of Europe. But they must not be forgotten. We are fighting against a nation which thinks it good policy to massacre non-combatants, provided only that the sons and brothers of the victims are not in a position to retaliate.

W. R. INGE

Dean of St. Paul's



DINANT
“I see Father!”

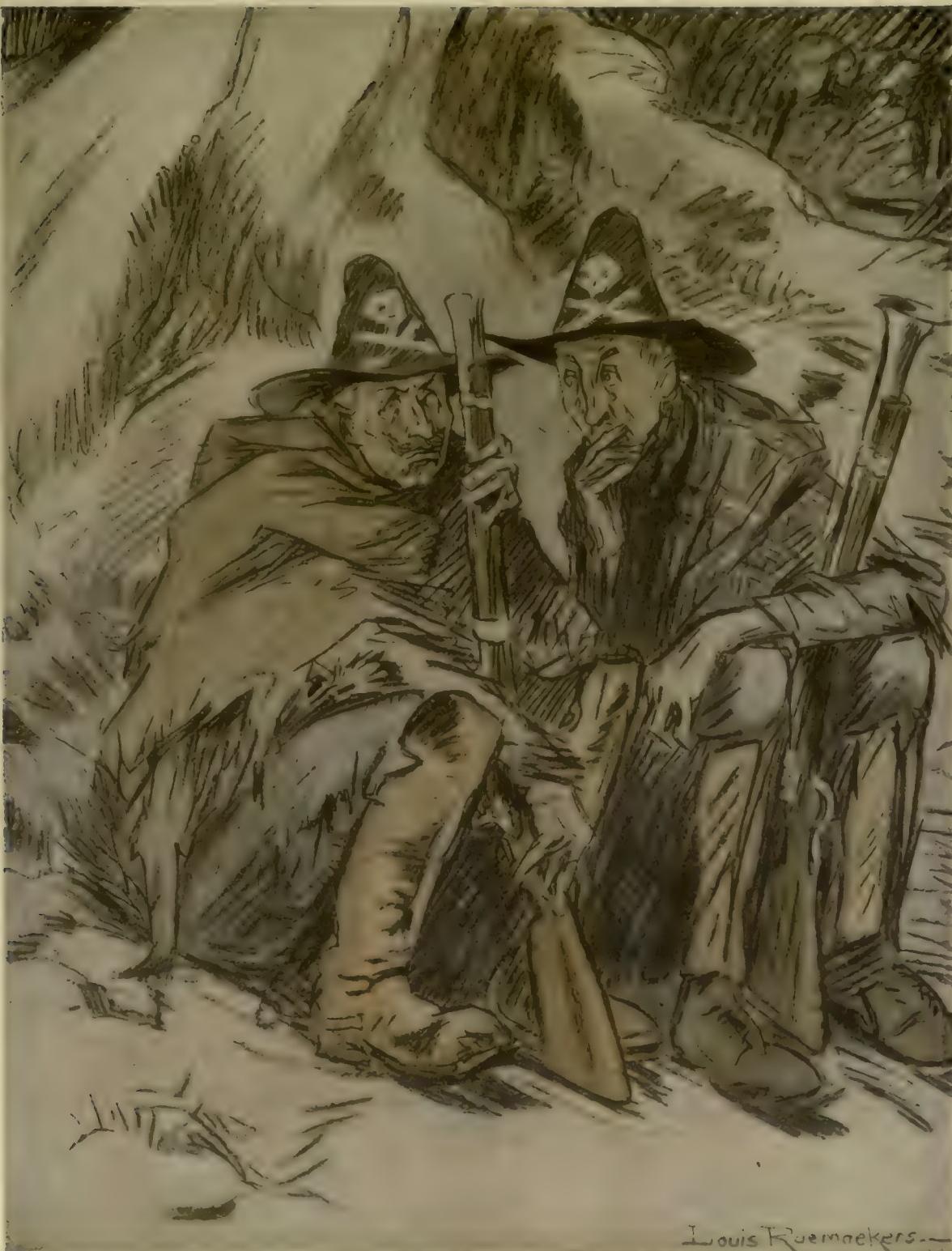
The Brigands

A H, No ! Not Brigands ! Not Pirates ! They belong to the good days of youth, the "Boys' Own Annual," Stevenson, Henty, Kingston, when there were words of pure magic that wrought spells. Is there a boy with soul so dead who never to himself hath said "Sallee Rovers," "High Barbary," "Masked Men on Maidenhead Thicket," "A Toby Man on a Black Horse," for the sheer pleasure of evoking the little shiver that goes with Romance ? Has the deep villainy of Long John Silver anything in common with Tirpitz ? Long John would never have allowed the right of Tirpitz to fly the Jolly Roger. Would Claude Duval have taken the Kaiser's hand ? Never.

The skull and crossbones have fallen on evil days, the black flag has had its sable purity rent and torn ; no boy is going to stick his nose into a book about the Kaiser and Willie in future days, in order to snuff sensuously up the very smell of such a jolly good tale. Ah, these others were a merry company, and they swung very rightly on creaking gallows, or walked the plank into glittering foreign seas, for crimes which would show saintly white upon the Potsdam flag. They were bad men, but witless too ; they did such petty sins, imagined such small crimes. If they bullied a little boy we thought them already damnable rascals ! One little boy ! Anybody could count him on their fingers ; but we need the higher mathematics to compute the wrong of Potsdam. It is like weighing Saturn, or measuring Lucifer ; we must go outside our world to do either.

Better the lonely gibbet on the heath than the stalled ox of Potsdam ; let us walk the plank like the honest murderers we are, and go to the perdition that suits with our knaveries and cruelties and black crimes ; but let us from creaking chain and blanched sea-sand enter a protest against having the Berlin brood fathered on us ; nay, sirs, must even the good fat swine in his filth be compared with such as these ?

H. PEARL ADAM



Louis Ruemaekers.—

THE BRIGANDS

“What will it be like if we have to take to an honest life again, Father?”

Cain

GERMANY'S practical attitude to small countries has always given the lie to her expressed benevolence. Her proposal at the beginning of the war to localise conflict and leave Austria's sixty millions to settle with the four millions of Serbia will be remembered. Then, after solemn assurance that her neutrality would be respected, "necessity" demanded Germany's broken oaths and unspeakable outrage upon an innocent nation. It was merely a choice between Belgium and Switzerland; and convenience decided for Belgium. Abroad we have seen the treatment of uncivilised races and observed with what thanksgiving the indigenous peoples of West Africa, East Africa and the Cameroons have welcomed Germany's downfall as the first step to restoration of liberty and recognition of human rights. Those fiends—Prince Arenberg, Carl Peters, Chancellor Leist are not forgotten, nor the Herero massacres.

Belgium has been sacrificed by the Cain of Nations. He, who has talked most loudly about the rights of small kingdoms and his unbreakable resolution to protect them against the threat of the mighty and the tyranny of the strong; he, who desired to be his brother's keeper, has Belgium murdered on her pyre. Within two days of the promise to leave her inviolate, she lay battered and bleeding under the club of the Oath-breaker. But the smoke of the burning is beaten back into the assassin's eyes. Even from the tribal God of the Huns this sacrifice has won no smiles.

It has been left for a Christian Emperor in the twentieth century to emulate the neolith barely emancipated from brutedom, and set an example that the stone men of old might have hesitated to copy.

We have so long grown accustomed to the spectacle of martyred Belgium, and are so familiar with the whole story of her rape and massacre by this royal savage of Prussia, that the grief is like to be deadened and the pang grow dull; but let no such narcotic drift over our spirits until the war is won. Not the onset of poison gas would be more fatal than any emotion of indifference, or inclination to accept the situation now achieved by treachery, falsehood, surprise and villainy beyond example, as a basis whereon to build any sort of peace. Let the word be anathema while the Hun still sucks the blood of his sacrifice and while Belgium and Serbia fester at the touch of his feet; let none breathe it until the Allies alone, without enemy question or neutral interference, are in a position to impose a peace commensurate with their victory.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



CAIN

A sacrifice which is not acceptable.

Famine in Belgium

"WHEN the German conquers Belgium and Poland the first thing he does is to raise agriculture, commerce and industry to a state of immediate prosperity. Gain and comfort for the new subjects cling to the soles of his feet."

Thus the Rev. Gerhard Tolzien preaching in Schwerin Cathedral last autumn at the harvest festival held on the 19th Sunday after Trinity. We must suppose he believed it. One of the stock attributes of Kultur, proclaimed by its apostles and obediently repeated by their pupils, is the beneficent influence it sheds on other lands. It showers gratuitous benefits on all, but only those fortunate enough to be brought under German sway reap the full harvest of its blessings. So the domination of the world by Germany is justified. It is for the people's good ; it would be the millennium.

Raemaekers shows it us at work in Belgium. We see the Germans who have conquered the land carrying out those beneficent functions described by the German preacher. Having brought agriculture, commerce and industry to a state of unprecedented prosperity they are watching, with benevolent satisfaction, the signs of gain and comfort among the inhabitants. If the emaciated peasants, leaving their roofless cottage, limping down the empty street with the few odds and ends of rubbish not worth looting which they still possess, or stopping to poke about in the gutter for a scrap of food—if they seem to be at the last extremity of misery, that is, no doubt, because they are too dull to appreciate the blessings of Kultur.

Truly this is a terrible picture, a veritable nightmare. There is nothing more poignant in the whole series. It would be a relief to be able to believe Herr Tolzien's account, but we fear that the ghastly contrast drawn by the neutral artist is only too well founded on fact.

A. SHADWELL

FAMINE IN BELGIUM



Well, My Friend!

THIS picture represents two men whom the accidents of diplomacy and intrigue have placed upon the thrones of two small nations of South-Eastern Europe. The peoples whom they respectively rule have every conceivable reason for desiring the triumph of that principle of international right for which the Allies stand in this war, and which is the only possible defence of small nationalities. They have also special obligations towards those who are to-day championing that principle, for the Bulgarians owe their liberation from Turkish tyranny primarily to Russia, while the Greeks owe the restoration of their national independence to that very combination of Great Britain, France and Russia which at Navarino nearly a century ago half-foreshadowed the present Great Alliance.

But of these men one is an intriguer of mean origin, vile antecedents and corruptly personal aims, while the other is the husband of a Hohenzollern. Therefore, in the one case the intriguer sells his people to the enemy, while in the other the semi-German princeeling deserts not only his natural allies, but those to whom he is pledged by treaty. Of the Balkan States Serbia alone is faithful to the cause of nationality; and it is not unimportant to note that of these States Serbia alone possesses a native dynasty. It is to be hoped that after the War princes will no longer figure among the exports of the German Empire.

CECIL CHESTERTON



"WELL, MY FRIEND!"

"Hesperia"

SAILORS of all nationality except German have from time immemorial looked upon themselves as the guardians and protectors of land folk at sea.

That is why every sailor in the world, outside the doggeries of Hamburg, felt his calling spat upon and his personal pride injured by the sinking of the "Lusitania"—by a sailor.

It seemed that nothing could be worse than that, and then came the sinking of the "Hesperia," a ship filled with wounded soldiers and hospital nurses.

Raemaekers brings the fact home to us in this cartoon, not the fact of the English nurses' heroism, which goes without saying, but of German low-down common infamy. The fact has become so commonplace, so accustomed, so everyday that pictures of burning cathedrals, murdered children, and terrified women no longer move us as they did, but this artist, whose command of language seems as infinite and varied as the crimes of the criminals whom God sent him to scourge, has always some stroke in reserve, something to add to what he has said, if need be. In the case of this picture it is the medicine bottle, glass, and spoon flying off the shelf, flung to the floor by the bursting charge of tri-nitro-toluene that adds the last touch, as distinctive as the artist's signature.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



ANOTHER KIND OF HEROISM.
THE SINKING OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP "HESPERIA"
"Wounded first."

Gallipoli

IT is a fine touch, or a fortunate accident, in this sketch of Racemakers' that it depicts the officer who has made the mistake as exhibiting the spruceness of a Prussian, and the officer who has found out the mistake as having the comparatively battered look of an old Turk. The moustaches of the Young Turk are modelled on the Kaiser's, spikes pointing to heaven like spires ; while those of his justly incensed superior officer hang loose like those of a human being.

The difference is in any case symbolic ; for the sort of instinctive and instantaneous self-laudation satirised in this cartoon is much more one of the vices of the new Germany than of the antiquated Islam. That spirit is not easy to define ; and it is easy to confuse it with much more pardonable things. Every people can be jingo and vainglorious ; it is the mark of this spirit that the instinct to be so acts before any other instinct can act, even those of surprise or anger. Every people emphasises and exaggerates its victories more than its defeats. But this spirit emphasises its defeats as victories.

Every national calamity has its consolations ; and a nation naturally turns to them as soon as it reasonably can. But it is the stamp of this spirit that it always thinks of the consolation *before* it even thinks of the calamity. It abounds throughout the whole press of the German Empire. But it is most surely shown in this figure of the young officer, who makes a hero of himself before he has even fully realised that he has made a fool of himself.

G. K. CHESTERTON



GALLIPOLI

TURKISH GENERAL: "What are you firing at? The English vacated the place twenty-four hours ago."

"I'm sorry, Sir. But what a splendid victory!"

Germany and the Neutrals

THERE are some points in Germany's attitude towards the neutrals which are ambiguous. Others are only too tragically clear. If we consider in its general character the German submarine crusade, we find that its original intention—to damage not only ships of war but the merchantmen of Great Britain, including passenger boats—involves also a studied neglect of the rights of neutral ships. Everything that might conceivably help Great Britain, either in respect of food-stuffs, commerce or international trade, or the voyage of harmless tourists on the seas, was, from the point of view of Berlin, to be exposed to the fury of submarine attacks without any nice discrimination between enemies and neutrals. Clearly at one stage of the war the submarine commanders had their orders to stop and overhaul whatever they met on the seas, to give very inadequate time for the crews to escape, and to refuse all assistance to the victims struggling in the water.

The crisis of this submarine crusade was reached in the sinking of the "Lusitania." Thereupon the American Government took action, and the Notes interchanged between President Wilson and the Wilhelmstrasse eventually, after much correspondence, brought about a temporary cessation of the more violent methods of the Teuton pirates. For it became clear that the patience of President Wilson was almost exhausted, and the possibility of a rupture of diplomatic relations gave some pause to the German Higher Command. The leading principles, however, of the enemy's crusade have never been altered. Indeed many observers have foreseen the recrudescence of submarine attacks, with the aid of newer and more formidable vessels with a wider range of action and a stronger armament.

The Berlin contention is that Great Britain, through her preponderance of naval power, is a despot on the seas, infringing the liberties of other nations. To restore freedom by limiting the activity of British vessels has been a constant parrot-cry of the Teutonic enemy. The real truth, of course, is that the blockade is having such serious effects on Germany that she is almost bound to initiate new movements if only to shake off the fatal grasp of the British ships of war.

Probably the neutrals understand the position quite as well as we do, but for various reasons it is difficult for them to make an effective protest. Meanwhile the innate brutality of submarine warfare is as obvious as ever it was, and in Raemaekers' cartoon the hideous gorilla which represents the Teuton power is gloating over its victims and breathing out defiance against all who attempt to curb it in its reckless cruelty. The legend "Gott mit Uns" adds a biting irony to the picture.

W. L. COURTNEY



GERMANY AND THE NEUTRALS

A Genuine Dutchman

EVER since the great poet, Willem Bilderdijk, more than a hundred years ago, finding the intellectual life of his country submerged in Teutonic sentimentality, turned the German doves out of the temple of the Dutch Muses, Holland has followed the intellectual example of France more than that of any other country. The Dutch have a passion for individualism which carries them in a direction exactly opposite to the moral and artistic tyranny of Prussian *Kultur*, and gives a totally different colouring to their respect for mental distinction. But the insidious propaganda of Berlin had of late done fresh mischief, and when the war broke out a considerable portion of the Dutch clergy and a small but violently militant University clique of professors showed themselves surprisingly bitter against the Allies, and particularly against France. There was a reflection of this in the ruling class, while the conduct of the Government, although perfectly correct in regard to the Entente Powers, was not considered by the mass of the Dutch people to protect the nation vigilantly enough against the coarse propaganda of Germany.

In Raemaekers' cartoon we see this propaganda in action. A corpulent journalist, Boche of the Boches, fitted out with plenty of money and a suit of Dutch peasant clothes provided by Wilhelmstrasse, struts about in Holland, and being now "a genuine Dutchman," will start a newspaper in the German interest. But the real Dutch see through him and laugh at his pretensions.

The fall of Mr. Trub, the eminent statesman whose sympathies were openly with the Allies, was considered in Germany to be a triumph for Teutonic intrigue in Holland. The success of Mr. Cort van der Linden seemed to confirm this impression. But the corpulent and bearded Boche, in whom Raemaekers symbolises the secret journalistic work of Germany in Holland, acted too insolently and went too far. He awakened the Vaderlandsche Club, or Club of Patriots, which has been formed specifically to guard Dutch interests and to oppose with vigour the advances of Germany. The response with which this association has been greeted in all parts of the country; the discomfiture of the *Toekomst*, the newspaper mainly financed by our stout friend in the baggy breeches; and the sustained prosperity of the *Telegraaf*, the patriotic journal which Germany attempted first to purchase and then to suppress, show that Holland can distinguish a travestied Prussian from "a genuine Dutchman." *

EDMUND GOSSE



"Now I am a genuine Dutchman and I will start a real Dutch paper."

Flying Over Holland

HOLLAND has acted a rather more than neutral part in this war.

Cocoa, and bacon, and butter, and potatoes, lard and oil, beef, fish, sugar and rice—the amount she has eaten has been truly astounding. She has eaten so much and slept so soundly that she has not heard the Zeppelins flying over her, bound for England.

Should aeroplanes fly over her, bound for Germany, would she wake up?

She has also eaten rubber and dry goods, and so many other indigestible things that if she doesn't suffer from somnolence, for decency's sake and as a proof that she still belongs to the Human family, she ought to pretend to suffer from it—when the aeroplanes fly over her, bound for Germany.

One wonders what her opinions are on this cartoon presented to her by her most illustrious son.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



"I shall do like the Zepps—cross Holland."

The Morning Paper

THE Kaiser said "his heart bled" when the Allies raided Carlsruhe from the air. The hemorrhage was not serious, but it had a value as tending to show that the heart was there. Or was it that the Allies had performed the classic feat of drawing blood from a stone? It was more than his own airmen could do when they killed children and women in London and Paris.

Perhaps some day a poet will arise who will be able to write for us the epic of the Morning Paper during this war. It used to lie under doors till wanted, and then Father had it, and Mother didn't want it till after lunch, and George got it after Father, and Arthur must therefore buy an "evening" paper at the station where he caught the 9.19 to the City. And it really didn't matter much, after all, except that it was something to talk about, and the Other Side was taking the country to the Dogs (a trip on which it has been entering any time these last five hundred years), and one must know the latest entries for the Thousand Guineas anyway, and yesterday's goals.

And now! Hasn't the Paper come yet? Where's the Paper? Is there any news? What are We doing? Have the French advanced? What about Verdun? Why's the Paper late? How's Russia this morning? Read it out, Father, or else order a copy each! The holy, classical breakfast gloom of the British family is shattered by machine-gun fire of questions, of anxiety, of hope, of anguish, of pride, of horror, of hope again. Those folded sheets of printing, less clear than it used to be, on paper less good than it was, have even eclipsed that domestic Mercury, the Postman! Letters lie unopened till the news has been scanned. That alone represents a revolution in British family life, and the same thing obtains in all the Allied western countries.

And what it represents is the change of focus in our minds. We are all living more or less intensely in an impersonal and selfless atmosphere, where what others are doing matters more than what our friends are doing, and where we are blatantly, flagrantly, in despite of all our national traditions, sure of an Ideal: we can even talk about it! I believe this cartoon by Raemaekers has a special appeal to the British for this reason, that the Morning Paper has come to mean so much to us, and now rouses in us such large, splendid feelings, such a magnificence of pain, such a glory of anxiety, such a pride of suffering—has made possible to us expression of so much which we thought it right and decent to hide in our hearts before, that this spectacle of the Kaiser and his dame gloating over innocent deaths has a force and a drive which the British are bound to recognise in a special degree. And the faces of the maniac and his senile wife, glowering at *their* "good news," cannot help but recall to us Father's look when he read that we had taken La Boisselle, Mother's face when she heard that casualties were "comparatively" light. The Paper is something more than paper and ink nowadays.

H. PEARL ADAM



THE MORNING PAPER

"Fifty women and non-combatants killed in Paris."

“Death the Friend”

WHEN the white horse rode out to war with the clever, handsome mountebank in the shining armour astride of it (ignore for the moment the duller fact of an anxious field-grey man in a Benz limousine) the demi-god made, let us admit it, a brave show.

’Tis credibly reported that in his company rode his august familiar, “our old God” in a new mood and a brand new uniform, “wearing,” in fact (in the words of a dithyrambic Teuton) “the Death’s Head cap of the German Hussars and carrying a white banner.”

What that Other may be assumed to have made of Dixmude, Termonde and the ineffable rest of it is for the curious to conjecture: as also at what exact stage of the swift journeyings back and forth of the tired white horse there came into a mind fed on rich fat phrases and meaty metaphors, and the flattery of astute, strong men and the dazzling reflections of the imperial cheval glass, the first doubt as to whether the high approval of that Other were indeed an objective reality or merely a figment of the imagination of an overwrought overman. In any case there must soon have dawned an aching wonder as to how the devil the banner could be *white*.

And when was it that in place of that Other Rider in the Hussar’s cap there seemed to be something queer and sinister astride behind him on his battle-weary steed? Was it then that he began to whistle so vigorously (*vide German Press passim*) to keep up his spirits? And will there come a time (has it already come?) when that caressing touch on the shoulder will seem indeed the caress of a friend, and that gaunt index—point to the only peace he will ever know?

JOSEPH THORP



THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

"Death the Friend."

Poor Old Thing

A N old English proverb, disdaining to be cramped by so feeble and academic a thing as grammar, tells us that "courtesy is cumbersome to him that kens it not." It is one of the essential signs of breeding that courtesy is natural and not cumbersome ; and if we may take the saying of the German naval officer as true, that the English will always be fools and the Germans will never be gentlemen (though it is true that the maker of such a saying must be a gentleman himself), we shall be able to understand much about the Central Powers that is otherwise puzzling. In spite of their aristocracies and their history (and this applies especially to Austria), those Powers have a streak of cheapness running through them. They are cads. They snarl and bicker with each other like a grocer's family in a back parlour. Unlike Lamb's "party in a parlour" they are not all silent ; possibly the rest of the sentence holds true. Where was Wilhelm ? Why doesn't Franz Joseph do better ? Only for him we'd have done such and such. Why didn't the fellow do better ?

They growl about each other to all the winds of Heaven. Some of their griefs are legitimate. Between Allies of different race there must always be grounds of difference and even of acute divergence of opinion. The Austrians have disliked the Germans with a hearty and vigorous dislike for generations. If ten years ago you called a German an Austrian he corrected you with superciliousness ; if you called an Austrian a German he corrected you with fury. Germans called Austrians "stuck-up" ; Austrians called Germans merely "those Germans." And now that they are fighting side by side for their existence, now that their whole history and homogeneity as European Powers are at stake, they carp and snap like fretful sick puppies.

We—the Allies—we are Latin and Slav and Saxon and Celt, and we shall never understand each other really well ; the friendship of England with France is new, and has been grafted on centuries of clean warfare and honourable hostility ; but on the many points on which we think differently, do we reproach each other ? We have all retreated since the war began, and in each case our Allies have hurried up to tell us that our retreat was a masterpiece, as honourable as a victory. Why ?

Because : Noblesse oblige.

H. PEARL ADAM



Louis Feuillade.

VICTORY—BY IMPERIAL COMMAND

"They believed it and shouted 'Hurrah!' in your Reichstag, didn't they?"

Peace Reigns at Dinant.

THE mere human criminal will cover his crime with disguises ; but it may truly be said that the Prussian has buried even his crime in the evidences of it. He has made massacre itself monotonous ; and made us weary of condemning what he was never weary of carrying out.

It is said that General Von der Goltz, on receiving complaints of the scarcely human parade of cruelty which accompanied the first entrance into Belgium, declared that such first bad impressions of the Prussian would wear off after his victory in the real campaign ; and that, as he expressed it, " Glory will efface all." That sort of glory, however, was itself effaced from the German prospects as early as the battle of the Marne ; and we shall never know whether humanity is capable of so vile a forgiveness ; or whether glory will efface all.

But there is a real sense in which we may say that infamy has effaced all. In the first stage of the war Prussia conducted assassination upon the same scale as grand strategy ; and it is as difficult to recall every woman or child whose death was in itself a breach of all international understandings as it is to recall every poor fellow in uniform who has fallen in the open fighting which everyone understands.

The pen becomes impotent when it attempts to give life to statistics ; and I do not know that anything can come closer to it than the pencil, when it draws what the artist has drawn here—merely one quiet soldier, in the corner of one quiet town ; and beyond only the corner of a heap of figures, which are yet more quiet.

G. K. CHESTERTON



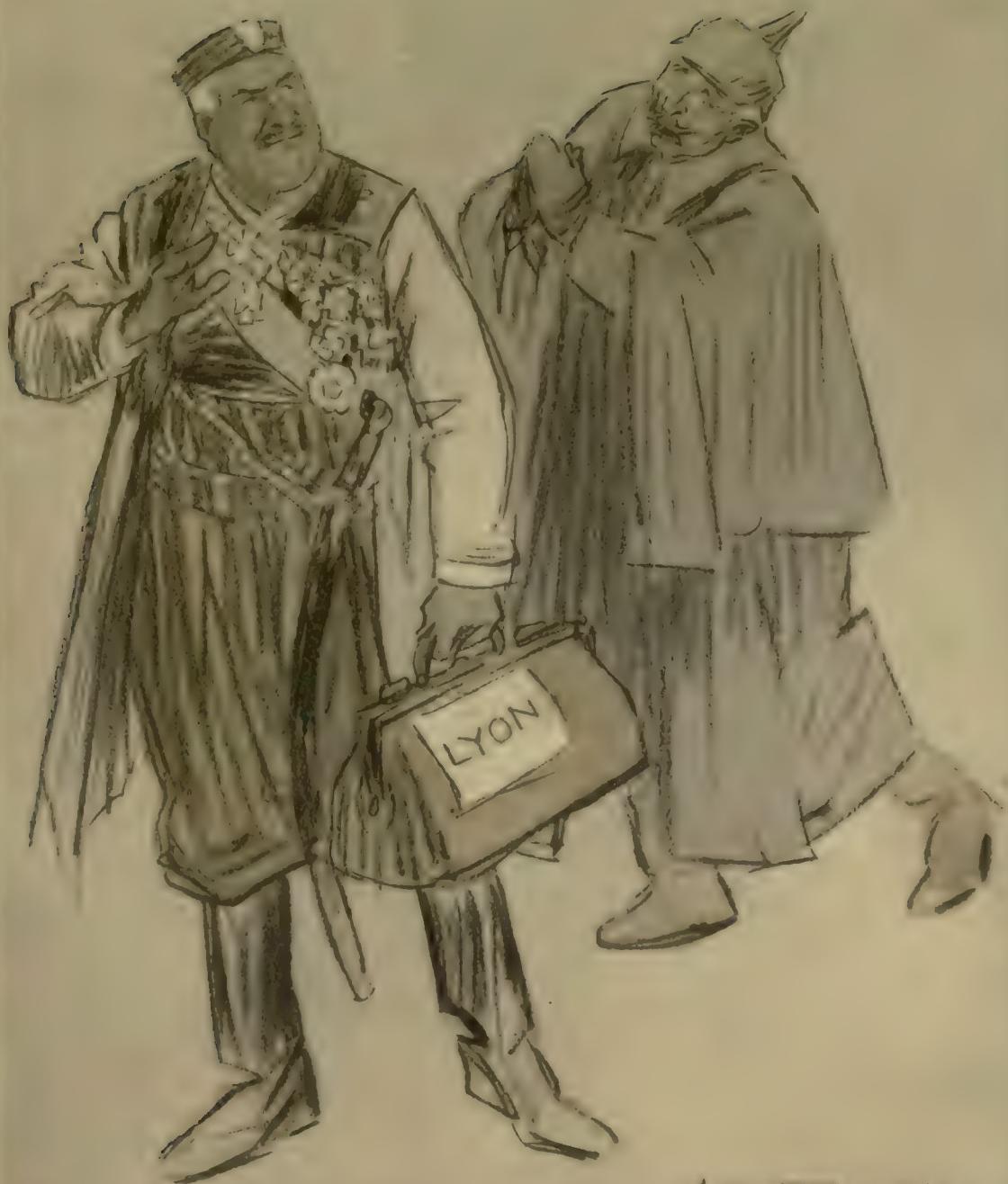
PEACE REIGNS AT DINANT

The Kaiser's Diplomacy

THE true story of what happened in Montenegro, when the Austrians reported that the country had submitted to superior force and accepted the domination of the Central Powers, and that it was abandoning the hopeless task of resisting their united strength, will be perhaps revealed in the future, but is at present unknown. Probably it will turn out to have been a great personal disappointment to the Kaiser and another instance where his diplomacy failed. It would have been a triumph to induce Montenegro to submit peaceably, and to have King Nicholas accepting the position of a client king at Berlin. But the resistance of Montenegro was not wholly overcome. The king and the people who had fought for freedom with success against all the forces of Turkey and afterwards of Austria during so many years could not submit to be deluded by the blandishments of Hadji Wilhelm ; and here the artist shows Nicholas with his bag packed for the journey to France and labelled "Lyon," turning away from the Kaiser, who looks towards him with seductive entreaty, and presses his hands in a gesture of petition. He is making a last attempt to induce the king to submit to fate and to himself, to come to Berlin, and to be received with royal honours and enrolled alongside of the many princely families of Germany.

The Kaiser set great store by success in this negotiation. It would have been the beginning, as he hoped, of the breaking up of the alliance among his foes. Even though it was only the small and poor Montenegro that abandoned the Allied cause, still it was to be the first stage of a general break-up, which would have been hailed with triumph as the beginning of the end. The Kaiser did want Nicholas badly, but Nicholas was not going alone to Berlin, and his last word is that "we will all come later." Raemaekers, with his unfailing confidence in a final victory, looked forward then, when the cause of the Allies seemed to be at its lowest ebb, to the victory of the future, and to the victorious entrance of the united Allies into Berlin. The artist judged by faith, and not by sight. He was not a mere calculator of chances, and an estimator of military power ; for those neutrals who judged on such principles were apparently all so profoundly impressed with the overwhelming military strength of Germany, that their moral judgment was warped. Raemaekers had lived too close to Germany to be ignorant of its enormous strength ; but he judges as a prophet, who bears witness to the moral quality of the world, in despite of the apparent balance of probabilities.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



MONTENEGRO

WILLIAM: "Why not to Berlin. We want you so badly?"

NICHOLAS: "Not yet; we will all come, later."

The Bill

EVEN a dragon's teeth decay
And then there comes a painful time
When morsels won't be made away :
Hence spring this picture and this rhyme
Of dragons rather past their prime.

A varied menu spread before
The hungry Kaiser and his son,
From which the royal epicure
With other courses chose this one—
Paris to follow when 'twas done.

A dainty dish the waiter thought
To set before a king, or clown ;
Yet though they gulped and chewed and fought
Not sire nor son could get it down—
This little, sturdy, ancient town.

And, what is more, their appetites,
That yesterday were sharp and keen,
This wretched dish of Verdun blights :
Its toughness they had not foreseen ;
The cooking's bad, the inn unclean.

“ My son, I think we'll try elsewhere. ”
“ Right O ! dear father, so we will.
I'm spoiling for a change of air.
Don't let this trifle make you ill :
Our cannon fodder pay the bill ! ”

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



Louis Raemaekers. —

THE BILL

Victory by Imposture

THIE peacemaker, Ford, is sailing away in a boat, with the flag of the United States at the stern, leaving behind him the four Germanic Powers. On their Alliance is inscribed "Victory ! victory ! colossal victory !" ; but the alliance is only a lifebuoy, and the Powers are struggling in the sea of fate, and are in imminent danger of drowning. They strive by loud words to maintain to the world their pretence of victory ; but it is all sham, and they know that their lives are at stake. The whole fabric of the German alliance is to this artist morally a gigantic imposture, and rests on an elaborate system for duping the surrounding world. Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey have enough to do to hold on to the lifebuoy and save themselves from death. Turkey has a bad grip, and looks as if he could hardly cling on. Bulgaria is, if possible, worse situated : Ferdinand holds with one hand and with his chin. The Emperor of Austria has his shoulder well over the life-saving buoy, but although the hold is good, yet his physical strength is failing. The Kaiser alone has a firm hold and plenty of strength left, but he has already been under water, for his helmet is dripping ; and his cry for help is addressed to the retreating peacemaker. The boasting words inscribed on the Alliance are addressed to the surrounding world, but the word that comes from his heart is the cry for peace.

When this cartoon was published, Germany was apparently going on from victory to victory. Many people feared that the Prussian victory was assured, but Raemaekers never doubted. His confidence in the victory of truth and justice never failed for an instant. In his cartoons he sees, like a prophet or a poet, right into the heart of the great movements in history. It is not that he conveys the impression of mere blind, unreasoning confidence in the victory of any particular nation which he admires, or in which he believes, or which he considers to be most wealthy and most capable of paying the expenses and supplying the "silver bullets" in unceasing abundance. His sublime assurance is based on moral issues ; he hates the cruel and the deceitful nation and man, because among other things they are an outrage on nature, a blotch disfiguring the fair face of the world, and he knows that a cause which is based on disregard of international obligations, and buttressed by a policy of "frightfulness" and a general system of imposture and deception, must fail. The world of men will not endure it, the divine order of things has rejected it. He can no more doubt about the issue than could one of the old Hebrew prophets. He has seen, and he knows.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



HELP!

"Ford has abandoned us!"

Hohenzollern Madness

MAYBE the French poet of genius is already born who will sing the Epic of Verdun. One thinks of him staring into his mother's face, and blinking a pair of wondrous brown eyes at the summer sun. France is too near, too careful and troubled about the present, too deeply plunged in grief and pain to tell that story with the majestic isolation of genius, or fling her inspiration wide enough, as yet, to catch the significance of this supreme event.

Marble and bronze will record it, and imperishable verse—of that we may be sure; for the nation that has defended Verdun against the might of Germany holds the seeds of magistral art. Art must spring quickened, enlarged, and ennobled from these furnace fires; and it will happen, as of old, that a people great enough to do great deeds lack not for children of genius to record their immortality in achievements themselves immortal.

That follows in fulness of time; for at this moment, while cannon thunder and men die happy, with the light of coming victory for a crown, we may well think of such men alone and pay our homage to the heroes who have saved Verdun at the cost of their lives.

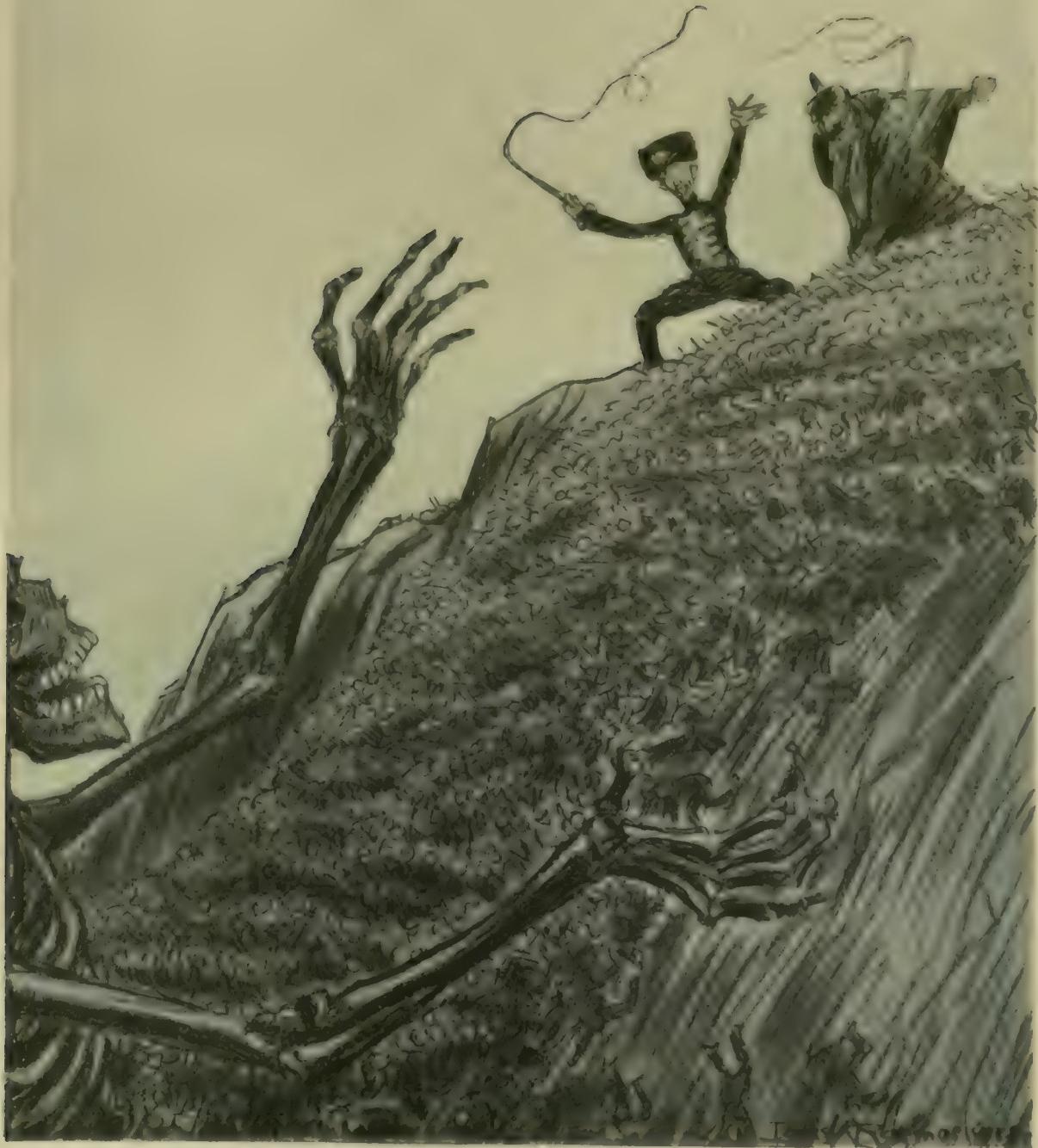
But what of Germany's sons? What of the thousands who have fallen in fruitless attempts to take the hill of Dead Men?

It may be ere long, that these armies, driven by whip and revolver from behind, will wake to the futility of their continued destruction and begin to measure the worth of the royal command still hurling them to death, that its own wounded vanity and strategical and political incompetence shall find a salve in their sacrifice.

Raemackers imagines nothing here, for his picture is a transcript of familiar truth. Death welcomes to its bony bosom the pride of a kingdom, while the rulers of that kingdom flog their subjects on to the annihilation that awaits them. Such forlorn tactics are all that remain to the beggared tyrant and his son. But men are not as corn or the beasts of the field: this harvest cannot be renewed by the passage of a year; and when Death has fed full, he must wait for another such meal until the boyhood of Germany has come to man's estate. May the youthful Teutons with their manhood win sanity also, and escape for ever the slavery that has driven more than half a million of their fathers to fruitless destruction before Verdun.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS





HOHENZOLLERN MADNESS

The Attack on l'Homme Mort.



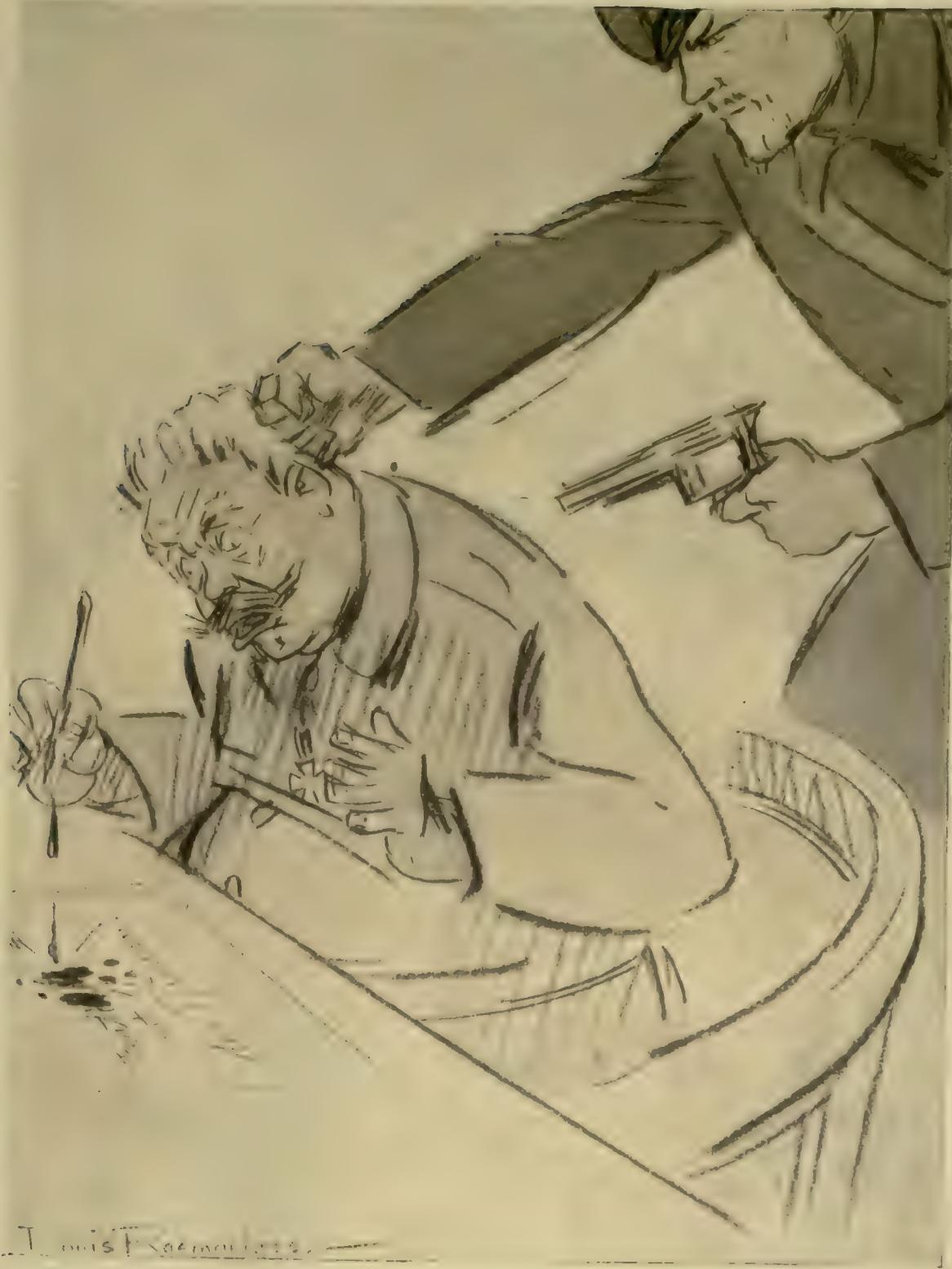
"We have finished off the Russians"

ASSUMING that this statement with regard to finishing off the Russians was actually written—and there is every reason to assume it—one may conjecture what memories it recalled. The great battles of the Warsaw salient, the drive that lasted for many months through the flats of Poland, the struggles of the Vilna salient, and all the time the knowledge that the mechanism, the guns in which Germany put her trust, were shattering Russian legions day after day. Then the gradual settling of the eastern line, well into Russia, with all the industrial districts of Poland firmly gripped in German hands, and the certainty that though Russia had not been utterly broken and forced to a peace, yet so much had been accomplished that there was no longer an eastern menace, and both Germany and Austria might go about their business of conquest in the west, having "finished off" in the east.

But that strong figure with the pistol pointed at the writer, that implacable, threatening giant, is a true type of Russia the unconquerable. It is a sign that the guns in which Germany put her trust have failed her, that the line which was to hold firm during the business of conquest in the west has broken—more, it is a sign of the doom of the aggressor. The writing of that fat, complacent figure—sorry imitator of the world's great conquerors—is arrested, and in place of stolid self-conceit there shows fear.

Well-grounded fear. History can show no crimes to equal the rape of Belgium and the desolation of Poland at the hands of Germany. The giant with a pistol stands not only as a returned warrior, but also as an avenger of unspeakable crimes.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



Turkish humor

WE HAVE FINISHED OFF THE RUSSIANS
"Wait a minute."

Gott strafe Verdun

A N impartial military verdict on the German strategy and tactics at Verdun has not yet been delivered. After the failure of the Allies to break through last year, the German higher command issued a paper, which has been printed in American newspapers, advocating "nibbling" tactics, instead of attempts to carry a strongly fortified line by a *coup de main*.

The Germans have buoyed up their hopes by assuring each other that their troops have been making a slow but methodical progress towards the "fortress," according to programme. But even if we grant that the disproportion in casualties is probably not so great as some of our critics have supposed, it is difficult to believe that the enemy was prepared for such resistance as he has met with. To all appearance, the Germans expected to break through in a few days, and hoped that this success would rehabilitate the credit of the paltry young prince whom we here see entangled in barbed wire, his uniform in rags, and despair depicted on his haggard face.

Another confessed failure would finish the career of the Crown Prince; and yet there are limits to the endurance of any troops, and these limits have been now reached. There is nothing left to young William but useless imprecations. He swaggered into this war, for which he is partly responsible, expecting to win the reputation of a general; he will sneak out of it with the reputation of a burglar.

W. R. INGE,
Dean of St. Paul's



GOTT STRAFE VERDUN

"If only I knew whether it is less dangerous to advance or to retire."

Those Horrible Britons

THE English have always been misunderstood by foreign peoples and I think one of the most beneficial effects of this war will be the better understanding of John Bull by the Slavs, by the Gauls—and by the Teutons.

The Slavs up to this have not known us at all. In France up till very recently the Englishman has been the Englishman of the old Palais Royal farces, a creature with red whiskers, front teeth like the double blank in dominoes, shepherd's plaid trousers and a disengaging manner. Read Daudet, read Hugo, read Loti and you will see that even the highest intelligences in France have failed to appreciate John Bull at his true worth, failed even to understand him.

Germany, who understands everything but Humanity, has been even more backward than France. To Germany John has figured as a robber grown fat on plunder, soft, flabby, and only waiting to be plundered. To Germany and to the Kaiser John has not figured as a Power, simply because he has not figured as a Military Power. They believed him effete.

The first seven divisions cut into this comfortable belief in a cruel manner. The handful of English who drove the Hun hordes back from Calais did not put balm on the wound. Slowly and by degrees the Kaiser has seen his last hopes broken by the English.

THOSE HORRIBLE BRITONS.

Raemaekers, as always, has touched the truth.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



"Those horrible Britons even stop our rubber supplies coming by Parcel Post."

"Bunkered"

THE Crown Prince is in a very awkward predicament. He has driven his ball into a deep sand-pit, from which a very clever professional golfer might perhaps extricate himself by a powerful stroke with a niblick. But young William is not a professional, and indeed knows nothing about the game. So he takes his driver and his other wooden clubs, and smashes them all, with much bad language, while he whacks at the ball, which only buries itself deeper in the sand. He is pondering what to do next.

There is, however, only one thing to do. He must take up his ball and lose the hole. The real players on his side must be disgusted at being saddled with such a partner. But what is to be done when a fool is born a war-lord by right of primogeniture?

In a few years, in the course of nature, this fortunate youth will be the supreme War-Lord himself; it will be his business to "stand in shining armour" by some luckless ally who has been selected to pick a quarrel for Germany's benefit, and to shake a "mailed fist" in the face of a trembling world. That will be a spectacle for gods and men. But perhaps something will happen instead.

W. R. INGE,
Dean of St. Paul's



BUNKERED

Tom Thumb and the Giant

"COME and save me, you know I am so fond of children."

This is a picture which M. Raemaekers evidently enjoyed himself, and which every one except the Germans will enjoy. It is so full of gusto, and the natural humour of the situation is so obvious.

Everyone will remember the scene and incident. On the last night of last January some six or more Zeppelins came in the "stilly night" across the North Sea, and sailed over the East Coast and into the heart of England. They said they were raiding Liverpool. The truth is they did not know what they were doing, they merely unloaded death at haphazard and hoped for the worst. They knew, of course, from previous experience that while they might possibly do some damage to the British fighting forces, they were certain, as always, to kill a handful of women and children. To defend these as best you can is in their code a crime worthy of death. To kill them is no sin. It may even cheer, and be cheered by, the happy homes of the Fatherland.

One of them, less lucky than the rest, fell into the sea on her return voyage. A British trawler captain saw her awash and derelict, the crew standing on top. They signalled to him to send his little boat and take them off. Wisely he told them they were more than his crew, and he could not trust them. They must be left to their fate.

They broke into impotent rage, and denounced him for a monster of cruelty, as did the Germans at home who have now murdered Captain Fryatt when they treacherously got him.

Who is likely to trust them? What little fellow, however plucky, will venture into the giant's reach a second time?

Fee! faw! fo! fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread!

The rôle of the giant, the ogre, the "*Kindlifresser*," it is the rôle for which the German casts himself.

But little English Jacky the giant-killer knows him now. Once he tried to save even him when drowning, and got torpedoed or shot for his pains. Now he is a sadder but a wiser Jacky.

And little English Tommy, a giant-killer also, knows him too. And the shaggy but chivalrous *poilu*, and the patient Christian Russian, and the Canuck and the Anzac, and Piet, "slim" but good-hearted, from South Africa, they know him.

Yes, the world knows him now, and "noses" him at his tricks, grown stale and futile to-day.

HERBERT WARREN



TOM THUMB AND THE GIANT

"Come and save me ! You know I am so fond of children."

The Counter Attack at Douaumont

THE fortress of Verdun will stand forever, a bastion cut against the sky, and behind and above like a flaming cresset will burn Douaumont.

Verdun in the March of 1916 was the name of a fortress and a town, to-day it is no longer a name. It has become a word lifted among the star words common to all languages and all times. Valour—splendour—devotion—endurance—patriotism, how grand are these words, yet Verdun is the grandest of them all, for it includes them all.

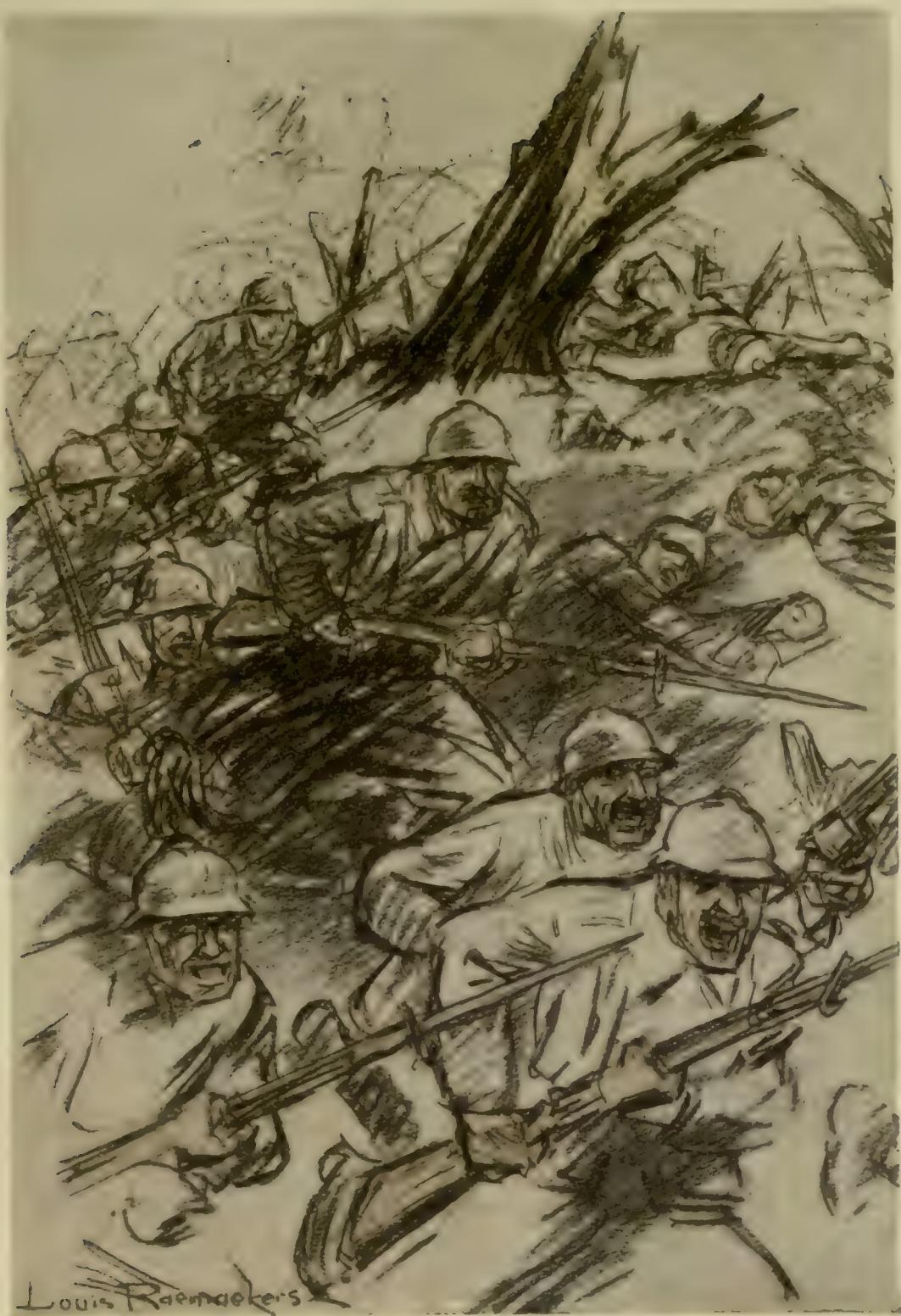
It is the word that France has flung to the world not from her fleshly lips but from the lips of her soul.

To the cringing neutrals; to Swiss waiters, and Dutch hucksters and English sedition-mongers, and Irish hole and corner men, to American drummers and Swedish market men. To the hordes of the Beast and the powers of darkness France has flung the light of that one burning word, just as the Spartans, four hundred and eighty years before the birth of Christ, flung to us the light of the word Thermopylæ.

The old heroic times seemed dead, littleness seemed everywhere, till the light of this war showed the soul of man great as in the days of Alexander.

The counter-attack at Douaumont is but an incident, a crystallized moment out of the endless battle on the Meuse.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE COUNTER ATTACK AT DOUAUMONT.

"You need not storm this place"

THE magnificent imagery of Isaiah is alone adequate to interpret the artist's picture. The German Kaiser is at the entrance to Hell, on the gloomy portals of which is written the motto : " Abandon Hope all ye who enter here." The Devil, with a Mephistophelean irony, tells his captive : " You need not storm this place." Hell is only too ready to house the great malefactors who have sinned against light and are doomed to torment.

It is inevitable to recall the great oracles of Isaiah on the King of Babylon—that enemy of his race who had enslaved the Jewish people, persecuted God's elect and led them into captivity. " Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming ; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth ; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we ? Art thou become like unto us ? . . . How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! how art thou cast down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations ! "

But the King of Babylon was received with greater ceremony than falls to the lot of the German Kaiser. To welcome the former the old kings rise from their thrones. Wilhelm is led by the Devil alone, and no pomp or circumstance of war surrounds him. His sin is as the sin of those who have believed in their transcendent power and are the victims of megalomania. He too said in his heart : " I will ascend into Heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, I will be like the Most High." Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.

And the sentence passed on such enemies of the human race is the same which Isaiah uttered thousands of years ago. " Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms ; that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof ; that opened not the house of his prisoners ? " The very catalogue of offences is the same. And the penalty is that no such posthumous glory as encircles the monarchs of the past will come to him. He goes down to the stones of the pit, cast out from all honourable burial, as " a carcase trodden underfoot."

Never did Raemaekers dip his pen in bitterer gall than when he limned this appalling picture of the fate which awaits a merciless and bloodthirsty tyrant.

W. L. COURTNEY



" You need not storm this place ; come in, please."

"My master asks you to look after these peace doves"

RAEMAEKERS in this excellent cartoon is not less direct, although he is at the same time more subtle, than in some others. Holland, typified by the seated figure, has an expression of both amazement and suspicion, if not actual fear, upon her face. The "Boche" is not content with merely offering the basket of spurious doves, but has thrust it on to Holland's lap. The bearer who, in the name of his master, asks the latter to look after the "doves" is obviously trying both to look agreeable as well as innocent, but the battered helmet and the leer upon his face serve to betray him.

Holland, says her great artist in this picture, has no use for "Peace doves," or, at least, for those of the breed that wear the spiked helmets of the Prussians. One may suspect, as the artist and Holland herself apparently do, that the "doves," symbolic of peace, may prove the stormy petrels of war. They may be said to typify the propagandists who, having settled in Holland from the early days of the war, have carried on a crafty campaign of misrepresentation and calumny not alone against the Allies, but against the country which has hitherto preserved neutrality and sacrificed so much in works of benevolence in regard to Belgian and other refugees, and the British airmen and seamen which the accidents and tides of war have brought to or thrown up on her shores.

The "doves of peace," and there are many Germans now resident in Holland, have probably all of them Mannlichs as well as spiked helmets for use if needed.

In regard to all transactions with the Huns or their master, Holland will do well to remember Virgil's oft-quoted line : "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Every "dove," whether in the guise of propagandist, commercial representative, official, or agent for the purchase of foodstuffs, and whether bringing a cage of "peace doves" or bags of gold, is a potential enemy to the peace and independence of Holland. The triumph of the Central Empires means the subjugation of the Dutch people, and the "peace doves" within her borders would soon quit their cooing and be transformed into the "Prussian Eagle's brood."

CLIVE HOLLAND



Louis I. - - - - -

"My master asks you to look after these peace doves."

A Higher Pile

FULL half a million men, yet not enough
To break this township on a winding stream ;
More yet must fall, and more, ere the red stuff
That built a nation's manhood may redeem
The Highest's hopes and fructify his dream.

They pave the way to Verdun on their dust
The Hohenzollern mount and, hand in hand,
Gaze haggard South ; for yet another thrust,
And higher hills must heap, ere they shall stand
To feed their eyes upon the promised land.

One barrow, borne of women, lifts them high,
Piled up of many a thousand human dead.
Nursed in their mothers' bosoms, now they lie—
A Golgotha, all shattered, torn and sped,
A mountain for these royal feet to tread.

A Golgotha, upon whose carrion clay
Justice of myriad men, still in the womb,
Shall heave two crosses ; crucify and flay
Two memories accr'd ; then in the tomb
Of world-wide execration give them room.

Verdun ! Thy name is holy evermore ;
In thine heroic ruin the Nations see
A monument, upon whose living shore
In vain the evil breaks ; we bend the knee,
Thou symbol of all human liberty.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



"Father, we must have a higher pile to see Verdun."

“How quiet it must be in the English harbours
blockaded by our fleet”

RAEMAEKERS has here selected two typical naval officers, and has placed them on the quay in Kiel Harbour, pacing along in sight of the water and some of the ships of the High Seas Fleet lying at anchor.

The expressions on the two faces are worth careful study. On that of the taller and nearer man one has a cleverly caught and underlying indication of doubt. He seems to say : “ Of course, we are blockading the British Fleet, which has taken shelter from our invincible warships in the Thames Estuary. And, of course, since the Battle of Jutland, we have swept the seas and wrested the trident from the grasp of Britain. But ” At the back of his mind is evidently at all events the germ of a question. “ Why, if this be so, do our ships lie at anchor, and our people go short of the imported necessities of life ? ” And in the mind of that type of man no amount of inspired Press accounts of fictitious victories, and no thanks of the Kaiser and profusion in the decoration of “ naval heroes,” can lull to rest the suspicion that all is not as it should be.

The second type depicted is a more common one in the German Navy. He carries his chin up while his companion carries his down. He says : “ Of course, we have driven the British Battle Fleet to its harbours, and, of course, we won a notable victory off Jutland, and, equally of course, when we bombarded Scarborough and other seaside pleasure resorts we actually destroyed immensely strong fortifications, and did enormous and material damage to military and naval bases.” This type of man could believe anything. And he does ! He has assimilated greedily all the mental pabulum that is designed to teach that Germany cannot be beaten because she is Germany, and the Germans are superior to every other race. He swallowed it greedily as a small boy; as a collegian, as a naval cadet, and it has become part of him. He neither can know, will know, nor wishes to know the truth. There is something pathetic as well as stupid in his blindness and imperviousness to facts. He is of the type which will believe Germany invincible long after she has been beaten. He is of the type that will prolong the war by continuing to celebrate phantom victories even when the fleets of the Allies are hammering at the gates of the Kiel Canal. In this cartoon Raemaekers’ satire is gentler than its wont, but not less effective on that account.

CLIVE HOLLAND



"How quiet it must be in the English harbours blockaded by our fleet."

"And such a brave Zepp he was"

Aestatem increpitans seram *Zephyrosque* morantes.

Chiding the lateness of the summer still
And "Zeppers" all too tardy for his will.

THIS is rather the attitude we should have expected of the All-Highest, whom, of course, the seasons ought to obey. It is hard on him that we should have had such a late summer, and that his "Zeppers" should have had to wait so long and, after all, done so little.

For the "gentle Zeppers" from the East to-day, like those from the West of old, come with fair weather and serene skies. They may find an exceptional night in winter when "the moon is hid," for, like all evil-doers, "they love darkness rather than light," and "the night is still," but it is in the calm of summer and autumn that they look to make their best harvest and their boldest onslaughts. Equinoctial gales, sleet and snow do not suit them, so brave are they. They are not keen to face either the battle or the breeze, so brave are they.

It would be unfair to deny bravery altogether to the Boches. They have shown it in their own "book of arithmetic" way on land, on sea, and in the air. (H)immelmann, as the Tommies of course called him, certainly showed himself at 'ome in his native (h)element, as bold as an 'awk, though brought down by a half-fledged eagle at the finish. But he was an aviator and took risks. The brave "Zepps" have not taken many; we do not blame them. There is no reason why they should, and every reason why they should not. They are delicate and expensive birds to rear. When they are on the wing there are a good many "marks over," and when the anti-aircraft gun finds those "marks," light currency though they be, they fall even faster than on the Exchange.

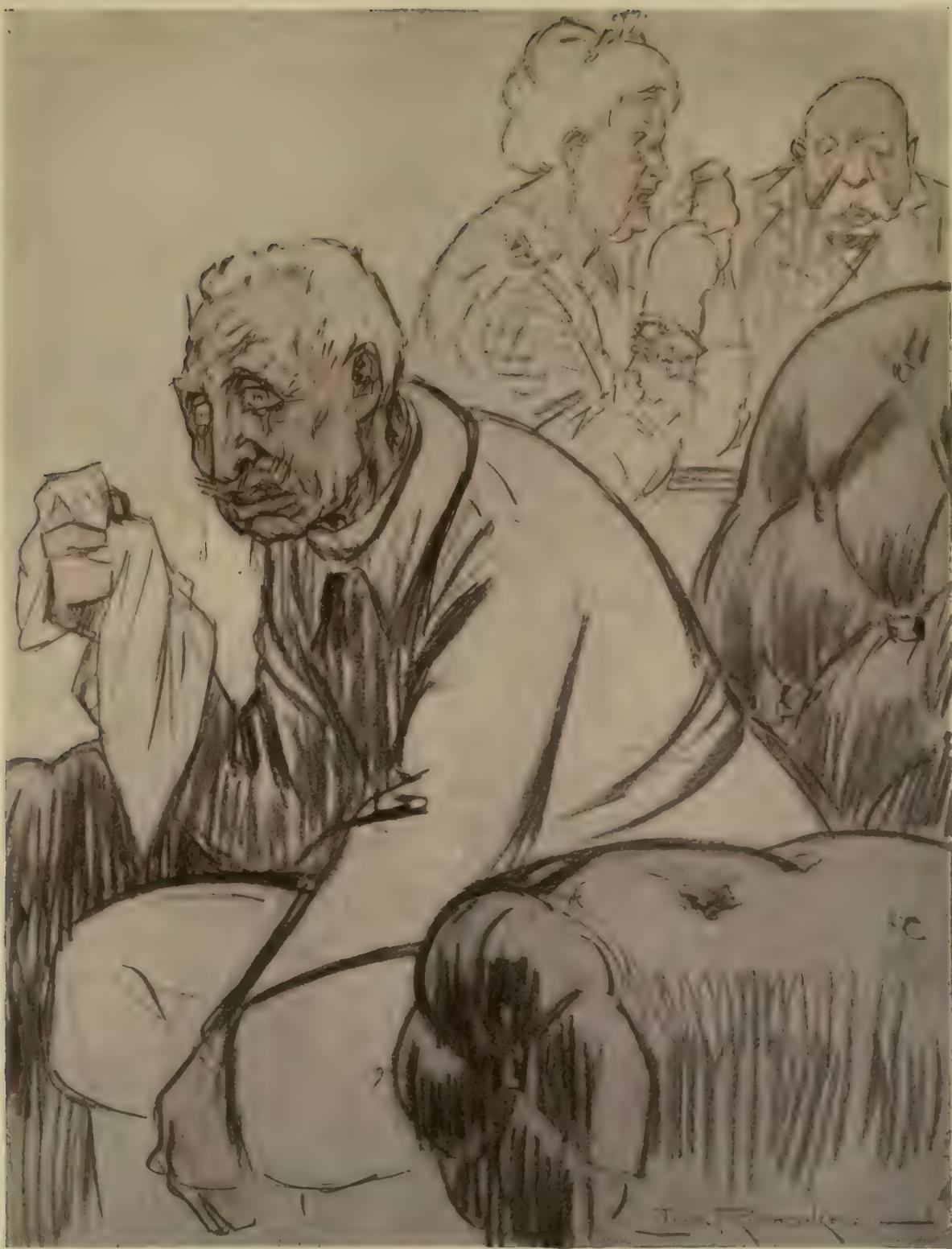
Formidable, no doubt, the Zepps are. It is our good luck more than our good management that they have not done more damage. But brave, as bravery goes in this war, hardly that, so far. We should have expected the Kaiser to curse them and the weather, not to weep. Weeping? Kaisers and Kaiserins and Count Zeppelins should be made of sterner stuff. We do not hear that Herod and Herodias were seen weeping because the attack on Rachel cost them an assassin or two. Yet that is the picture Raemaekers gives us here. Scathingly, sarcastically, graphic as ever.

"They were brave." "They fought against odds unnumbered" (of women and children and men 10,000 feet below them). "They fell with their tails to the foe." Yes, the Zepps are very brave. They'll have to be braver still before they're done!

HERBERT WARREN

P.S.—This was written before September 2nd. Yes, they'll have to take more risks, and they and their friends will have to be braver yet.

H. W.



"And such a brave Zepp he was!"

"Come in, Michael; I think I'm awake now"

THE expression upon John's face indicates an amazing determination and alertness. It is told of certain remarkable men—De Lesseps amongst the number—that they had the faculty of sleeping for several days and nights and then remaining wide awake and at full tension for an equally long period of time. We may confidently predict that John has this faculty. He is not likely to slumber again till his work is done, and done thoroughly. Michael's expression, I regret to note, is not quite so pleasing as John's. It gives "furiously to think," as our gallant and beautiful France puts it, that when Michael climbs through the window of the happy Fatherland he may, perchance, inspire terror in the heart of the Hun, who doubtless expects that his enemies, if they do invade the sacred soil, will display those Christian qualities of Mercy and Forbearance which have been so conspicuous, by their absence, in the treatment of unfortunate prisoners upon whom they inflicted the extreme rigour of "Kultur."

Our cartoonist—it will be noticed—has placed sledge-hammers in the hands of both John and Michael; rather primitive weapons, but most admirably adapted for "crushing." And nothing short of crushing will satisfy the Allies, despite the futile wiles and whines of Messrs. Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Morel, and Macdonald. Crushed they will and must be to fine powder. The hammer-strokes are falling now with a persistence and force which, at long last, reverberate in the cafés and beer gardens of Munich and Berlin. The Teuton tongue—a hideous concatenation of noise at its best—must be almost inarticulate to-day in its guttural chokings and splutterings. "Frightfulness" is coming home to roost.

With all our hearts we hold out the glad hand to Michael.

Come in, and stay in—bless you !

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



JOHN BULL: "Come in, Michael ; I think I'm awake, now."



The Prisoners

A MONG the suggestions for treating our German prisoners, the public has misunderstood that emanating from the Government.

To utter the word "reprisals," when we know right well that the whole sense and tradition of this country would rise in rebellion against any such system, is to speak in vain. Moreover, other and juster lines of action are within our reach. It has been suggested that we should treat our prisoners exactly as Germany treats hers ; but since her system is beneath the accepted standards of humanity, and such as no civilised country could practise without loss of self-respect, that course remains unjustified. A worthier way would seem to be that those responsible for the crime are made to suffer and that, instead of doing injustice now by punishing men not to blame for our enemy's cruelties, we exact justice after the war is ended and then look to it that all—chiefs and subordinates alike—who have tortured and starved the Allied prisoners, in military or internment camps, should be brought to pay the penalty for their cowardly villainies. That will lie within our power ; and did Germany clearly understand the intention, it is reasonable to hope she might take steps to save herself from the consequences of her brutality. Moreover, the threat is no mere thunder, for though the country is still in ignorance, still buoyed by false news and fatuous *communiqués*, those at the helm know well enough the Central States are on a lee shore of ultimate defeat.

With some truth the boys, spectacled students and stunted human failures swept into the net of France's prisoners, may echo their All-Highest and say : " We did not want to do it." They indeed did not, and who can feel for them much more than pity ? Such men are not even good cannon fodder ; and no more striking comment on the passes to which Germany is coming in her efforts to fill the failing lines need be sought than in the material our prisoners often reveal. She has, indeed, many thousands more of the cream of her manhood to destroy before the end ; but to offer such feeble stuff as this to the combustion of war cannot long delay the final need.

Señor Gomez Garrillo, writing as a neutral in the *Gaulois*, has told us how the British, though fully realising the hatred of the German people, yet do not echo it ; for they see in their prisoners only unhappy men, to be treated with compassion and respect. That is not a spirit that will be found on the losing side of the World War.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



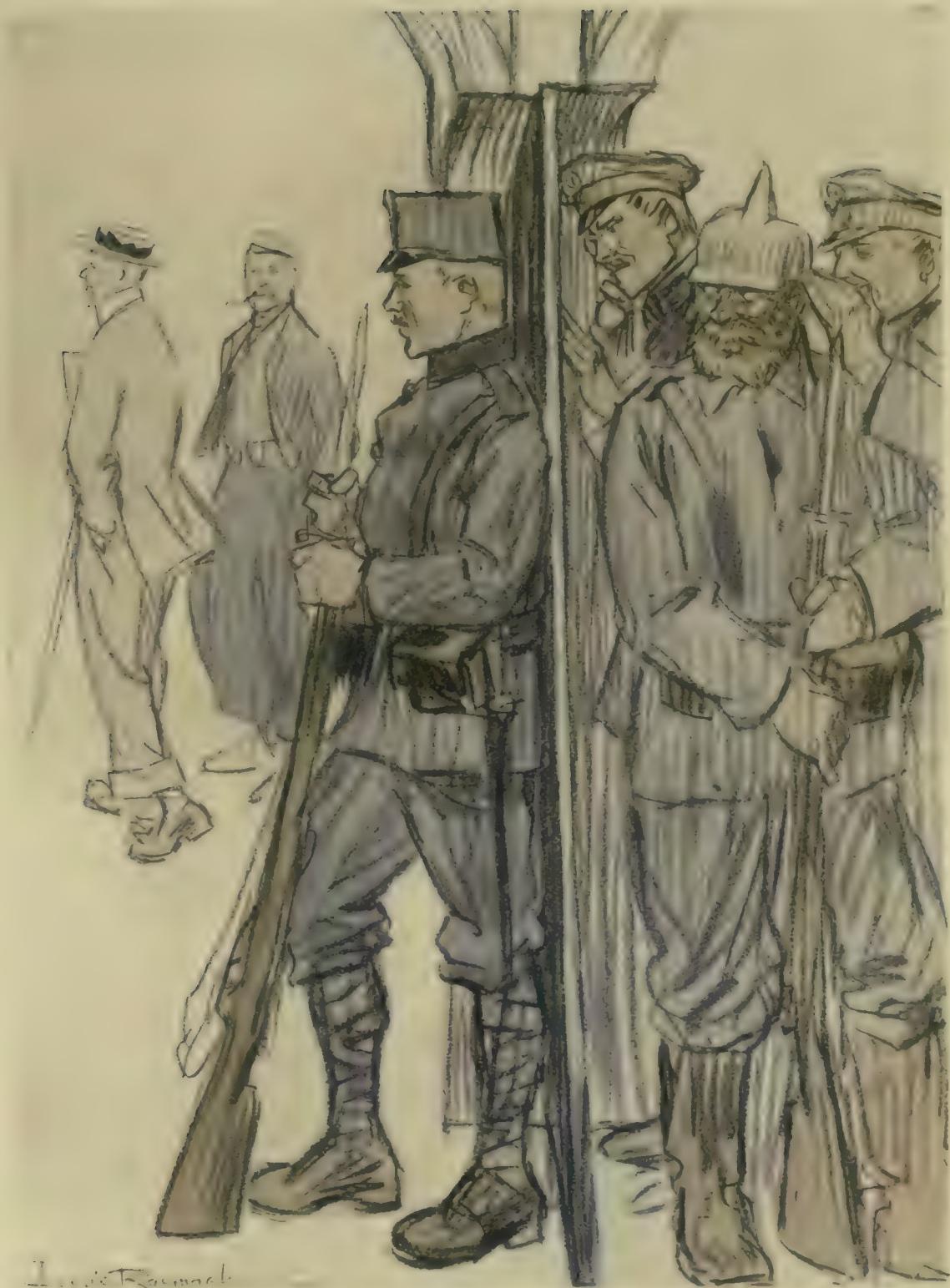
THE PRISONERS
“We did not want to do it.”

"If they don't increase their Army"

WE were inclined at the beginning of this war to be a little unreasonable in our demands on the sympathy of the neutral nations. This was particularly the case with Holland, whose geographical position with regard to Belgium and to ourselves is a most delicate one. We did not always consider sufficiently what too lively an expression of opinion friendly to the Allies might cost the Dutch. They saw themselves, two years ago, watched through the peep-holes of their eastern frontier by a neighbour without pity, without scruple and without decency. To have given the Germans an opportunity of attacking them unawares would have been to see the tulips of Haarlem trampled into mud and the church-windows of Gouda smashed; to let the libraries of Leyden be pillaged and the art-treasures of The Hague be carried off to Berlin; to find the cathedral tower of Utrecht used as a target for cannon, and the canals of Amsterdam choked with the corpses of Dutch women and children. What Belgium has endured would be poured out in four-fold horror upon Holland. No wonder that the Dutch are prudent in their language, circumspect in their actions.

Moreover, till the autumn of 1914, Holland had cultivated a pacific spirit. She did not believe in military danger, and through the masses of the people there ran a kind of resentment against the army, as a body of men paid out of the taxes for doing nothing. In all this Holland was wittingly the opposite of her ferocious and gigantic neighbour. But all this is over now. Raemaekers shows us the sturdy Dutch soldier, with his back turned to wheedling German whisperers, guarding the long eastern frontier beyond the Maas. Holland has been roused out of her opiate dream of non-resistance, and she vibrates with heroic echoes from Ypres and from Dixmude. She is fully aware that she is called upon to be the arbiter of her own destiny, and that she must meet force with force. Holland is safe so long as she prepares her own defence, for Germany never attacks unless she believes herself to be sure of victory. She knows that the Dutch *have* "increased their army," and that the hour of "easy" and insolent conquest is over.

EDMUND GOSSE



"If they don't increase their army it will be easy."

Balaam and his Ass

WE know the story of the oracles of Balaam as narrated in the 22nd and 23rd Chapters of "Numbers." Balaam is sent for by Balak, King of the Moabites, in order that he might curse the children of Israel whose invasion threatened Moab with dire peril. Balaam first refuses to journey to Balak; then, subsequently, he is induced to change his mind. Riding on his ass the prophet accompanies the princes of Moab, and on his way is confronted by the angel of the Lord. The ass, much wiser than his master, dares not pass. Balaam, who could not see the obstacle in the path, struck his ass three times. Thereupon his eyes were opened, and the ass, speaking with the mouth of a man, rebuked the prophet for his senselessness and his brutality. In the sequel, though Balaam meets with Balak, he is not permitted to curse, he can only bless, the children of the Lord.

This is the story which is in Raemaekers' mind in his spirited cartoon. Balaam is, of course, the German Emperor; his ass is the long-suffering German people, forced by threats to advance over millions of strewn corpses and rotting skulls, and the angel in the path bears on its shield the words Justice, Liberty, Humanity.

Unlike the prototype whom Raemaekers has selected, the German Emperor refuses to recognise that his real opponent in the tremendous war is the Civilised Conscience of Mankind. But the German people is beginning to understand and realise at what appalling cost it is being sent to the shambles. Perhaps in time the eyes of the Kaiser himself may be opened, and when that day of enlightenment comes he will discover that no amount of iron crosses or lying telegrams will induce the German Fatherland to fight any longer against the ordinances of God.

Far away on the horizon are to be observed the funeral crosses which reveal so eloquently the history of the war. For, indeed, the best and bravest youth of most of the nations of Europe is being sacrificed to suit the truculent ambition of a blind and reckless autocrat.

W. L. COURTNEY



BALAAM AND HIS ASS.

"My sixth son is now lying here--where are yours?"

THREE is a picture in Brussels that the Kaiser ought to study on one of his visits to the Belgian capital. It is Wiertz's picture of Napoleon in Hades.

Wiertz was a madman, he knew something of the horrors of war, but he knew, also, something of the grandeur and nobility of Napoleon.

Napoleon is surrounded by women holding up the mutilated remains of sons, lovers, and fathers, and still he remains Napoleon, the Child of Destiny, the Inscrutable, the calm, and, if one may say so, the gentleman.

Women knew, at least, that their dead had fallen before the armies or at the will of a Great Man in those Napoleonic days; there was something of Fate in the business.

But to-day the widow or the mourning mother, whilst knowing that her son or her husband has fallen in defending Humanity from the Beast, can find no quarter in her heart for the form in the shape of manhood that stands, in the words of Swinburne :

"Curse consecrated, crowned with crime and flame!"

No taunt could be too bitter for their lips and none more bitter than the words of Raemaekers :—

"My sixth son is lying here—where are yours?"

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



Louis Rœmaekers.—

GERMAN WIDOW: "My sixth son is now lying here. Where are yours?"

Humanity v. Kultur

ONE of the most marked features of Raemackers' art is his intense feeling of patriotism. He is proud of his country and of her past history, and he is resolute to be true to the fame of the Netherlands in the past and to preserve the freedom which is the heritage of her people. Another characteristic is his abhorrence of the prospect of German tyranny over his country. He hates that danger, which must be ever present to the mind of a patriotic Dutchman. It has been the pressing danger of the country for many years, and the danger increases and becomes more imminent year by year. He hates that thought, both because it would put an end to the freedom of his country and because he detests the character of Germany, and many of his cartoons express this abhorrence in the extremest form. He loathes the nature and the effects of German "Kultur."

Both these characteristics are expressed in this cartoon. The Netherlands is represented as a young Dutch girl in the national costume, a working woman wearing apron and cap and big wooden shoes. She has taken off one of the shoes, holding it ready to strike, while in a threatening attitude and with flashing eye she faces a hideous hag in dirty, slovenly attire, who represents the great enemy. The artist's cartoons vie with one another in the ugliness which is imparted, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, to the enemy, but there is none which represents Prussia in a more detestable form than this. Prussia is a drunken woman, who is just coming out from a public-house, and is leaning against the door, hardly able to stagger on. The sign at the door is inscribed in German—"Bierhaus zur Deutschen Kultur." Prussia shrinks back from the assault which Holland is threatening. Yet the assault is not an armed one; it is the assault of criticism and righteous indignation, as uttered in the Press and through art. The crown of the Empire, with the iron cross hanging from the apex, is tumbling off the head of the drunken woman. The right hand, which she holds up in deprecation, is dripping with blood. The neck of a large bottle protrudes from a pocket in her dirty and ragged apron on which the bloody mark of a child's hand is imprinted. But with its bloodstained hand Prussia deprecates the attacks of criticism by the protest: "A real lady like me does not do such a thing"—forgetting in her drunken mind that she bears the marks of guilt on her person. She has been indulging in "Kultur" until she is in the last stage of intoxication, barely able to stand upright, and quite unable to preserve the crown of Empire. Another characteristic of Raemackers is evident—the perfect, absolute assurance of victory. There can be no question what the future will be; the issue of conflict, either in discussion or in other ways, between this stalwart young woman and the broken, drunken wretch cannot be doubted for a moment. The crown is already slipping away, and no gesture, no support, will be in time to keep it in its place.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



Louis Kunkel.

THE "TUBANTIA"
"What! a real lady like me do such a thing."

The Last Throw

THE first throw, of course, was that great rush which was stayed at the Marne by the genius of Joffre; then there was the throw of the great attack on Russia, that which laid waste Serbia, and that which would have thrust men down from the Alps on to the Italian plain. In each of these Raemaekers' symbolism is applicable, for in each case Death threw higher than either Germany or Austria could afford.

But in none is the symbolism so terribly fitting as in this case of Verdun, where the fighting-men went forward in waves and died in waves—here Death threw higher in every attack than Germany could throw, and to such heights was the slaughter pushed that it was, in truth, the last throw of which these war-makers were capable. It is significant, now that Germany can no longer afford such reckless sacrifices as were made before Verdun, that the German Press contains allusions to heavy sacrifices on the part of the Allies and tries to point to folly in Allied policy. Surely, in the matter of sacrifice of life, no nation is so well qualified to speak from experience as Germany.

There is clumsy anxiety expressed in every line of the figure that holds the dice-box, and in every line of the figure in the background is nervous fear for the result of the throw—fear that is fully justified. Death, master of the game, waits complacently to mark the score, knowing that these two gamblers are the losers—and that the loser pays.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



VERDUN
The last throw.

"My Beloved People"

THE old Emperor of Austria is said to have very vague ideas about the present war. According to one fairly well authenticated story, he sometimes fancies himself in 1866, and hopes that his troops are killing a great many of those infernal Prussians. But Ferdinand of Bulgaria is no imbecile. He is not a very able man, though certain journalists have extolled his talents; he is merely cunning and ambitious. His subjects do not love him. He is very extravagant, and preferred, even before the war, to spend some eight months of the year in other countries, where the opportunities for amusement are greater than at Sofia. He is also a great stickler for etiquette, which his subjects despise, and his Court is a queer mixture of complicated ceremony and Bohemian licence.

The Bulgarians have always disliked him, and his policy in involving them in a war with Russia is not likely to stimulate their loyalty. We cannot wonder that he feels safer in a neutral country, such as Switzerland. Bulgaria is a classic land of political assassination; every year several unpopular politicians are "removed," and no one thinks much about it. Ferdinand's chances of dying in his bed are not favourable, unless he decides to say good-bye to his "beloved people." In that case, he may find distraction at Monte Carlo, which knows him well; and the sturdy peasants of Bulgaria, who have many good qualities, will be well rid of a knave.

W. R. INGE, *Dean of St. Paul's*



FERDINAND: "Do you really think I could return safely among my beloved people?"

The Sea the Path of Victory

THE Kaiser and the Prussian people doubtless encourage themselves by remembering the tremendous struggle which Frederick, so-called the Great, waged against an almost overwhelming coalition of the neighbouring peoples, but they carefully and intentionally forget that Prussia had as its ally throughout that desperate struggle of the Seven Years' War the power of England, which it hates. It deliberately forgets that the sea was always open then, that its friends could come and go, and that supplies of every kind could be brought in over a friendly "German Ocean." It has often been said that the Kaiser, when he fixed the date for the beginning of the war, had forgotten to take counsel with the naval command, but there seems no reason to doubt that at least he took counsel with Tirpitz, the responsible head of the Navy.

Tirpitz was not a man to be ignored, but neither was he a man whose opinion about naval strategy was to be trusted. He has shown himself a typical German organiser, marvellously excellent in the building of a fleet of ships, but his ignorance of the real principles of naval warfare and of naval power has proved itself to be colossal and truly Germanic. It would surprise no one if history should hereafter disclose that Tirpitz, through some quaint perversion of reasoning power, had come to the conclusion that the time for the war was arrived in the end of July, 1914. The true principle of naval power manifests itself steadily in the course of history, and the artist in this cartoon expresses it through the figure of the hydraulic press, under which the Kaiser is being slowly crushed. Beneath the irresistible weight of its descent his sword is bending and useless and will soon break. The figure of the hydraulic press is more apt than the phrase which was applied to the Russian armies at the beginning of the war by the English Press: the "steam roller" has proved itself a singularly unsuitable figure to express the strength of the Russian armies, for it is totally unlike the lightning strategy of Brussilof or the enduring blows of the Grand Duke.

To Raemaekers the hydraulic press becomes a sort of compendium of naval power; and a quaint resemblance to the turrets and protruding guns of a fleet of battleships is imparted by the artist to the upper parts of the engine. The sea is the friend of Britain. The sea expresses its friendship in many ways. It is the friend of the Netherlands to save that country from German invasion, and it is the instrument through which Great Britain crushes down the armies of Prussia.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



THE HYDRAULIC PRESS

"What about Peace, Lads?"

WAR—so certain of their own prophets have said—is “a national industry of Germany.” Here we see a German *chevalier d'industrie* attempting to escape with his swag. Never in modern times has a nation gone to war with a more cynical and shameless determination to make the campaign pay for itself by the plunder of private property. Quite recently an order was found on the body of a German enjoining all officers to assist in the “patriotic duty” of “draining financially the occupied territories.”

We are dealing, not with an honourable and civilised nation, but with a band of murdering brigands. The keepers of the national conscience have devised a monstrous and barbarous code of ethics, in which “patriotism” is the sole duty and the tribal god the only arbiter of right and wrong. As in Roman law, the property of an enemy is for a German *res nullius*—it has no owner. And now the prospect of any further loot on a large scale seems remote. The speculation has turned out badly and the robber would be glad to cut his losses. The guardians of the law are at his heels, and do not mean to let him escape.

But will they be able to make him disgorge? That will not be easy; and what atonement can be made for the innocent blood which drops from those pitiful spoils?

W. R. INGE, *Dean of St. Paul's*



"What about peace, lads?"

London—Inside the Savoy

AT a first glance this cartoon would seem to imply that the people inside the Savoy had little interest in the war, for the figures in evening dress are well in the foreground; it represents Raemaekers' first impression of this country, in which he saw the phlegmatic acceptance of war that the nation evinced, and misread it as unconcern. Officers out of uniform appeared to him merely as strange beings pursuing the ordinary ways of life and ignoring the claims of patriotism.

Of such beings not many are left, as, in the companion cartoon to this, "Outside the Savoy," the artist hastened to show. Compulsion has thinned the ranks of the shirkers down to an irreducible minimum, and a visit to the Savoy at any time in the last six months of 1916 would show khaki entirely preponderant, just as it is in the streets. These correctly dressed and monocled young men have been put into the national machine and moulded into fighting material—their graves are thick in Flanders and along the heights north of the Somme, and they have proved themselves equal and superior to what had long been regarded as the finest fighting forces of Europe.

It is, in reality, no far cry from the Somme fighting area to the light and music of the Savoy, and a man may dance one night and die under a German bullet the next—many have already done so. Here the artist shows the lighter side of British life to-day, but one has only to turn to the companion cartoon to this, "Outside the Savoy," to see that he realises London as thoroughly in earnest about the war.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



Louis Icart

LONDON—INSIDE THE SAVOY

The Broken Guitar

THE strange thing about William II. of Germany is the freakish something that has always marred his picture in the mind of the world.

He is no little man, a fact you will admit if you have ever seen the Kiel Canal or gone into his life-work which is written large over the history of modern Germany. He makes a splendid photograph, and he ought to have made an ideal Emperor.

Yet there was always something about him that made men smile, a Neronic something—speaking in the best sense of the word—that did not fit. He painted pictures, he wrote songs; the pictures and the songs were execrable, but they might have passed as the foibles of genius and greatness, only somehow they did not. Men seemed to perceive that they were representative, not of the foibles, but of the mind of the Emperor. Not perhaps of the whole mind, but of a very considerable part of it. For long years the War Lord, despite his hosts, his power, and his trappings, stood before Europe a mildly humorous figure.

In war the Neronic something still remains—in the worst sense of the word—and still it doesn't fit. Though fulfilling the most tragic rôle in history, he does not fill it. Some horrible subtle touch of comedy marks his every movement. He is a man in armour with a shirt tail sticking out behind.

The awful splendour of Verdun throws all its light over France; in the shadow we see—Pierrot, who has been serenading Fortune, who has broken his guitar over his head.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE BROKEN GUITAR

Shell Making

SHELLS ! Shells ! In the name of the Prophet, shells ! Shells for Britain and Belgium, for France and Russia and Italy, for Serbia and Roumania ! Shells, shells, and ever more shells ! It is a cry with which we are familiar now, terribly familiar. We remember—though events crowd on so fast that we forget much—how scarcely a year ago it was yet more terrible, for it was a cry unanswered and unanswerable.

Our little army—so little, but so great in heart—“our dauntless army, scattered and so small,” *sans* machine-guns, *sans* howitzers, *sans* shells, *sans* masks, *sans* everything, still snatched for us, if not victory, yet time, time for everything. To-day it has grown from hundreds to thousands, and thousands to millions, and its munitions have grown faster still. What were Mr. Montagu’s figures the other day ? They were incredible. Britain’s output of “heavy shell” has been multiplied *ninety-four*, well-nigh *one hundred*, times. The tale of shells it took a whole weary year to make in 1914 can be made now in *four days* !

How has it been brought about ? Largely by the enthusiasm, the faith and fire, of one man, and many women, by Mr. Lloyd George and the workers who have rallied to his call.

This picture shows the process. It is a picture truly striking, graphic, beautiful, gladdening yet saddening.

These countless shapely, well-knit figures bending over their task, eagerly, earnestly ; the power-bands revolving, the lathes turning unceasingly, the tools biting, polishing, finishing ; creation in full swing !

All the rare gifts of womanhood are here, how strangely used ! What a pathetic paradox ! It is women’s privilege to be the mothers, the nurses, the ministers, the angels of life. But these are mothers and angels of death. They know what they are doing. It is for their men, their babes, their honour, they transform themselves. All the woman’s love and passion, her enthusiasm, her neat and delicate hand, her docility are here, making, moulding these shining shells, multitudinous as their namesakes of the ocean, and like them each fashioned nicely to pattern, voluted, enamelled, burnished, with their strange knobs and grooves the product of long evolution, exact and right, then stacking them gross by gross, and thousand by thousand, canned earthquakes, bottled death, to be broken and to break to-morrow in the storms and on the ridges of war.

Dux femina facti ! What work to-day is not woman’s ?

Shells, shells, ever more shells !

HERBERT WARREN



SHELL MAKING

Muddle Through !

ALTHOUGH this striking cartoon of Raemaekers' may, since the consummation of Lord Derby's scheme and the raising of the new armies, be said to have lost its sting, it cannot be said no longer to have a lesson.

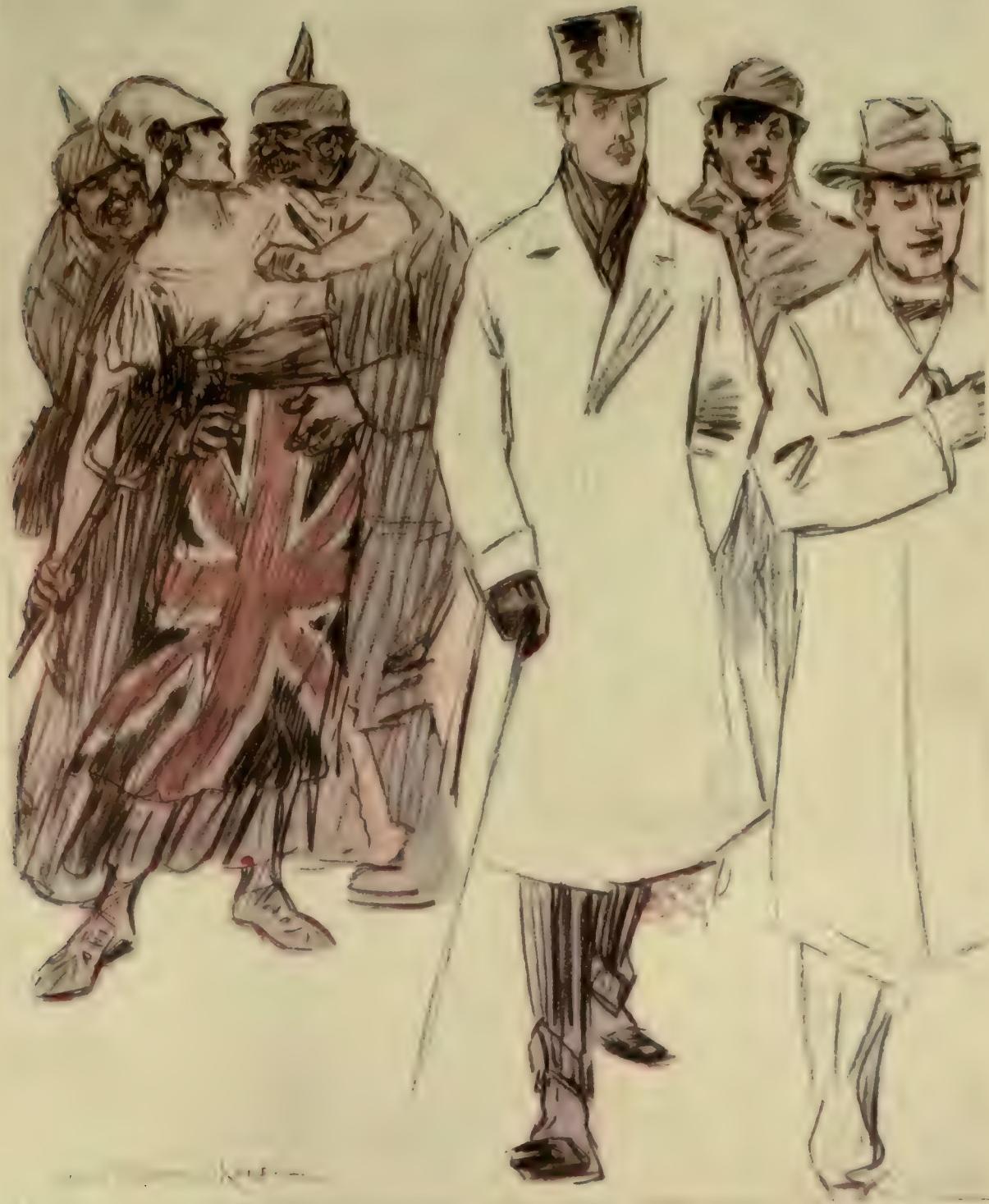
At the time of its first publication the sight of England, assailed by the Central Empires, bent on her destruction for having thrown the weight of her trident and her sword into the scales on the side of Justice and of Right against Lawlessness and Might, failed to evoke in many of her sons the spirit of patriotism which has since manifested itself in many glorious and immortal deeds.

It was difficult for us to realise that we were at war. And at war not merely to protect the weak and uphold ideals of national righteousness, but for national existence itself. The doctrine of "muddle through" was not confined to the War Office and other Government Departments, but seemed to permeate the whole nation to a lamentable extent. In the cartoon we have three typical men with that fatal "business (or pleasure) as usual" expression on their faces. That Germany should seek to wrest the trident and sovereignty of the seas from the hand of Britain, or should have devastated Belgium and the North-Eastern Departments of France, was obviously no personal concern of theirs. Let the other chaps fight if they would !

Happily for England and for her gallant Allies, the point of the cartoon has been blunted, if not entirely destroyed, by subsequent events. But the lesson ? It is not far to seek. Is it not that had "business as usual" not been so gladly adopted as the national creed in the early days of the war we might have been happy in the blessings of peace by now, or at least have had peace much nearer ?

We do not envy the men who might have gone, but who stayed at home, in those early days, when their earlier presence on the field of battle might have been the means not only of saving many thousands of valuable lives, but of shortening the terrible carnage. It would have been a thousand times better had the mind which conceived the phrase "business as usual" been acute enough to foresee the possible and disastrous misapplications of the phrase. Rather would it have been better had the idea crystallized in "Do it now."

CLIVE HOLLAND



MUDDLE THROUGH!

London—Outside the Savoy

ONE newsboy, under military age; one man, well over military age; three women—and all the rest in uniform—even the top of the 'bus that shows in the distance is filled with soldiers. Thus Raemaekers sees the Strand, one of the principal thoroughfares of the heart of the British Empire.

For the sake of contrast with the companion cartoon, "Inside the Savoy," there is a slight exaggeration in this view of London street life in war-time—the proportion of civilians to soldiers is necessarily greater than this, or the national life could not go on. A host of industries are necessary to the prosecution of the war, and it falls to some men to stay behind—many of them unwillingly.

There was a very brief time, in the early days, when Britain suffered from an underestimate of the magnitude of this task of war—a time which the cartoon "Inside the Savoy" typifies in its presentation of careless enjoyment. But that attitude was soon dispelled, and it is significant of the spirit of the nation that only when nine-tenths of the necessary army had been raised by voluntary effort was conscription adopted. One may take it that every figure in uniform in this cartoon donned the uniform voluntarily—indeed, this is a certainty, for not until long after the cartoon was published did any conscripts appear in the streets. Though, in the proportion of soldiers to civilians, the cartoon may exaggerate, in its presentation of the spirit of the nation, and of the determination of the nation with regard to the war, it is true to life.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



LONDON—OUTSIDE THE SAVOY

It Looks So in Serbia

IT emphatically does *not* look so in Serbia. No artist dare portray the infamous truth of it. I have found something of that in the report of an inquiry conducted by Dr. Reiss, of the Lausanne University, in such of the devastated districts as were not left in the actual occupation of the enemy. "Belgium was a mothers' meeting to it," as some phrase-maker put it. All that was worst in a nation, of whom a tolerant general opinion held that it was unfortunate rather than unkindly, came out in that second version of the "punitive expedition" of which the first ended so ingloriously.

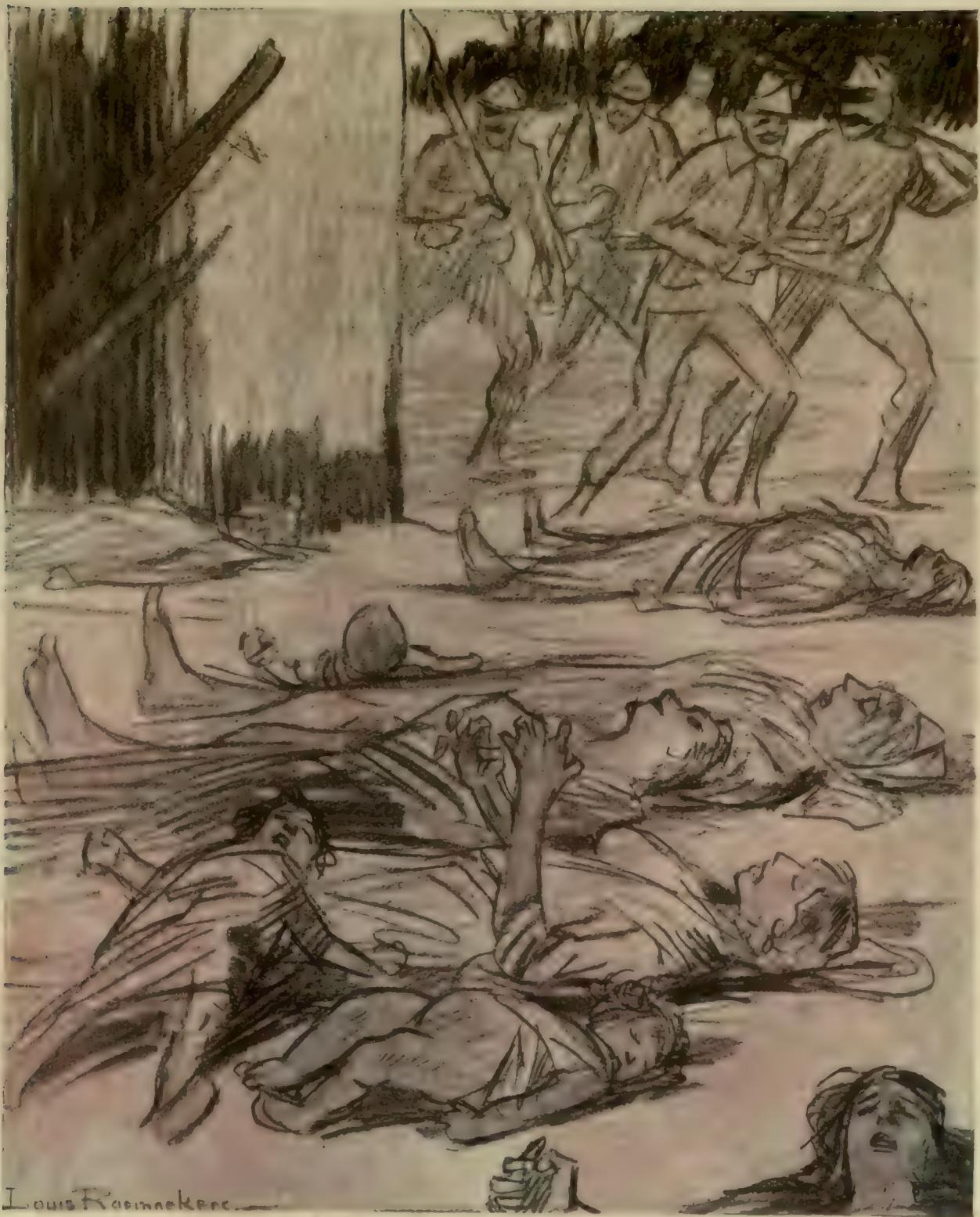
It is an attribute of chivalry to respect courage, and of civilisation to hold under control the passions that blaze up in the furnace of war. Austria has eternally forfeited her reputation for chivalry and culture. She has chosen to range herself with her allies: with the Germans of Aerschot, Termonde, Dixmude; with the Turks of the Armenian holocausts; with that glorious squadron of Bulgarian cavalry that charged and sabred a square of defenceless prisoners.

The first Austrian legions, underestimating their enemy, broke ignominiously against the intrepid mountaineers. They came back in overwhelming force and wreaked their vengeance for their former defeat with a more than German frightfulness.

One dare not take the responsibility of referring readers to Dr. Reiss's book. Its cold precision, its scientific tabulation, its sickening photographs make up a nightmare horror which should be thrust upon no one who can avoid it.

But if there be a recording Angel— —

JOSEPH THORP



Louis Raemaekers

IT LOOKS SO IN SERBIA

Another Australian Success

A LONDON snapshot in lighter mood and a pretty compliment to the Australians, who are cutting out Jack, Tommy, and even Sandy, in bonnet and kilt, under the shadow of Nelson's lions. Well, none but the brave deserve the fair, and no one grudges them their success.

But the picture may be read in a different sense. After all, whose is the success here? If there were one Australian and two girls, now, that would be something like success. Too much success, indeed! He might say: "How happy could I be with either!" The girl does not say that; no girl ever does. She wants them both and apparently she has got them. The success is hers, and other girls will certainly grudge it her, particularly, one fancies, those in Australia, who may have their own reasons for a qualified approval of conquests in Trafalgar Square. So Britannia's sons may be cut out, but Britannia's daughter carries off the honours and redresses the balance.

This snapshot, by the way, was evidently taken before London was laid in ruins by Zeppelins (see the Wolff Bureau and German papers *passim*).

A. SHADWELL



Louis Icart

ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN SUCCESS

Submarine "Bags"

MOST of the horrors committed in civilised societies are the work of men or women who loathe the things they do, but would rather do the thing they loathe than endure some other evil that seems intolerable. The wretched Crippen poisons his wife, not because he hates her, or takes any pleasure in killing her, but because her continued existence makes the kind of life he wishes to lead impossible. But crime—and particularly murder—seems to have a fascination of its own. It is a truth preserved to us in the popular phrase, "tasting blood." Those who come under the spell grow into maniacs, fiends in human shape, who, having plotted their first murder to gain some end that seems irresistibly desirable, find an unexpected and terrible excitement in it, and go on to the second from an irresistible desire to taste that dreadful pleasure again. These men are the legendary figures of horror—Blue-beard of the nursery, Jack the Ripper of history.

When Germany resolved to assault the civilisation of the centuries and conquer the Western world before that world grew too strong to be conquered, having no other motive than to annex the territories and steal the wealth of neighbouring nations who had done her no harm, she embarked upon a course of crime on so vast and appalling a scale that she was doomed to exemplify in her own monstrous person the whole psychology of crime. It is quite likely that the first murders committed in Belgium were done not for the love of killing, but with the excellent (?) military purpose of terrorising a conquered population, and so lessening the necessity for a garrison to keep them in order. The first murders of English men, women and children, perpetrated at the bombardment of Yarmouth, Scarborough, and Whitby, may have been intended merely as a demonstration that Germany could strike even at an island that was impregnable. The first use of the submarine against a merchant ship may have been made in the hope that a mere demonstration of frightfulness would save her from the necessity of repeating it, by frightening every trading ship off the sea. But indulgence in blood brought upon our enemy the cruellest of all punishments. It brought an insatiable appetite, until the killing of old men and boys, but particularly of women and small children, has become a thing necessary to the men that do it and to the nation that sends them on their mission of murder.

ARTHUR POLLEN



SUBMARINE "BAGS"
The spoils of Tirpitz's victories.

Within the Pincers

R AEMAEKERS is a citizen of a small neutral nation, and it is a great part of his European significance that he has perceived that such nations cannot really remain neutral in an ultimate and spiritual sense in a conflict like the present. Whether they shall remain neutral in a purely political sense is a matter for them and for them alone to decide ; and the Allies—in marked contrast to the consistent policy of Prussia—have made many sacrifices in this war rather than violate justice by attempting to interfere with their liberty of decision.

The fact remains that there is no small free State in Europe which does not know that the victory of Prussia would be the end of its freedom. Were so abominable a conclusion to this war still thinkable, it is certain that the independent self-governing thing called Holland would exist no more. Her fate would, indeed, be ultimately worse than that of the martyred and ravaged Belgian nation ; for she would not even be able to point to a heroic legend of resistance such as has always presaged the resurrection of murdered nationalities. She would simply be a part of the Prussian Empire. No Dutchman, with the memory of the great historic achievements of his race before his eyes, desires her to become that.

Indeed, it is the whole condemnation of Prussia that no human being outside the limits of her direct control could possibly desire such a fate for his own people. Yet that is unquestionably the fate that would have befallen every free people in Europe had the conspiracy, so long matured by Prussia, and so nearly successful, accomplished what its promoters hoped.

CECIL CHESTERTON



WITHIN THE PINCERS

COUNT VAN DER LINDEN (*Dutch Minister of the Interior, 1915*): "Don't be afraid, we're neutral."

Five on a Bench

ALL visions and poems of justice have been full of the refrain of *depositus potentes de sede*; but the bracing reality of such a revolution is lost by certain effects of antiquity, by the mists which make the past somewhat monochrome, and by the exalted equality of death. To say that Belisarius became a beggar means little to us when it seems only the difference between a rich and a tattered toga. We do not picture Belisarius in a patched pair of trousers: but then we have no reason to be angry with Belisarius. But whenever real tyranny and honest wrath are reborn among men there will always be an instant necessity to represent the great reversal in the graphic colours of contemporary fact.

Raemaekers' cartoon representing the tyrants of Europe reduced to that very hopeless modern beggary to which they have driven many thousands of very much better men is perhaps of all his pictures the most grim, or what would be called vindictive. I think that such revenge is in truth merely realisation. The victims of the war have to sit on such real benches in such real rags. And being one of the fiercest, it is also one of the most delicate of the Dutch artist's studies. Nothing could be truer than the insolent and swollen decay of the Jew Ferdinand; or the more effeminate collapse of the Kaiser, the very spike on whose helmet droops with sentiment.

G. K. CHESTERTON



FIVE ON A BENCH

The Shower Bath

PRESIDENT WILSON lends himself to caricature and the art of the cartoonist almost as readily as does the Kaiser himself. We fancy that the War will be over ere the average British mind grasps either the magnitude of the task of the President of the United States or the underlying principles which have actuated him throughout.

It has been the custom with many people (and this has been as marked in the United States as here in Great Britain) to condemn the President for "kid glove" diplomacy, weakness, and indecision. And upon the surface one is bound to admit that there appear to be grounds for both criticism and disappointment. One would need to have the archives of the Foreign Office at one's disposal to form a just and perfectly informed judgment concerning President Wilson's "line of least resistance."

Perhaps an American has put the matter as succinctly as anyone. "It needs a real strong man," he said, "to keep one's fingers out of a pie like the European War. A free people do not see another free people, and a weak nation at that, trampled, murdered, and destroyed, at least for the time being, by the greatest fighting machine in Europe without wanting to cut in. But I guess the best day's work America and Wilson have done for the Allies has been to keep out of it. Some day you'll see that we were cutting ice for you all the time."

Time will perhaps make clear what some of us only suspect.

Whatever shortcomings President Wilson may appear to us to have as an active champion of right and civilisation against hideous wrong and barbarism, he is a past master in the art of the diplomatic shower bath, as the Kaiser and his unscrupulous minions in the United States have discovered more than once. Every attempt to lead him into hostile acts toward the Allies, every skilful diplomatic ruse which was engendered with the object of involving America in hostilities, has been quietly but effectively countered by the President. He appears to have had the chain of the shower bath ever in his hand. And the verbal "douches" administered, though couched in the unemotional phraseology of diplomacy, have always been effective. The officials of the Wilhelmstrasse must have abandoned hope long ago. And, in the words of an American friend, "they must turn up their collars and get out umbrellas and prepare for some rain when a diplomatic Note arrives from Wilson."

CLIVE HOLLAND



THE SHOWER BATH

The Liberators

THIS is one of those cartoons in which the neutral in Raemaekers speaks with peculiar force. Such a picture by a Britisher would reasonably be discounted as unduly prejudiced, for it is none too easy for us in our present stresses to see the other fellow's point of view—in this difficult business of the blockade for an instance.

That friendly championing of the rights of neutrals suffering under the outrageous tyranny of the British Navy is a thing to which only the detached humour of a neutral can do justice. He can testify to the way in which the giant strength of that Navy, whether in peace or war, has been used in the main not in the giant's tyrannous way ; he can make allowance for the exigencies which have caused occasional arbitrariness under the stress of war or even in some untactful moment of peace ; he can contrast the two main opposing Navies' notions of justice, courtesy, seamanship—which is sportsmanship.

He can recall that no single right, whether of combatant or neutral, of State or individual, guaranteed by international law, which the Germans have found it convenient or "necessary" to violate, has been left unviolated ; that there is no single method or practice of war condemned by the common consent of civilisation but has been employed by men who even have the candour to declare that they stand above laws and guarantees.

And therefore he can make grim, effective fun of the sinister bandit with his foot planted on the shackled prisoner that lies between two murdered victims, fatuously taking in vain the name of freedom.

JOSEPH THORP.



THE LIBERATORS

"Freedom of the land is ours—why should we not have freedom of the sea?"

Another Victory for the Germans

THERE is not much laughter in this war, but when Raemaekers chooses he can recall to us for a little while the hearty, lung-filling delight of other days. And here we have it. A Kaiser so prayerfully, passionately ridiculous, a Tirpitz so stupendously, monumentally coy, and a cause for rejoicing so very slender, must tickle even a hyphenated sense of humour. Since the Battle of Jutland, of course, the joke is better still. But even before then the German Navy was the one item in the German array which could legitimately be found amusing rather than painful.

Did not the Germans, bottled up in Kiel, announce that they were roving the seas looking for the British Navy, which at the same time they said was cowering in its East Coast Harbours ? And did not our official report of the Battle of the Bight begin with that sublimely un-selfconscious phrase, "Starting from a point near Heligoland," a squadron of our Fleet, etc., etc.? Look at Heligoland on the map, for every time one looks at it it is really farther from England and nearer Germany than one had remembered ; farther from our East Coast havens, and nearer to that corked bottle of German fizz, the Kiel Canal. Those first six words are a naval victory in themselves.

So we can enjoy with special zest the idea of the Kaiser, bold and noble baron, violating the modesty of village-maiden Tirpie with his ardent embraces because she has played Una so beautifully that even the lion did not know she was there !

H. PEARL ADAM



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE GERMAN FLEET

"We succeeded in leaving Kiel and returning safely without the English Fleet seeing us."

The Anniversary Bouquet

THERE remain yet a few people who state that, in beginning this world war, Germany did not anticipate such slaughter as she has had to compass, but these are the people who have not studied the apostle of war whom Raemaekers portrays as presenting this bouquet —of babies' heads. The cartoon was first published in August, 1915, and was commemorative of the results of one year of war: it has gained in significance during the second year, for to Belgium must be added Serbia, scene of unspeakable crimes against the civilian populace, and Armenia, of which the full horrors will never be told, since none of the victims remain to tell them.

In these later days, when the whole world can see that Germany is fighting a losing fight, one might admire the grim way in which the victors are made to pay for every step of the path they have yet to tread; one might call the dogged courage of the fighting men who resist our own magnificent—if their hands were clean. But the list of slaughtered women and children is too long, the violation of the laws of humanity is too complete. This grinning barbarian with his bouquet is the German that the world will remember, not those exceptions to his kind who, by humanity in the presence of wounded enemies, have made themselves noteworthy—merely by their rarity.

In the last phase of the war, that in which approaching defeat is plainly evident, the German fights well—and so does a rat when it is cornered. Raemaekers' symbol of the bouquet is not less to be kept in mind, nor would there be any hope of justice in the settlement if the victors, in generosity to a beaten foe, should forget it.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



Louis Riemann —

THE ANNIVERSARY BOUQUET

BERNHARDI: "Have we not surpassed your most sanguine expectations?"

German Poison

"NOW'S our chance, he's asleep." Mr. Raemaekers is, it must be remembered, a Dutchman, and a certain percentage of his "picture sermons" is addressed especially to the "congregation of faithful Dutch people" and meant first and foremost to be understood, and taken to heart, by them. This is one. A German officer, whose spurs act as a sort of cloven hoof and betray his real character, is posing as a Dutch pastor or "Predikant." He wears the preacher's gown and the white bands of his sacred office, and holds before his face an elaborate and ingenious mask, representing the fat and foolish face, the snowy whiskers and innocent "goggles" of a pastor, surmounted by his professional tall hat, which it will be noticed is only the front half of the "cylinder." The contrast of the real face, behind the mask, with its grin of low cunning, is very clever.

Armed with this disguise he has crept up to a Dutch fisherman, a Vollendammer or some one of this sort, in his fur cap, and broad-beamed breeches, peacefully sleeping on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and, like Hamlet's treacherous stepfather, "stealing upon his secure hour" pours into his ear from a phial the "leperous distilment" of falsehood, which, if it is not to take his life, is to poison his mind and whole being.

For the Dutch doubtless there is some special allusion, and perhaps the mask may suggest a portrait. But for all men everywhere the meaning is patent enough. Poisoned gas and poisoned wells are not the only poisoned weapons the German has used against the Allies—including our Dutch compatriots in South-West Africa—or against neutrals the world over. The moral air we breathe, the wells of truth—he has sought to poison these also, and has not hesitated to enlist either the Catholic priest or the Lutheran pastor in his sinister service.

HERBERT WARREN



GERMAN POISON
"Now's our chance—he's asleep."

How I deal with the Small Fry

PERHAPS only those who have the opportunity of reading the papers published in neutral countries, and have made a study of the mendacious "news for neutrals" issued by the notorious Wolff Agency and German Wireless Bureau, are able to grasp the powerful inner motive which actuates Raemaekers in the persistence with which he seeks to drive home the tragic stories of Belgium and Luxembourg. At this time of day it might seem superfluous to issue a cartoon of this kind. But is it? With neutral opinion apparently by no means convinced as yet of the sinister designs of Prussianism upon the liberties of Europe, and especially of smaller nations, a drawing of such poignancy and force cannot fail to arrest the attention and bring home the lesson of that creed which has for its gospel such phrases as "Necessity knows no law" and "Force shall rule." It is inconceivable to the thinking mind that there can be men or women who, with the story of the violation of Belgium and Luxembourg before them, can hesitate to brand the German nation with the mark of Cain, and tremble at the mere possibility that Might should triumph over Right.

Our wonderment is all the greater when we remember how the Kaiser and his murderous hordes have made no secret of their methods. They may in the end seek to deny them, to repudiate the deeds of blood and of unholy sacrilege and violence which in the early days of war were avowed concomitants of their policy, but such disavowal is not yet.

Beneath the Kaiser's heel in bloody reality lie at the present time fair Belgium and unprotected Luxembourg, every whit as much as is shown by the powerful pencil of the artist.

The reign of lust, cruelty, and destruction is not yet done, though the signs and portents of an end are not now wanting. The blood of men, women, and little children shall not cease to cry aloud for vengeance until the Prussian eagle is humbled in the dust and its power for evil is utterly destroyed. This is a good cartoon to bear in mind and look upon should "War weariness" ever overtake us. It will be a good one to have upon one's wall when peace talk is heard in the land.

Thomas Moore may be said to have composed an epitaph for Prussianism three-quarters of a century ago when he wrote the lines :—

"Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free."

A great statesman has declared "the Allies will not sheathe the sword until justice is vindicated." Let us add "and until reparation is exacted to the uttermost farthing from those responsible for this bloody conflict and its diabolical crimes, whether the perpetrators be high or low."

CLIVE HOLLAND



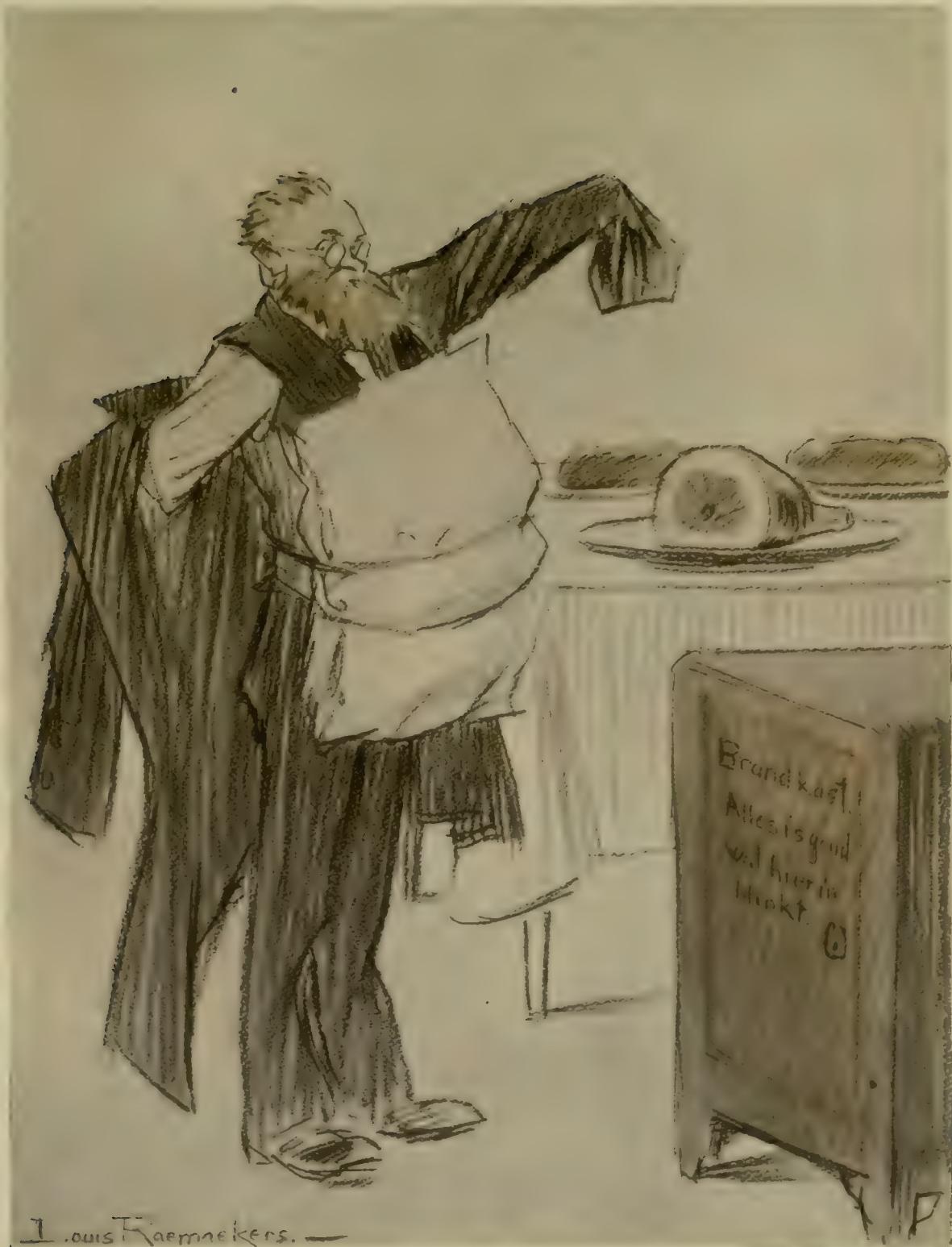
"HOW I DEAL WITH THE SMALL FRY"

The Organisation of Victory by Imposture

THE professorial pedant who directs the internal administration of the Prussian autocracy has created a system which justly rouses the admiration of all who study the methods of cleverness and ingenuity. The last ounce of food is weighed out, the last egg is counted and distributed, and the last pfennig is taken from the safe of the private individual for the use of the State and replaced by the paper of War Loans. It is an astonishing triumph of economy and skill, but to Raemaekers it is all imposture. Such achievements of mere cleverness mean nothing to him ; he knows that this is not the truth of the world, for he cannot hear in it any trace of the harmony and the divine music of the universe ; and here he points the real fact that lies under and behind this whole pretentious sham. The very ham which lies on the table is merely wood, painted to look like a ham, while the safe is labelled in Dutch with the words—"All is gold that glitters in here." The wisdom of experience struck out the proverb that "All is not gold that glitters," but the official direction of the German Empire will have it that everything that glitters in the German bureau is gold. The future will reveal whether that proverb or the new professorial dictum is correct. The Dutch artist has no doubt.

The official who is now putting on his coat is going to button it over a great cushion of imposture, which will give him the appearance of good feeding and good condition of body. He has arranged his wares to deceive the people and to make them think that they have got everything, when they have only the barest minimum. What more should they require ? Everything that is needed is at their disposal, whether it be food or wood. What more could they want ? The world wants a good deal more, but the docile German is content—up to a certain point.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



ORGANISATION!

"Wood, iron, and bread and an empty safe. What more do they want?"

The Invocation

THIS drawing touches the highest level of the draughtsman's art and demonstrates the unique power of the pencil in a master-hand. So simple, so true, so complete, so direct and so eloquent is the message that words can add nothing to it. They can only pay a tribute of appreciation.

Everybody can read the meaning at a glance; none can read it wholly unmoved. For here is pure humanity, which none can escape, the primal instinct without which man that is born of woman would not be. Before this weak, bowed and lonely figure Knowledge is silent, Pride and Passion are rebuked, Strength is shamed. Motherhood and mother-love transcend them all.

There is here nothing of anger, no thought of hostility or revenge, no trace of evil passion. Only a mother yearning after her son and pleading to another mother, the divine type of motherhood, the Mother of God. And what she asks is so little, only to see him again. She has given him, as the mother to whom she prays gave her Son, and she does not demand him back. She reproaches no one, accuses no one, makes no complaint and no claim for herself, but meekly pleads that she may be allowed to see him again to still the longing in her heart. She is a woman of the people, a simple peasant, but she personifies all mothers in every war, as she bows her silvered head in humble prayer at the wayside shrine.

A. SHADWELL



THE INVOCATION
“Let me see him again, Holy Virgin!”

The Kaiser as a Diplomatist

TO many people, and especially to all Germans, the attitude of the South African Boers in the Great War has been one of its most surprising features. It was not a surprise to Raemaekers, and here, in this cartoon, he states his reason, as the plain homely figure of the old President Kruger expresses it to General Christian de Wet, who took the wrong side. Kruger does not forget how the Kaiser led him on by telegrams and secret messages of sympathy, and after all, when the war broke out in South Africa, this same Kaiser made no attempt to implement his promises. Some time later all the world learned the facts from the Kaiser's own lips, when he boasted of having been the friend of the British and of having helped them during the South African War, by communicating to General Roberts a strategic plan for crushing the Dutch. There is certainly no reason to suppose that Roberts or Kitchener made any use of the Kaiser's plan, because they won the victory. If they had used the plan the result would have been different.

In this cartoon the Kaiser is the ingenious diplomatist once more. Though he deceived the Dutch formerly, he is now trying to induce them to join him against Britain ; and he did succeed in perverting the judgment of de Wet. But the solid, homely sense of the Dutch came to the right conclusion. The man who has once deliberately deceived a people is not likely to succeed in deceiving them a second time.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



Louis R. Rummack.

" You help him ! Why that's the man who made a plan for Roberts to crush us."

Herod's Nightmare

CERTAIN publications in neutral countries, and notably in America, have given room in their pages during the past twelve months to little sketches—obviously part of the German system of propaganda—designed to show that the Allied estimate of German barbarities is at the very least a huge exaggeration, and is possibly altogether fabricated. The term “undue sentimentality” is frequently used; travellers in the occupied territories are represented as seeing the inhabitants quite contented under German rule and surprised at the mention of atrocities. Their conquerors are quite good people, necessarily subjecting them to strict discipline, but in no way unjust. There *may* have been atrocities somewhere, at some time, but these travellers cannot get any reliable accounts of them.

Many of the papers that publish this sort of thing are probably quite ignorant of its source; others, of course, do so with full knowledge of the merits of the case and of the reason for its publication. Evidence collected on oath from sufferers is ignored, and so cleverly are these little sketches done that one is inclined to believe the German is not so black as he has been painted.

But not one of these sketches ever ventures near the subject of the *Lusitania*, the *Arabic*, or the Scarborough bombardment, or Louvain—or any one of those horrors that are established beyond question in the minds of men. And, wherever these German efforts at lulling the world’s conscience by sophistries appear, there should this cartoon appear also, as corrective. Throughout half the world these murdered children lie under earth and water, and to forget them in the day when Germany fears to add more to their number would be to share this modern Herod’s infamy.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



HEROD'S NIGHTMARE

"They cry 'Mother!'-or is it 'Murder?'"

The Graves of all his Hopes

"**L**OOK at the map," says the German Chancellor. Look at the map, and mark with a cross every German disappointment and you will have a history of the war more illuminating than many books on the subject. The Marne, Ypres, South Africa, West Africa, Egypt, Bagdad, India, Tripoli, Verdun—look at the map indeed! The map of the world that Germany set out to conquer. Consider the vapouring and vainglory that marked each of these "successes" in political or military trickery, and the fact that of the military crosses each upbears above a mountain of losses the refrain of the old German song *Verdorben—Gestorben—Ruined—Dead*.

It is a wonderful map to consider, this map of the world in 1916. A wonderful map to be studied by the mothers of the Fatherland who have suckled their children to manure the crops of the future, to feed the crematoriums and blast furnaces of Belgium, to fill the madhouses, blind asylums, and homes for incurables, when the frosts of Russia and the guns of the Allies have done with them.

And every cross marks the grave of a hope.

Paris.

Regrets éternels.

That wonderful inscription was the first to be cut—Gallieni was the mason. Verdun was the last and will not be the last. But, whatever may come to be written on stone, on the heart of the mourner when he comes to die only one inscription will be found—"Calais"—if he has a heart large enough to bear even these six letters.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE GRAVES OF ALL HIS HOPES

The Broken Alliance

THE Birth of Italy as a national unity was one of the great events of Europe, and nowhere was this struggle of a people towards freedom and a right to decide the future destiny of Italy more sympathetically encouraged, more warmly applauded, than in this country. Then were laid and firmly set the foundations of friendship which were later to bring Italy and England into close and lasting alliance. Italian freedom was, however, long hampered by the yoke of forced subservience to the Central European Powers.

Germany, more positive in her policy than ourselves, lost no time in riveting on Italy's wrists the fetters of financial, industrial, and commercial thraldom. We, who could have prevented this, did nothing, and the new country, without developed resources, fell an easy prey to the barbarous German and the bullying Austrian. In this cartoon Raemaekers has succeeded in typifying the dominant feature of Austrian rule; the face of Austria is that of the bullying, brutal, and bestial police official, who sought to drive Italy as he has been accustomed to drive the unfortunate races which a series of cold-blooded and calculating international conferences and agreements have put under his heel.

The German type, the bland Hun we are familiar with; the Austrian is new. He stands, *kourbash* in hand, baffled and snarling at the thought of freedom—for to him freedom is anathema. While it is true that nothing was more certain than that Italy would burst her manacles and, strong in the virile force of a people sentient with national purpose and every day more truly finding themselves, no greater blow has been struck at the military despots of Berlin than the bursting free of Italy. The war has brought into being the real new Italy—serious of purpose, ardent of aspiration—who till now has been unable to show herself, cramped and fettered by the mediæval military chains of Germany and Austria.

ALFRED STEAD



Louis Riemanners.

THE BROKEN ALLIANCE AND ITALY
"Twenty years and more you've forced me to wear this chain."

The Two Eagles

A DOUBLE-EDGED satire on both political birds. Neither is a true eagle. They have talons, but nothing of the noble air proper to the king of birds. The German bird is not an eagle, but a vulture; and he is in a sorry plight, with torn and ruffled feathers, dishevelled, dripping blood. He is disappointed, injured, cross, and unhappy. Yet he is straightforward about it. He makes no attempt to disguise his feelings, but glares at the other with the indignation of one who has been deceived written on his face and vibrating in his voice.

And his reproach gets home. The American bird, who is bigger and stands on a bigger rock, is sleek enough except about the head, which is a bit ruffled. But he is more of a raven than an eagle in his sable plumes of professorial cut, and he is obviously not at ease. He does not look the other in the face. He stares straight in front of him at nothing with a forced, hard and fixed smile, obviously assumed because he has no reply to make.

During the war many indiscreet phrases have dropped from the lips of prominent persons who must bitterly regret them and wish them buried deep in oblivion. But they stand on record, and history will not let them die. "Too proud to fight" is with one exception the most memorable of all, and when others are forgotten it will remain, because it has a general application. Mr. Raemaekers exposes its foolishness here with a single masterly touch, and he puts the exposure in the right mouth. The cartoon is an illuminating epitome of the interminable exchange of Notes between the two Powers on submarine warfare. But I make bold to suggest that the American bird might very well retort with the other undying phrase of the war—"That was only a scrap of paper." Then we should have the two birds hurling appropriately at each other the mottoes that will stick to them throughout history.

A. SHADWELL



Louis Rhead

THE TWO EAGLES

The Stranded Submarine

THE circumstances of the incident depicted in this cartoon are well known; a British submarine was stranded on the Danish coast, helpless, and its men lined up—as once men lined up on the *Birkenhead*—and stood at attention while German guns poured shell on them and their craft. Further, this happened in Danish territorial waters, where by all the laws of humanity, and by the law of nations as well, the crew of the submarine were entitled to consider themselves immune—had there been any respect for international law on the part of their aggressors they would have been immune.

Now, if one observes the faces of these two German naval officers in the cartoon it is easy to understand why such outrages as this have come about. Raemaekers knows his German, and, whether he is portraying officer or man, emperor or soldier, he takes care in each case to bring out the fact that the man represented belongs to a nation that has either lost or has not yet found a soul. These two who stand above the guns are two of the world's materialists, men who understand only that the end must be accomplished, no matter what the means may be.

From their soulless philosophy has arisen not only incidents like these, but the manufacture of a German God, such as the speeches of the Kaiser describe—has arisen, too, the denial of Western Christianity altogether in a certain patronage of Islam, designed to placate Turkish opinion, a patronage that is inconsistent even with the worship of the German God. It is all means to the one end, world-domination; Germany has set out to gain the whole world, and has lost what soul she had. Striving to set herself above the law, she has merely placed herself outside the law, and for this her punishment is at hand.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



THE STRANDED SUBMARINE

"We can kill them first, and make excuses afterward for having done it in
Danish waters."

On Their Way to Verdun

SOME time ago Mr. Louis Raemaekers drew a cartoon entitled "On Their Way to Calais," representing German corpses floating towards the sea. It will be remembered that the Belgians let water into their dykes and so flooded great tracts of the northern country. The inundation was one of the obstacles—added to the determination of the Allies—which baulked the second great ambition of the Kaiser. If he failed in winning Paris he thought that at least he might win Calais.

The present picture portrays another of the German failures. The road to Verdun is blocked not only by the gallant resistance of the French, but by the heaps of German slain, amounting, we are told, to at least five hundred thousand men. In six months the enemy has only gained a mile or so of country, and though the furious attacks continue, there is no reason for thinking they will be more successful than those which have broken down in the past.

Why the Germans elected to make their desperate assault on Verdun is another matter. Probably many motives entered into the decision. The German Higher Staff clearly underrated the fighting value of the French. After the much-advertised determination to smash the Russians on the Eastern frontier, and perhaps to press forward and capture Petrograd, it seemed necessary to gain some triumph in order to satisfy the wishes of Berlin and impress the Allies with the invincible character of the Teuton hosts. Supposing the enemy succeeded in getting Verdun, it would at all events be a spectacular victory, even though the military advantages might not be great. If the attack failed, at all events it might succeed in one of its objects—to destroy the French moral. Therefore the Crown Prince, whose susceptibilities were also to be considered, was set to work to destroy the French salient and he has sacrificed division after division to accomplish his purpose.

The Crown Prince has not obtained much distinction in the present war, and if the object was to crown him with laurels of victory the result has been disastrous. To lose as many as five hundred thousand men, when the question of man-power is becoming serious for the Central Empires, is a reckless policy which could only be justified, if justified at all, by a colossal success. As we know, in six months' fighting the positions remain very much the same—attack and counter-attack, loss and gain, masses of Germans driven up to slaughter and the French still holding the much-coveted positions. Both east and west of the Meuse the story has been the same.

Mr. Raemaekers' picture remains as true to the facts as ever it was. "On Their Way to Verdun" is a history of enormous massacre and little triumph for the Germans, to whom Verdun appeared originally to be an easy prey.

W. L. COURTNEY



ON THEIR WAY TO VERDUN

“Waiting”

IMPERIAL utterances are, or were till lately, treated with great respect in Germany. What the All-Highest says must surely be true. But a modern oracle, if he wishes to keep his credit, should avoid prediction. He may falsify the past and misread the present with impunity ; but he will be wise to leave the future alone. The Kaiser has been imprudent. He began by telling his troops to walk over the “ contemptible little British army ”—the finest and most experienced professional soldiers in the world ; next he informed them that they would all be at home again “ at the fall of the leaf,” in 1914 ; then, last year, he hazarded the statement that Russia was done for, and the Allies generally at the end of their resources ; and now, this year, the carefully prepared thrust which, as he declared, was to give France the *coup de grâce*, has missed its aim.

It is impolite to treat an Emperor in this way ; he is not used to it and does not like it. It is the business of his subjects to see that his reign is a blaze of triumph. A breakdown after so many years of rehearsals ! It is really too bad ; there must have been gross mismanagement somewhere.

W. R. INGE
Dean of St. Paul's



"How impolite to keep me waiting so long before Verdun."

Bethmann-Hollweg's Peace Song

ONE felt interested in the "Campaign for Honourable Peace," until it was learned that the propagandists designed to proceed on Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's formula. But the map to which the German Chancellor referred has already altered since he offered it as a basis for negotiation, and before the German speakers have stumped the Fatherland it may happen that still deeper modifications appear on the existent lines. The "honourable peace" at present in the minds of Prince Wedel and his Committee bears a suspicious resemblance to a very respectable victory for Germany, and it is only the continued carefully fostered ignorance of that country which can make the forthcoming campaign less ridiculous to the German man-in-the-street than it appears to ourselves. The Kaiser's sham door is stuffed with high explosives still and Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's tears will help to water no olive branch.

For consider the only possible conditions of peace that do not involve a treasonable attitude of mind to England and the Allies, and then observe Germany's attitude to those conditions.

We may reduce the vital points to three with M. Gustave Hervé; and in taking his terms be it remembered that we speak with the lips of a great man and a great pacifist.

He recognises the awful need to destroy the domination of the Central Powers and crush German militarism for the sake of his own ideals; and, that done, dreams of the only possible peace and sees it based on a triple foundation. The first and obvious need is that which the Union of Democratic Control and those who think in its terms seem unable to perceive as the most vital: a defeated Germany. Germany is the obstacle that militates against any sort of future safety for great States or small. It follows, therefore, that until we can impose our peace ideal upon her, no Allied peace worthy the name is possible; and since our terms must be profoundly distasteful to Germany and her first accomplice, it is vain to present them until her power to decline them has been destroyed.

Only from a vanquished Germany may the remaining vital conditions of peace follow. With her defeat she must be called upon to scrap the fatal poisons that led to her insanity and take her daily food no more from the hands of war lords, hireling professors and publicists. She must be cleansed, freed of her seven devils and taught that the only sovereign power human progress can henceforth recognise is the sovereignty of a people's will. For the fighting kingdoms know now at this bitter cost one eternal truth, that not nations but their rulers will wars and make them.

If ideals of internationalism falter before this condition and M. Hervé's peace will increase the enthusiasm of nationality, his far-reaching view sees greater hopes beyond. For his third stipulation allows no subject peoples. He would have Europe found a practical and living system of justice upon these ruins—a system sprung of honour and honesty and based on international physical strength.

From such a system federation must sooner or later spring and the peace ideals of nationalist and internationalist alike grow from dreams into realities.

The victory that can win such terms will in truth be "a victory of industry, commerce, the arts and humanity."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S PEACE SONG

A German "Victory"

ALTHOUGH this manifestation of the German spirit is new, and belongs to this war only, yet the spirit itself is as old as Prussian power. That spirit was evident in 1813, in the Napoleonic wars ; it was evident in the campaign of Sadowa, and again in the Franco-German war of 1870, when the murder of women and children was proved to be the Prussian form of retaliation for perfectly legitimate acts of war. This cartoon, which first appeared after one of the earlier Zeppelin raids on England, gives another result of the Prussian belief in terrorism as an aid to war ; the result is new, but the policy behind it is old.

Because that policy is old, and is a deep-rooted principle of Prussianism, any talk of "peace terms" is futile, and the "honourable peace" of which German deputies talk in their gatherings is an impossibility. There can be no terms for the nation that does these things, no bargaining with it, and the world that has wakened to the real nature of the thing which has attacked civilisation will take care that the thing itself has no power to impose "terms" in the day when peace returns.

It is worth noting that Germany alone among the nations has built Zeppelins, and worthy of note, too, that these machines have served no useful military purpose in the decisive actions of the war. Along the battle fronts they do not appear, for they are too fragile to be risked in purely military work. In the great naval battle of Jutland they served no useful purpose, and the war has proved them instruments of murder, safe only in darkness and undefended areas. And in saying that Germany alone has built them in fleets, one says that Germany alone has pinned faith to terrorism and a policy of murder, which is steadily winning its just reward.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



THE ZEPPELIN WAR
A German "victory" over women and children.

Wittenberg

THE Black Hole of Calcutta and the well of Cawnpore, those dark spots on the history of India, stand out in their blackness against fairly light surroundings. Wittenberg, as dark in its way as either, scarcely stands out in the History of Brutality which is the history of the German conduct of the great war.

The terrible thing about Germany is the fact that she seems to have taken out letters patent for vileness, that vileness has become her right and prerogative, and that the neutral nations have accepted the fact as a natural one.

A very mean man, once he gets a reputation for meanness, can commit mean acts without raising much adverse comment.

In the same way Germany, by a system of uniform brutality, can commit Wittenbergs without creating any great excitement in the minds of neutral onlookers.

If England were to starve her German prisoners and set dogs on them and thrash them, and force them to labour after the fashion of Germany, the howl of outraged neutrals would be heard through the two Americas and the Scandinavias.

Germany does these things and worse and there is no excitement over the business. It is the German method.

But, thank God, the future of humanity is not in the hands of the neutrals, and the men whose part it will be to punish crimes will remember Wittenberg. If not Raemaekers will remind them.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



WITTENBURG



The Zeppelin Bag

HERE the artist has depicted the Kaiser in one of his favourite rôles—that of a sportsman. In pre-war times it was one of “The All Highest’s” chief ambitions to be mistaken for an English sportsman! We believe there were people in those now seemingly remote days who took him at his own valuation in this regard. Our picture papers were full of photographs of him shooting over this or that nobleman’s estate, lunching after the morning’s battue, in the act of shooting, inspecting the day’s “bag,” etc.; and other pictures were reproduced from the German papers from time to time of a similar character showing him as a sportsman in his native land.

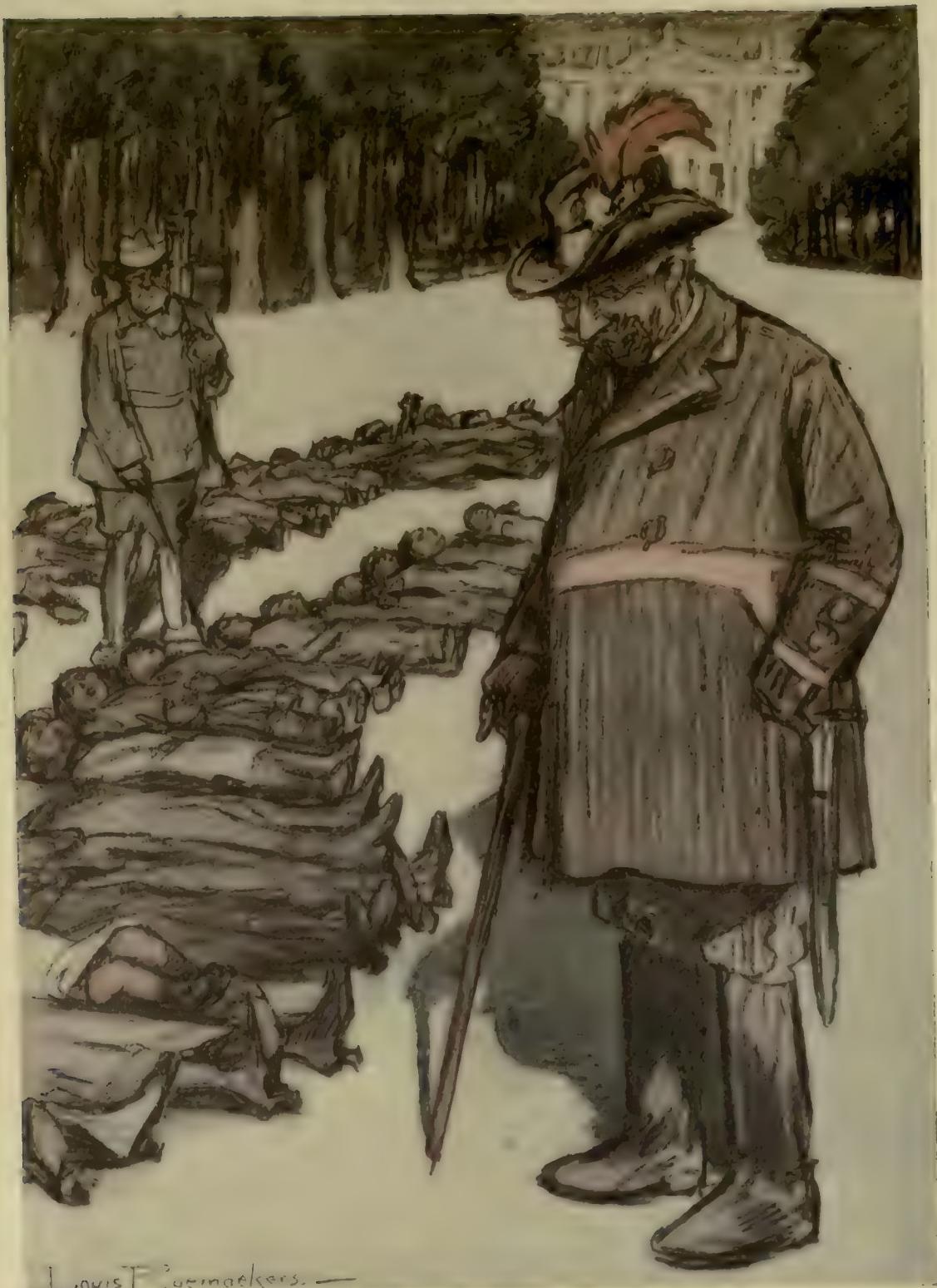
There is still, thank God, something clean about British sport and sportsmen of which the Kaiser never caught the inwardness and spirit. It has come out on the battlefields to-day as it did on those of past generations. It has taught the British soldier to fight cleanly, and even chivalrously, though the foe may be a past master in “knavish tricks” and steeped in unspeakable methods of cruelty.

How thin the veneer of sportsmanship was upon the Kaiser, which sportsmanship is after all but symbolic of the higher and sterner virtues, all the world has had a chance of judging. And in this remarkable and arresting drawing the genius of the artist has taken and used a sporting incident with telling and even horrifying effect.

In the old days it was hares and rabbits, pheasants, partridges, grouse, and other feathered game, with the nobler stags and boars, that formed “the Butcher of Potsdam’s” “bag.” To-day he has his battues by proxy on sea, land, and from the air. There are thousands of victims, as innocent as the feathered folk he slaughtered of yore; and women and little children, form the chief items of the bag; especially is this true of the “fruit of the Zeppelin raids.”

He counts the bag and rewards the slayers of the innocent as he doubtless did the beaters, huntsmen, and keepers of the estates over which he formerly shot. It has been his ambition to make Europe one vast Kaiserdom estate. But the sands are running out, and each “bag,” whether by Zeppelin or submarine, serves but to stiffen the backs of the Allies and horrify neutral nations. Some day the accumulated horrors of the Kaiser’s ideas of sportsmanship will have taught the latter the lesson that Kaiserdom with Europe as a Kaiser estate means the death of liberty, the extinction of the smaller nations, and the setting up of a despotism as cruel as that of Attila and his Huns, the self-accepted and much preached models of William II. of Germany.

CLIVE HOLLAND



Louis Loevinger.—

THE ZEPPELIN BAG

"My Enemy is My Best Friend"

THESE words of Emerson's express exactly the thought of this cartoon. The Netherlands is a country that has been slowly won from the ocean; the cruel sea has always been its enemy, at first completely triumphant, then gradually resisted and driven forth by the enterprise and toil of men; but it is always an enemy to be dreaded. Its inroads have to be guarded against by great dykes, and by the never-ceasing care and industry of the nation. Now and again the floods come, and people barely escape in boats from the waters. Yet time and again the enemy has been the best friend of the Netherlands. This enemy saved them from the domination of Spain, and now, as the refugees on the floods of last winter are escaping from the jaws of death, they feel that the water which is now an enemy (*vijand*), may to-morrow be a friend (*vriend*); for an invasion by the Germans, that ever-dreaded danger to all patriotic Dutchmen, can be guarded against only by the friendly help of the ocean, which can be invoked in case of need to save its own people.

It was only in the last resort that William the Silent consented to let in the sea. He resisted the Spaniards as long as he could, and only when all possible chance of further resistance was at an end did he have recourse to the sea as the last friend. He saved the country by allowing the German Ocean to destroy it. In this cartoon the people in the boats regard the sea as their enemy; but an invasion by German armies could not be resisted except with the help of the friendly sea, whose voice is the voice of Freedom.

WILLIAM MITCHELL RAMSAY



THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND—NOW A FIEND, TO-MORROW A FRIEND

Nobody Sees Me

THE Huns have hugged this conviction to their obscene souls. And it is not the least of a series of preposterous and ridiculous blunders. Throwing as rubbish to the void the Tables of the Law, they have cherished what they believe to be the last and greatest commandment : *Thou shalt not be found out.*

And "found out" they have been !

For the moment this fact does not oppress them too seriously. Indeed, to the commander of the submarine who sank the *Lusitania* the Iron Cross has been awarded. We wonder whether he will wear it, if he happens to find himself after the war at some great function in any neutral country ?

To the psychologist this Hun attribute, shared with the ostrich, of hiding his head and believing that the rest of his person is unseen, provokes some interesting hypotheses. *Inter alia*, it serves to remind us that birds, however big, stand next to reptiles in the scale of creation. Hun methods are distinctively reptilian. The Hun, when fully gorged, becomes lethargic and stupid. In this cartoon, the Hun Eagle, appropriately emblazoned upon that portion of the Hun body of which we may confidently hope to see more and more in the near future, reminds me of that loathsome beast—the Turkey Buzzard. In California, where I first made his acquaintance, this horrible vulture would have been exterminated long ago had he not been protected by the law, which recognised his peculiar usefulness as a scavenger. Hungry, these buzzards are almost unapproachable ; after a carrion meal a child can despatch them with a stone.

May we not assume that the Huns, however clever and cunning when hungry, become as boas and buzzards after a surfeit ? To-day, they are boasting of what they have absorbed on the map of Europe. Do they realise yet the dead weight of these temporary conquests ? Germany, like some monstrous viper, has swallowed her own young. Unlike the viper, she cannot disgorge them alive.

Such reflections are not intended to minimise the task that still confronts the Allies. But what the Hun has done by land and air and sea will be the measure of his undoing.

Nobody sees me and I can always deny it.

Everybody sees him ; and if his acts are enough to make angels weep, his denials of them move the world to inextinguishable laughter.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



"Nobody sees me, and I can always deny it"

"I Must Have *Something* for My Trouble"

YOU shall, Germany, you shall !

You shall have even more than ever you expected—but not after the manner of your expectation.

Even the burglar who, after long and arduous and risky training in his profession, and careful plotting and planning, and detailed hard work with jemmies and blowpipes and centre-bits, has collared the swag and been caught in the act, does not whine like this. If he is a wise man he surrenders at discretion, puts a philosophic face on it, and plans more artistic work while in confinement. If he is a hot-head, he puts up a fight and gets it in the neck.

But he never whines for recompense for the nefarious trouble he has gone to.

Germany has not yet learnt her lesson. She has burglariously and treacherously broken into her neighbours' houses and seized them and their contents.

The cost to herself, in life, money—and, more than all, in the estimation of the world at large—is as yet hidden from her. When the bill is presented and her bloodshot eyes are opened to it, it will astound her.

For—somehow or other—it will have to be paid—to the last farthing. And while she is in confinement for her diabolical misdeeds, the world, it is to be fervently hoped, will see to it that all further power for mischief will be taken from her for ever.

This burglar has entrenched himself among his plunder. He would negotiate with the besieging police to be allowed to keep something at all events for all his trouble.

He shall. He shall keep what he has earned—the loathing and contempt of every honest man under the sun.

JOHN OXENHAM



GERMANY: "I must have something for my trouble."

The Doctrine of Expediency

AT the beginning of his reign Ferdinand was, or pretended to be, an ardent Russophil. Then something happened which made him think that he had been backing the wrong horse. Perhaps it was the result of the Russo-Japanese War; perhaps it was because little Prince Boris did not receive the usual decoration from St. Petersburg when he was made honorary colonel of the Russian Regiment of Minsk. We may be sure, at any rate, that the motive was not affection for Germany or the German Emperor. That great nation has not the gift of inspiring affection, least of all in small peoples within reach of her claws.

Ferdinand was bribed, and bribed heavily, we may be certain; and like the rulers of other Balkan States, he and his advisers thought for a time that the Central Powers were going to win. He thought he saw his way to an increase of territory at the expense of Serbia, perhaps also of Greece. Some say that he dreamed of reigning at Constantinople. These hopes must be wearing rather thin now. The time has not yet come for turning his coat; but if, or when, it seems to him safe and expedient to leave the Kaiser in the lurch, he will do it without the slightest scruple.

Meanwhile, there is no danger in making the Emperor of Austria his confidant; the poor old gentleman, if he understands what is said to him, probably thinks the idea a very sensible one, and wishes heartily that he had come to terms with Russia two years ago.

W. R. INGE



"If William doesn't succeed in getting the Allies out of Salonika, I must go over to their side."

Strict Neutrality

THE historian of the future will attempt, probably, to deal adequately with the complex questions which inform every line of this cartoon. It is, indeed, a passionate note of interrogation. In a stupendous fight upon the clearly defined issues of Right and Might, how comes it to pass that any self-respecting nation remains neutral? Why, for example, did not Uncle Sam sever diplomatic relations with the Huns the very moment that Belgium was invaded and outraged?

Americans, true citizens of the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, have raised this question already and some have answered it. Other Americans have answered them cleverly and speciously. Time alone will decide upon the merits and demerits of all and sundry. We owe much to the States euphemistically styled "United." They have supplied us in our hour of sorest need with a never-ceasing stream of munitions percolating everywhere; they have sent us money, sympathy, and advice. But the fact remains—*Uncle Sam was too proud to fight!* And yet, each day it is becoming more and more certain that every stout blow struck by the Allies, every gallant life that is sacrificed, is a contribution to the cause of Civilization and Christianity. We are fighting desperately for our own salvation, and that salvation includes the salvation of Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and the United States. At the beginning of the war the Neutral Countries missed a tremendous opportunity. Together, acting under the ægis of Uncle Sam, with his hundred million children, they could have protested in no uncertain terms against Prussianism and the violation of every principle dear to and honoured by them. Prompt action, upon the heels of such a protest, would have ended the war in three weeks. Germany, swollen with insolence and beer, has perpetrated blunders in strategy and policy of which now she is reaping the fruits, but with all her crass, pig-headed, brutal assurance she would not have fought a whole world in arms against her.

It is not for us to throw stones at others. We are far too busy hurling shells at our enemy. But the question will be answered some day :—

"Why were the Neutrals too proud to fight?"

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



Louis Raemaekers.—

STRICT NEUTRALITY

"Well, that man has robbed and murdered my neighbour. Shall I tell him he is a murderer? After all, it would be more neutral to salute him politely."

The Fate of Flemish Art at the Hands of Kultur

IT will not be possible to estimate the injury suffered by the monuments of art wherein Belgium was so rich till the war is ended and the ruins examined. Much of the irreparable loss we know, as in the cases of Louvain and Ypres. In general we may fairly conjecture that whatever is portable behind the German lines is stolen, or will be, and the rest destroyed. What is portable is stolen for its cash value, just as are money, furniture, clocks and watches. So much of respect for works of art we may expect from the Prussians—the measure of respect for the cash shown by the Prussian general at Termonde who robbed a helpless civilian of the 5,000 francs he had drawn to pay his workmen's wages, and then called earth and heaven to witness his exalted virtue in not also having murdered his victim. But what cannot be carried—a cathedral, a monument, an ancient window—that is destroyed with an apish zest. Even a picture in time or place inconvenient for removal, that also will be defiled, slashed to rags, burnt. And indeed, why not? For the best use of a work of art as understood among the Prussian pundits is to make it the peg whereon to hang some ridiculous bunch of statistics, some monstrous disquisition of bedevilled theory; and for such purposes a work no longer existing is as good as any—even better.

And so the marvels of the centuries go up in dust and flames, and the memorials of Memling and Matsys, Van Eyck and Rubens are treated as the masters' own bodies would have been treated, had fate delayed their time till the coming of the Boche.

ARTHUR MORRISON



THE FATE OF FLEMISH ART AT THE HANDS OF KULTUR

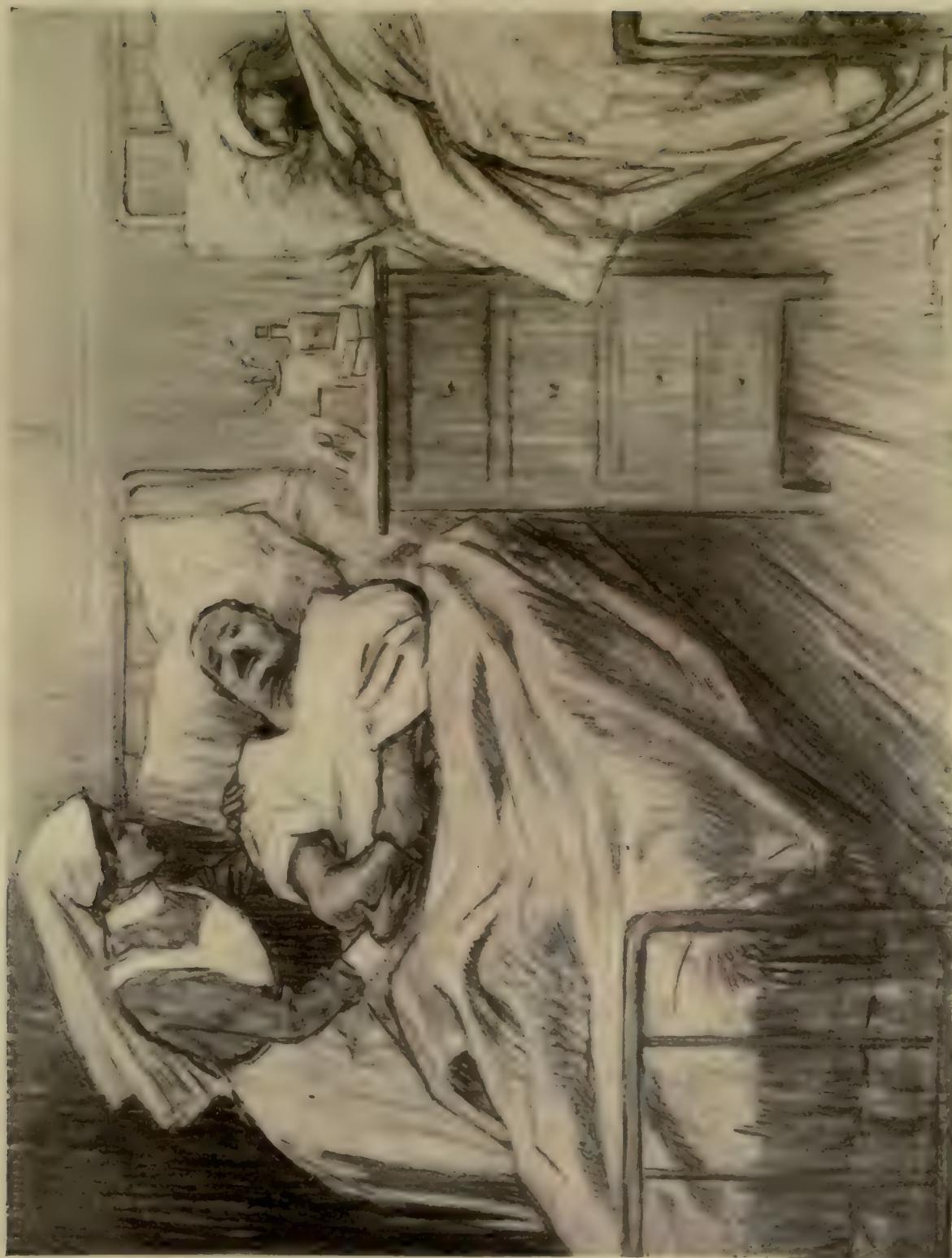
Tetanus

HERE Raemaekers draws aside from his fierce mood of indictment of the aggressor and, touched with a neutral's pity, tries to express something of the agony that comes impartially to those who fight for and those who fight against the right. The candid critic must confess that this mood has not the interest of his satire and invective. But it is natural for the imaginative artist to be deeply moved by these, as it were, impartial horrors and good for us stay-at-homes to be helped to realise them.

In the early days of the War, waged as it was over the most intensively cultivated soil in Europe, the mortality from this dread horror, Tetanus, was very great. The skill of the bacteriologist and the surgeon has indefinitely reduced the mortality. And perhaps those of us who are bowed down by the thought of all the needless pain and incalculable waste may take a crumb of comfort from the thought that out of all the suffering and death grows knowledge and skill that will relieve suffering and prevent death in the future. So the eternal courage and resourcefulness of man always recapture the citadel he seems to have lost in the first onset.

JOSEPH THORP

TETANUS



The Orient Express

ONE of the objectives of the present war was to secure Germany's command of the Near East. A railway from Berlin to Bagdad had long been treated as a primary article in that creed of German Welt-politik which the war was to make prevail. For a time the plan promised excellently. The Turkish alliance with the Central Empires seemed to bring Asia Minor securely under German sway. The railway route was saved.

The Kaiser and his advisers prematurely regarded Russia as an extinct volcano, which was incapable of thwarting their Oriental policy. Disillusionment came quickly. The German tourist who foresaw an unimpeded road through Prussia to Persia was suddenly confronted with an impassable barrier. The Russian Army of the Caucasus swept through Armenia and occupied the Turkish citadel of Erzerum, which commanded the line of travel at its most critical point. Small are the chances of retrieving the lost foothold. The whole design is doomed beyond recall.

It is the habit of our arch-foe to count his chickens before they are hatched.

SIDNEY LEE

Dedie à Mme Verneuil.



Louis Icart.

THE ORIENT EXPRESS

"Wait a bit" (Erzeroum).



See the Conquering Hero Comes

A BITTER satire on the moral and intellectual claims of Germany. The conquering hero of the twentieth century and the bearer of Kultur is no mere Hun. He is a "throw-back" to an ancestral type far more remote than Attila, who was a comparatively polished person. He is primitive Man, not Rousseau's imaginary *l'homme naturel*, but the *Urmensch*, a veritable monster, gross, bloated, abominable, compact of evil, and more repulsive than the wild beasts he has tamed to do his hideous will. They are monstrous creatures too, but dull and brutish. They are incapable of moral judgment; they follow their instincts and know no better. But he knows. He is Man, to whom has been given understanding and lordship over all the beasts. He is their master by reason of his superior brain, and that superiority is the measure of his depravity. By choosing these savage creatures to be his companions and to do his pleasure he proclaims himself far lower than they, because he might have chosen otherwise.

We know those favourite satellites of his. One flies overhead—a vulture with gore dripping from beak and claws. Two others walk behind their master in docile servitude and ape his bearing as well as their dull senses and uncouth forms allow. One is a gorilla, with bared fangs and the glare of senseless destructiveness in his eyes; the other is a whiskered wolf, sly, murderous and ruthless. They bear the hero's train and wear the marks of approbation he has bestowed upon them for the services they have rendered by the exercise of the qualities proper to their kind.

And there is one other. Ever as he goes there wriggles along by his side a snake—that old serpent, the Devil and the father of lies.

So accompanied and swelling with pride the Conquering Hero swaggers on over the bleached bones that bear witness to his triumph. He has decked his repulsive form with the incongruous trappings of civilisation, and his foul visage wears an air of ineffable self-satisfaction and arrogant disdain. In his own conceit he cuts a splendid figure and is the object of universal admiration. From his girdle hang the heads of his latest victims and in his right hand he carries, delicately poised as a sceptre and sign of sovereignty, a cudgel tipped with the hand of a child hacked off at the wrist. This is his title of honour. The savage beasts that accompany him cannot aspire to such majesty; they do not prey on their own kind.

And that is how a neutral sees the German hero.

ARTHUR SHADWELL



SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

The "Harmless" German

WE may pause to wonder whether Germany ever considers her relations with the weak neutral nations after the war.

In the case of America, she preserves some show of explicit courtesy, while performing actions of implicit insult. Where it matters not, she conforms; where it does matter, she ignores; but she has no desire to quarrel openly with the United States and has long since found that she can do pretty much what she pleases without risking more than verbal remonstrances. In the case of Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Holland, she is not even at the pains to be civil; but treats them with her usual indifference to all things physically weak. Sometimes she will add insult to injury, as in the case of this cartoon, and needlessly pretend an innocence that would not deceive a child; more often, as in her pirate procedure against Holland, she cares nothing what the weak may have to say while her own strength is paramount.

But the war will end and what sort of relations will these insulted and outraged kingdoms seek with Germany when the bully is beaten? One might ask them another question. Is it beyond the power of the Northern neutrals to assume a more hortatory tone and courageous attitude? Might they not sensibly forward all rational hopes of civilisation by taking a stronger line with the enemy of Europe? Whining and grumbling serve no good purpose; but a somewhat stronger and cleaner-cut expression of opinion before the insulting scorn poured upon their protests would increase general respect for Holland and the rest.

Why are they so frightened? Is it from force of habit? They might surely begin to perceive with sufficient distinctness that the Power that sank the "Tubantia" and "Blommersdijk" is on the way herself to be sunk. Why then this abject attitude? It is easy to guess.

Meantime Holland's recent protest to America was hardly worth making. She may well ask what would have happened had the sinkings off Newport, on the American coast, occurred off Ymuiden, on her own. But she will receive no satisfactory reply to that question. Nor does it help civilisation to hear Holland say "Submarine warfare cannot go on any longer." Germany laughs. She knows how much of her gold has crossed into Holland of late, and that our Dutch friends doubtless have more to gain in wealth than lose in honour by "taking it lying down."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



I am Tarnkappes —

"We are a harmless German pleasure yacht only lying in your Flushing harbour for safety."

The Entry into Constantinople

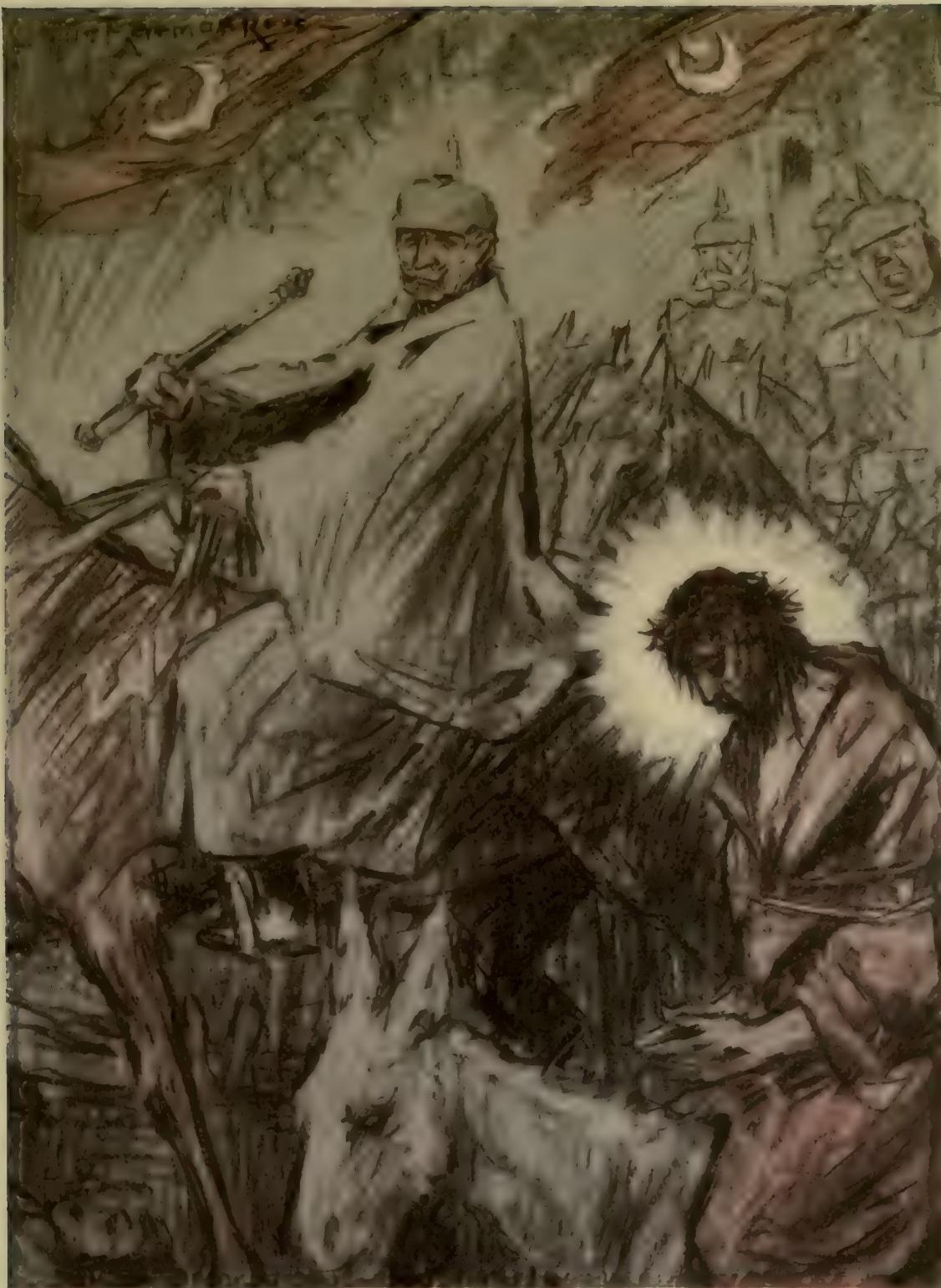
NOWHERE has the caricaturist proved more effectively his command of caustic satire.

It is characteristic of the Kaiser and his family to claim Christian sanction for all his sinister schemes.

None of the many goals which the Kaiser confidently set out to win in this war has he as yet secured. The triumphal progress through the Capital City of Constantinople loomed large in his early programme. His vaulting ambition still seeks the hegemony of the Mahommedan world no less than of the Christian world.

The Kaiser habitually appeals to religious authority. He garbles Scripture to serve his turn. Nothing that the world regards as sacred is safe from his profanation. His miscalculations are so colossal, his hopes are so tangled, that the blasphemous dream which the artist depicts may well have visited the Imperial couch. The pious Mahommedan might possibly find some specious compensation for submission to the Prussian yoke were the Kaiser to enter the Turkish Capital at the head of his barbarian hordes flaunting in triumph the banner of the Crescent, while Christ rode on an ass at the Imperial side, in bonds and wearing the crown of thorns. It is a revolting piece of pictorial imagery, but it is a legitimate interpretation of the Imperial megalomania, which enlists blasphemy in the service of the Imperial propaganda.

SIDNEY LEE



THE ENTRY INTO CONSTANTINOPLE

**“Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Dass ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.” (Erlkönig.)**

NOT only the father and his sick child ride storm-foundered and lost through night, with the phantom King steadily gaining upon both : the frantic, over-driven brute they ride should also be conscious of approaching doom. But is it ?

We may take their steed to be the nation of the royal fugitives, and wonder when Germany—a kingdom whose native qualities had won such ample recognition among her elder sisters on the road to civilisation—will awaken into consciousness of her accursed load and perceive that the Hohenzollern ride only to death. They started on their gallop when Bismarck fell and now the end is in sight.

Great must be the subjugation before a practical people can reach this pass, or still fail to perceive, if on a material basis only, where the legend of world-power and world-trade has brought them. As sleep-walkers they pursued their dream and have not yet awakened to see where now they stand. Still they believe the issue undetermined ; still is it hidden from them that their might is broken, that roughly half their foreign trade, which lay with the Allies, has vanished. Only ignorance and the tradition of servility postpone inevitable revolution.

Of Germany's evil-genius and arch-enemy, now far advanced on the road that leads to his destruction, an illuminating picture has just been flashed to us. One who was long a publicist in the Capitals of Europe has spoken of “Things I remember,” and he quotes a German author—a woman—who spoke thus of the War Lord before the war. None is a more shrewd and subtle student of character than a woman, when she holds an object worthy of her study.

“I can assure you that he extirpates, as of fell purpose, every independent character, root and branch. Think of the number of poor devils in prison for the crime of *lèse majesté*, not one instance of which he has ever pardoned ; whilst there is not a case of a man having killed his opponent in a duel, however disgraceful might have been its cause, whom he has not pardoned, or at least remitted the sentence. Never has a monarch encouraged Byzantine servility to such a degree as this man. No sunbeam but it must radiate from him ; no incense but it must fill his nostrils.”

May Germany use her waking hour to be rid for ever of this archaic incubus ; and if, at the end, she still cries for the domination of Prussia, then it is to be hoped that, when they have won the war, the Allies will save her from her own blindness and themselves perform the act of liberation.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



“Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Dass ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.” (Erlkönig.)

The Wolf Bleats

THIS ranks as one of Raemaekers' happiest cartoons. That wolf's mask is a clever travesty of the All-Highest's best studio face. Better still is the quip, " 'Tis time all this bloodshed should cease," as a summary of all the peace suggestions which with discreet persistence have been floated out from Berlin since the great game as envisaged by the challengers was seen to be up.

It would not readily occur to the German mind that the time when the shepherds were just coming over the hill with axe, bill and bludgeon was the most appropriate time for the wolf to suggest that nothing should be said of the unfortunate mistakes of the past.

" See ! " quoth the wolf, " there are already three corpses. Is that not enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty ? Why drag in a fourth ? Surely even you who have not our advantages can see so plain an argument ? " The answer is in the negative. But let no one ever again accuse the Teuton of not being a humorist.

It is worth noting that it is a bonneted Highlander that here wields the British club. Compensation at last to the sensitive Scot who so desperately hates being lumped in with the English !

JOSEPH THORP



THE WOLF: "O Holy Father! O dear Wilson! Use your influence to stop all further bloodshed."

Shakespeare's Tercentenary

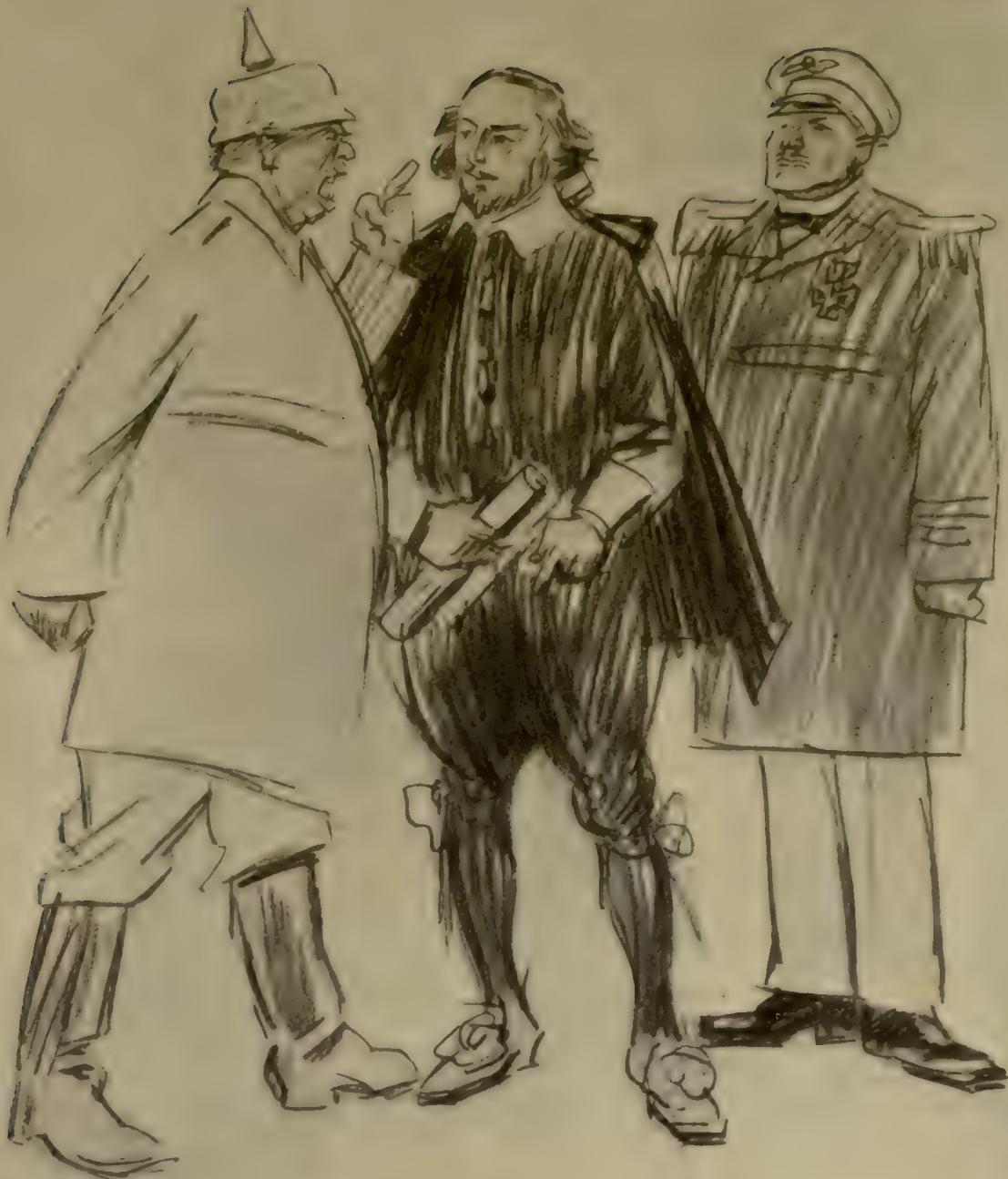
FOLLOWING out this truly Teutonic line of reasoning, there is no reason why Beethoven should not be claimed as English, and surely Christopher Columbus was Russian—or French, or Norwegian. A sense of humour would have saved Germany from this absurdity of claiming the whole world's genius as her own, but that sense is the one thing that Germany lacks above all others, and from the deficiency has arisen this war and all its evils.

For a sense of humour—or a sense of proportion, which is precisely the same thing—would have given Germany to understand that in these days no nation may aspire to domination over other and different races ; it would have given her to understand that there are other forms of culture besides her own *Kultur*, which, after all, is merely order and discipline, and not a finer perception or a greater development of intellect ; it would have given her to understand that which the world's history has failed to teach her, that aggression does not pay, and that essays in tyrannic dominance inevitably fail.

Raemaekers' satire is unerring, for though no German has yet stated that Shakespeare's plays are based on the work of a poet who lived two centuries later, yet the professors and pedants of *Kultur* have attempted equal absurdities, even unto showing Germany as a country of simple, kindly people, who abhor a war that has been forced on them. One is tempted to quote from the world-poet who, in this cartoon, faces his antithesis with such an air of gentle incredulity, but the temptation, if yielded to, would lead too far.

Germany has not only claimed Shakespeare, but she has claimed control of all the Western world ; one claim is as likely to be conceded as the other.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



Joris Raemakers.

"You are German, verstanden! If you try to deny it, we will prove that you copied all your plays from Schiller."

The Giant's Task

" **I** SEE you can hold them up, but . . ."

I The whole world sees that Germany can hold them up. Strength is concentrated first on one side, and then on the other, and at the time this cartoon was first published the little figure sitting up on the Western side watched, unmoved alike by German promises and German threats. It watched while the days of the Marne went by and proved that German efforts in the West would be confined to "holding up"—that the capture of Paris and of Calais were mere dreams that must pass unfulfilled. It watched the steady thrusting back of Russia, the apparent success in building an Eastern defence that could be held up indefinitely. Then it added its weight to the Western boulder, and the holding up process went on.

Neither boulder has yet fallen; the strong man is not yet exhausted, but the whole world knows what the end must be. Germany could not afford a mere defensive war—from the outset she knew that decision must be won in the first months, and that the alternative to this was defeat. This grim figure, bent on "holding up" the two main fronts, is typical of Germany to-day, a raging barbarian, wearying under the impossible task. For such a task there was needed not only physical strength, but spiritual strength, ideals as well as machinery, and soul as well as brain. By his methods of war this soulless barbarian has added to the weights that he must hold up; he has misinterpreted the meaning of civilisation, misunderstood the aims common to humanity outside Germany. The weight that he must hold up and away is not merely that of Britain, Russia, France, and the rest of the Allies; it is the weight of all men who understand freedom rightly, steadily crushing freedom's antithesis.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



ITALY: "I see you can hold them up, but . . ."

The Propagandist in Holland

RAEMAEKERS is never more pungent in his satire than when he deals with the efforts of Germany to penetrate the conscience and persuade the will of Holland. In the cartoon opposite we see the typical German propagandist—half-professor, half-merchant and wholly the servile ambassador of his Government—exhibiting to the equally typical Dutch peasant the recommendations and persuasions of Germany. These are printed in Dutch for his behoof, and they declare that it can be proved by the testimony of the Ninety-Three Intellectuals that all men who are not enthusiastic about German *Kultur* and all who are rash enough to accuse German statesmen of breaking their word or behaving like barbarians are worthless persons of no character. He tells the Dutchman that “We Germans are fighting for the liberty of the sea, guaranteed as Prussian.” Another belt of propaganda offers advice gratis to smugglers, and urges the Dutch, in exchange for aniline dyes, to supply the German Government with tin, oil, fat, leather, india-rubber and other such “peaceful” articles. The lowest line assures the Dutchman that the book called “*J’Accuse*”—which is phonetically spelt “*Sjakkuus*” that the Dutchman may have no doubt about it—is a vulgar production. The “*Toekomst*”—a virulently pro-German newspaper, subventioned from Berlin—is a genuine expression of Dutch feeling.

Thus the fat missionary in spectacles volubly attempts to seduce the grave and rather sardonic Dutch peasant, whose face is a triumph of non-committal. He holds him long in conversation, while from behind steal up the German soldiers and sailors waiting for the attention of the peasant to be wholly absorbed in the propaganda, suddenly to capture and to bind him, beyond all power of self-release. Here the satire of Raemaekers is directed against the intrigues of German diplomacy at The Hague, and the rumours which have been of late rife concerning a party of politicians in the Dutch State who have been persuaded into recommending a studied neutrality now, indeed, but a secret agreement with Germany that shall not come into force until after the declaration of peace. The draughtsman warns his countrymen that they are not, in their simplicity, capable of holding their own against a combination of Teutonic violence and Teutonic guile. It may be that these Dutch disciples of Wilhelmstrasse have not the naïveté which Raemaekers sees proper to attribute to them. Their attitude has something more ignoble than simple, and they remind us not a little of the particularists of the seventeenth century, whose selfish and senseless anti-Orange policy left the Dutch without a friend in Europe. But we can confidently believe that general public opinion in Holland to-day will be too wholesome and too intelligent to pursue the suicidal path which the “*Toekomst*” and its German inspirers indicate.

EDMUND GOSSE



"PERSUASION" IN HOLLAND

Culture at Wittenberg

E CCE Homo !

In the hideous record of what took place at Wittenberg, the fact which to me, personally, stands out in grotesque salience is the cowardice of the Hun doctors, who fled, incontinent, from the ravages of the pestilence which their negligence had provoked. In this country, before the war, Hun doctors were exalted above our own. That we owe much to their indefatigable patience and research cannot be denied. To belittle their achievements, especially in bacteriology, would be fatuous. And it would be as fatuous to indict the courage of the many because we hold indisputable evidence of the cowardice of the few. Nevertheless, the facts of Wittenberg remain, an indelible stain upon the Herren Professoren, and Raemaekers, in this cartoon, indicates unerringly the cause which brought about so ignominious a retreat.

They had turned their faces from that ineffable Face which looks down in sorrow and pity upon the sufferings of Mankind.

However we may regard that Face, whether as a precious symbol of the Love which redeemed the world or as a Real and Divine Presence, this much is certain. What It stands for in the history of civilisation cannot be ignored. It sustained the early martyrs and countless myriads since during bitter hours of suffering and torment ; It has illumined all battlefields ; It shines most steadfastly in storm and stress ; It loses its incomparable splendour only in the sunshine of a too smug prosperity.

The doctors of Wittenberg may have glimpsed It, and glimpsing It reviled It ! Even to them that Face, divested by them of Divine attributes, must possess a material significance, inasmuch as none can escape sorrow and pain. The cartoonist portrays the All Highest hiding behind the colossal image of Culture, the Culture which has sprung to life at his touch, the Machine which has mastered its monarch, the Machine which defies God !

Cowering behind that Machine, aghast at the power he is unable to control, we may leave the All Highest, who boasts that he is God's vice-regent upon earth.

Culture at Wittenberg !

Culture bolting from Wittenberg !

Perhaps Raemaekers will give us a cartoon showing the back of Culture. We behold her in this cartoon crowned : we should like to see her uncrowned.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



CULTURE AT WITTENBURG

Belgium

IT appears to me that Raemaekers' wonderful cartoons more often than not fall naturally into two main classes : the subtle and the direct. In both methods of appeal he is a past-master, and his message never fails to drive itself home, either through the medium of one's intellect or one's heart. Here we have a good and vivid example of the direct method of gaining our sympathy. An appeal to the emotional rather than to the intellectual within us.

The woes of devastated Belgium, of its starving population, of its desolate homes, of its orphaned children, may be said by some to be an "oft told tale." But surely none looking upon this most poignant drawing can fail to understand much of the tragedy and misery brought about by the German occupation of Belgian soil and the methods of "Kultur" which for a period of two years now have held sway in that unhappy land.

Those of us who know the facts ; the things which do not always get into the papers, as the phrase is ; the wilful starvation of the poor by their relentless conquerors, can best understand and appreciate the artist's message.

What a pathetic picture this is ! The starved woman—all the roundness and beauty of womanhood and motherhood brutally stamped out from her face and figure by the state of things brought about by the rule of the Hun ; the child clinging to her mother with the terror and amazement which is the most piteous of all expressions which can come into and be graven upon the face of childhood. Both bearing in their faces and forms the cruel marks of starvation and suffering.

And yet there are those abroad in the land who can talk and write of "saving Germany from too much humiliation." Too much humiliation ! For one, I say that if Germany can be dragged in the dust ; if her rulers can be made to eat the bread of humiliation ; if her bestial-minded military officials, who have deported women and girls from Belgium and France to God only knows where and to what end, can be brought to adequate punishment, then there is still some justice left in this warring world and some hope for poor struggling, vexed, and fearful humanity. Unless Germany is conquered and humiliated, unless the wrongs of Belgium and the other devastated territories are avenged, we and the millions of our Allies will have suffered, fought, and died for the greatest cause the world has ever known—and in vain.

From the welter of battle, after the shouts of the fighting men have died away, must emerge a new basis of society and a set of new ideals of international conduct. And it is up to all of us to see to it that this comes about.

CLIVE HOLLAND



BELGIUM

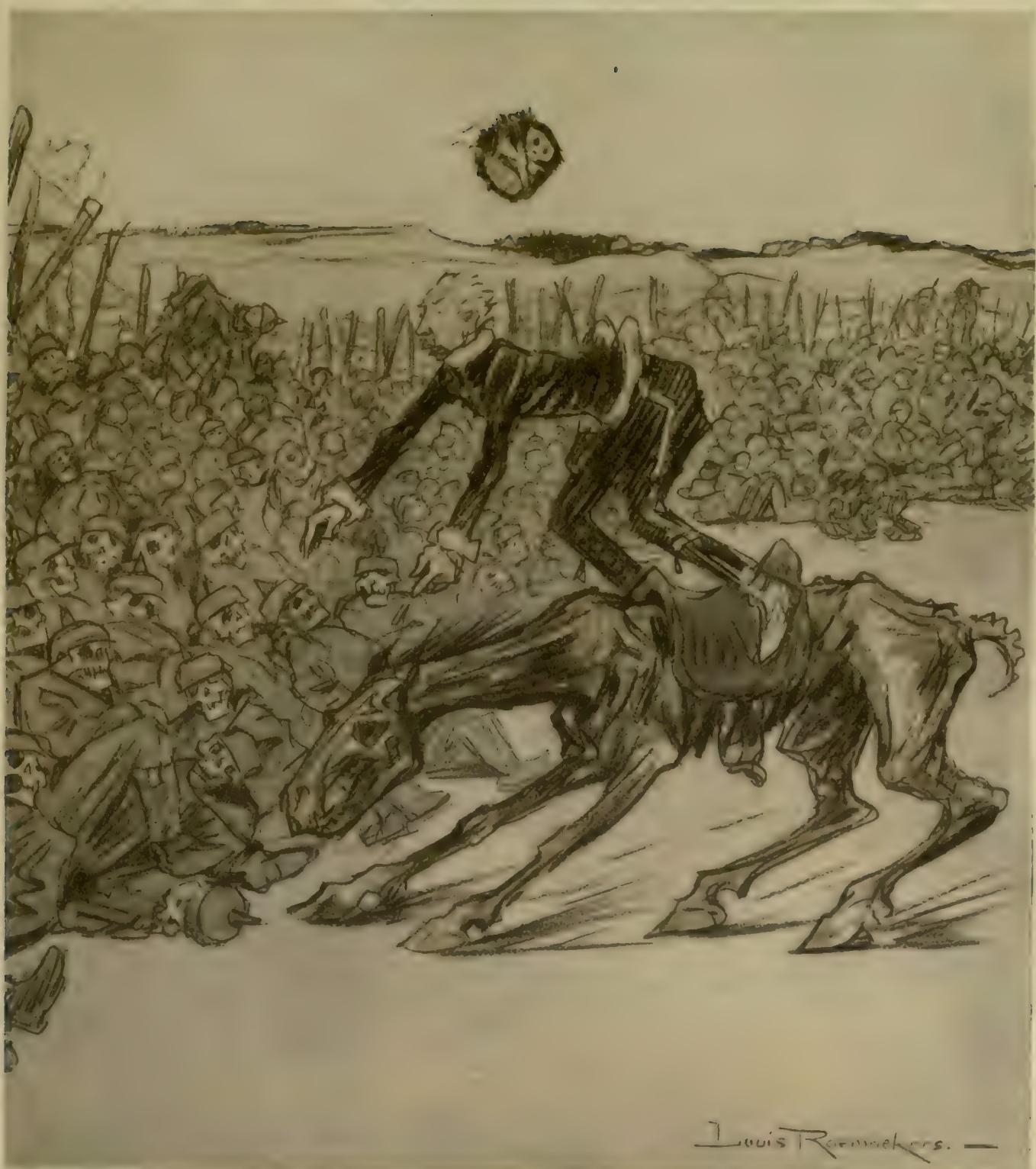
The Death's-Head Hussar

IN Greek mythology Nemesis personified the moral law which chastises arrogance and wanton excess by the inexorable consequences of their own wrong-doing. So none who had offended could escape her.

The Death's-Head Hussars are a perfect example of that boastful pride and transgression of the bounds of due proportion which it is the function of Nemesis to punish. By their name and their device they make a mock of the most solemn tragedy—of Death itself. Whether their emblem threatens death to others or signifies their own contempt for death it is a wanton and arrogant jest. The skull and cross-bones were the traditional device of pirates, and it well became those grim outlaws who declared a ruthless war against all mankind. There was no jest about it, but a dreadful seriousness, and their proper end was the yard-arm. But the Death's-Head Hussars are what is called a "crack" regiment, one officered by rich, aristocratic and elegant young men, who have not set themselves against the world, but are very much of it. Nor are they any braver or more formidable than other regiments. The Death's-Head business is a silly and boastful affectation.

Here is the just sentence of chastising Nemesis. The last of the Death's-Head Hussars, its Imperial Colonel, is being shot over the head of his skeleton charger on to the heaped ranks of dead soldiers which ring him round. He has his fill of skulls and cross-bones now. The Crown Prince of Germany has confessed it to the world.

A. SHADWELL



THE DEATHS-HEAD HUSSAR

"Cinema Chocolate"

IT seems to be the irony of fate that Germany possesses everything good in an inverted, it may perhaps be said a "perverted," form.

We all know the charms of the "Chocolate Soldier," who originated, if we remember right, like the best flavoured chocolate, in France.

Here we have a "Chocolate Soldier" of a very different kind. A young officer, of the familiar decadent Lothario type, is presenting a handsome stick of chocolate to a little Belgian or French girl.

At the side is an old man, evidently got up as a stage property, his face exceedingly cross as though he disliked the job, but his attitude rather ambiguous.

In the distance is the official military "filmer," smug and grinning, waiting to turn the handle in order to obtain a "moving" picture for the German "movies."

Mr. Raemaekers' satire is most strongly displayed in the child's face and clenched fists, fully visible to the spectator, but which *will not appear* in the film. It appears also, though less obviously, in the cross old gentleman who will come out there as a benevolent pastor blessing the whole proceeding.

It is another instance of the systematic deception practised on the German people and the neutrals.

Monsieur Forain, the French Raemaekers, has something like it in his "*Haltez-la, et souriez.*" It is not quite the same, but suggests that both cartoons are based on fact, as doubtless they are.

HERBERT WARREN



Louis Ruemakers —

CINEMA CHOCOLATE

Murder on the High Seas

GERMANY stands convicted of such bestial crime upon land and sea, that one can only come to the conclusion her offence results, not from passing aberration or the briety of war, but indicates an infection deep-seated and chronic. Her recent Imperial Government statistics of crime before the war indicated very surely that some deep, moral distemper was conquering the German character and running like a plague through her spiritual and sociological life.

It has been said that the problem is one for the anthropologist rather than the lawyer ; yet even if the Prussian be not a Teuton, but a Tartar, his indifference to every human instinct would still remain inexplicable. For others of the Tartar stock are amenable to the evolution that time brings, and now pursue the business of war under modern conditions that embrace respect for prisoners and wounded, non-combatants, women and children.

Among the numberless instances of murder and piracy on the high seas space permits here but to dwell upon one, which has by no means received the attention it deserves. International problems involved by the destruction of American citizens have tended to focus public opinion on the "Lusitania" and "Essex" murders ; but consider again a crime in the Black Sea and the depraved temper it implies.

On the thirtieth day of last March, while lying motionless off Cape Fathia, the Russian Hospital Ship "Portugal" was destroyed in broad daylight by a submarine, despite the fact that she bore all necessary marks demanded by the Geneva Convention and Hague Covenant.

There perished fourteen ladies of the Red Cross ; fifty surgeons and physicians ; many male and female nurses ; many Russian and French sailors. But for the fact that a Russian destroyer was in the vicinity, the fatalities must have been larger. A great hospital equipment was also lost to humanity.

Well might the Russian Government declare this outrage a flagrant infraction of the rights of man and an act of common piracy, while asking the judgment of all civilised countries on such barbarism.

The people that perpetrated and applauded this act denies civilisation, and one may fairly argue that the national conscience, not only of her fighting forces, but of those behind them, will soon reach a pitch where disintegration must follow. The evolution of morals alone must break them, for human nature cannot suffer this reaction.

Meantime we wait in vain for the Allies' Note informing Germany of our intention with respect to her shipping. Did she know that we designed an eye for an eye, a ton for a ton, she might yet hesitate upon a course that promised to deplete her merchant marine after the war in the ratio of her destruction. The point is equally vital to the weak maritime neutrals, who see their merchant fleets dwindle and their protests ignored by a nation that respects nothing on earth but force.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



FOR MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS

To the Peace Woman

THE cartoonist has devoted several of his drawings to the work of exhibiting to the world at large and the pacifist in particular the egregious folly of "peace talk" and "gentleness towards the Huns" while a world war is being waged, and as yet all the ideals for which we are fighting in company with our Allies hang in the balance.

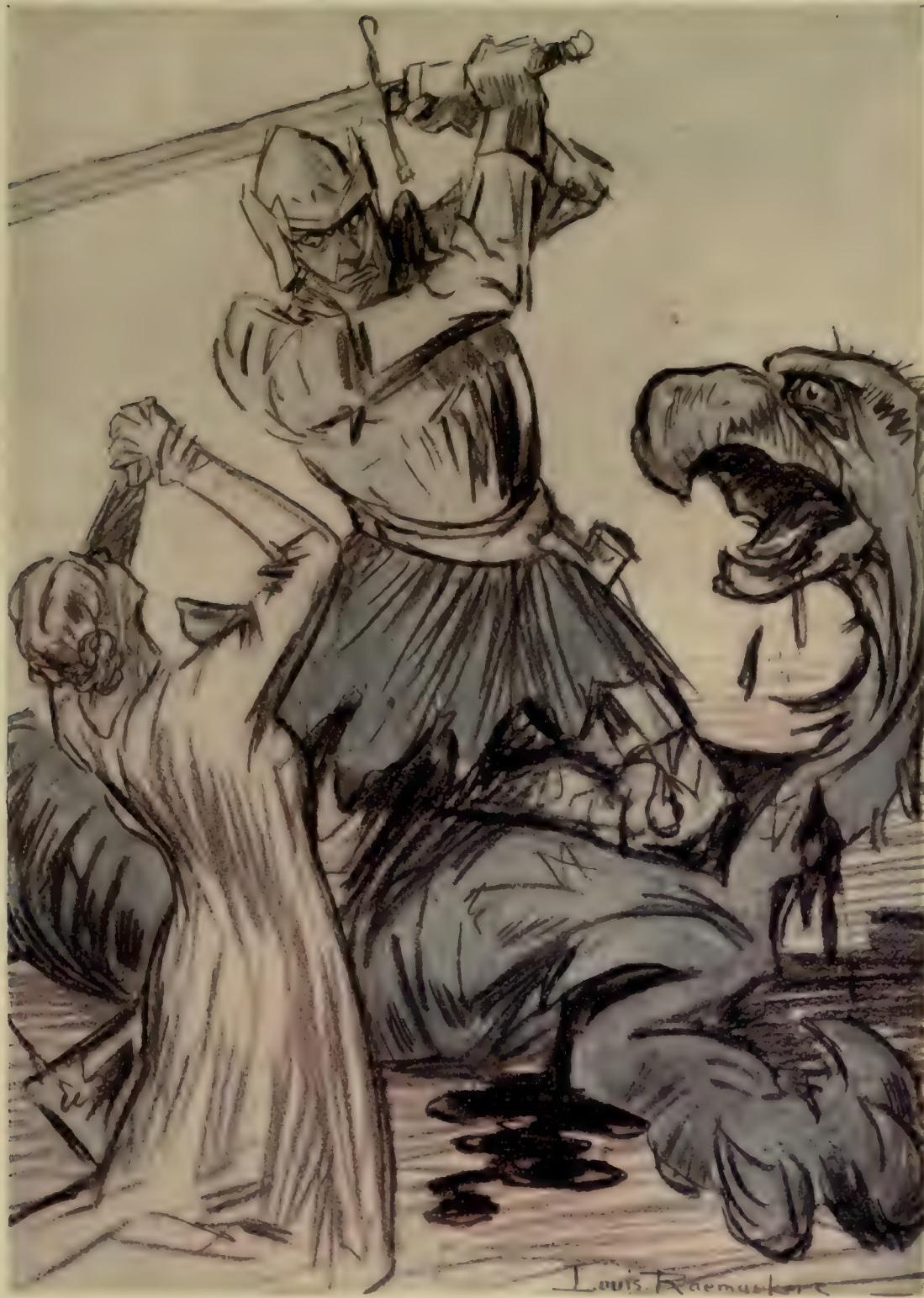
How necessary such cartoons really are is shown by the mere fact that there can be found men and women who are anxious on every possible occasion to "mouth wordy platitudes concerning peace," and even to sacrifice to the Moloch of Prussianism the ideals and the amenities of national conduct upon which the basis of happiness and peace in reality rests.

The old legend of St. George and the Dragon has been skilfully and effectively adapted by Raemaekers to the purposes of the lesson he would teach. The peace woman is shown on her knees before the dragon of Prussianism, not in terror at the fate which is impending for her, but obsessed by the idea that the dragon is not so bad as it has been painted and that it may be wicked to kill dragons. I confess that I have not been able to penetrate the labyrinth of distorted ideas which has produced the attitude of mind towards the Hun adopted by the pacifist, male and female. But the most charitable among us may be forgiven, perhaps, if we assume that this state of mind has been brought about by a wrong-headed conception of the facts and the Hun himself, rather than by any original liking for bloody deeds of rapine, the slaughter of innocents, and wholesale and wanton destruction of beautiful, holy, and gracious things.

There are many who believe that the peace woman, who will be more and more evident as the War drags along, is no imagined menace. It is well therefore that this cartoon should have been drawn and published and that its message, "to save the peace women in spite of themselves," should be driven home.

The spirit of St. George of England and of the saints of God, who fought tyrants and died in past ages that the fragrant and essential truths should live, is not dead, and while this can be said there is hope for the world, for surely God Who had these in His keeping is yet in His Heaven.

CLIVE HOLLAND



'To THE PEACE-WOMAN: "No, I will deliver you of the monster even against your will."

The Burial of Private Walker

ON September 9th, 1914, Joseph Walker enlisted for the duration of the war; on January 11th, 1916, the sea bore his dead body to the dyke at West Capelle. Usually, a body washed ashore in this neighbourhood is buried at the foot of the dunes, without coffin, without ceremony. But not this time. This afternoon, at 1 p.m., while the north-west wind whistled over Walcheren, the English soldier was buried in the Church-yard of West Capelle. Behind the walls of the tower where we sought protection from the gale the Burial Service was read.

First the Vice-Consul in the name of England spread the British flag over him who for England had sacrificed his young life. Four men of West Capelle carried the coffin outside and placed it at the foot of the tower, that old grey giant, which has witnessed so much world's woe, here opposite the sea. The Reverend Mr. Fraser, the English clergyman at Kortryk, himself an exile, said we were gathered to pay the last homage to a Briton who had died for his country. It was a simple, but touching ceremony.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live. . . . He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." Thus spoke the voice of the minister and the wind carried his words, and the wind played with the flag of England, the flag that flies over all seas, in Flanders, in France, in the Balkans, in Egypt, as the symbol of threatened freedom—the flag whose folds here covered a fallen warrior. Deeply were we moved when the clergyman in his prayer asked for a "message of comfort to his home."

Who, tell me, oh silent field,
Who lies buried here ? Here ?

Yes, who is Walker, No. 16092, Private Joseph Walker, Bedfordshire regiment ? Who, in loving thoughts, thinks of him with hope even now when we, strangers to them, stand near to him in death ? Where is his home ? We know it not, but in our inmost hearts we pray for a "message of comfort and consolation" for his people.

And in the roaring storm we went our way. There was he carried, the soldier come to rest, and the flag fluttered in the wind and wrapped itself round that son of England. Then the coffin sank into the ground and the hearts of us, the departing witnesses, were sore. Earth fell on it, and the preacher said : "Earth to earth, dust to dust."—*From the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," January, 1916.*



THE BURIAL OF PRIVATE JOSEPH WALKER

The Satyr of the Sea

IT is always difficult, after a series of catastrophic events, to go back to one's mental outlook of the time before they happened. But if the civilised world could recapture its pre-war view, I believe it would realise the most startling of all the results of Armageddon to be that we now take Germany's outrages on neutrals for granted. At first the bulk of us simply could not believe the tale of the horrors inflicted on non-combatant men, women, and children of innocent and neutral Belgium. But Germany had at any rate made Belgium a belligerent, before beginning them. Now that similar horrors should fall on men women, and children of Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway and America, surprises no more : it has become a mere matter of course.

It is the business of the prophet, the seer and the poet to awaken the world when it is worshipping false gods, when from fear, or self-interest, or sheer bewilderment, it fails to see the things that are in their naked horror and their awful shame. But prophet, seer and poet can speak only through the printed word, and in the maze and mass of conflicting appeals the words of truth are lost and ineffective. But if the ear be deaf and the mind numb, the eyes of all retain their childlike curiosity. It is Raemaekers' secret that he can present his own clear vision of the truth in figures that pierce instantly to the conscience of the dullest. To kill a child at all for a political purpose, is the sin of Herod. To kill the children of those with whom you have no nominal quarrel, stipulates just that negation of soul which we call beastly. The truth about Tirpitz, and all that that accursed name stands for, is personified in the loathsome Satyr of the Sea portrayed in this cartoon.

ARTHUR POLLEN



Louis Raemaekers. —

THE GERMAN BEAST

"It is not true!"

The “Franc-tireur” Excuse

IT is well sometimes, despite all that has happened since, to turn back to Belgium and remember the rape, rapine, arson of 1914. There will be plenty of time to let bygones be bygones when might and right are found on the same side and Justice, who is using her sword just now, resumes her impartial scales ; but until the Central Nations experience a defeat of magnitude sufficient to penetrate to the hearts and heads of their people, we may continue to keep in the fore-front of our minds the story of Belgium under Germany’s heel.

That tale of brutal tyranny is not even yet told, for, short of selling the deported Belgians as slaves, Germany would seem still to be doing all that Hun and Vandal ever accomplished. But Raemaekers gives us a glimpse from the past, when conquest was still in progress and the German obsession of *franc-tireurs* reached its height. How far they pretended this fear to excuse their own murder of the defenceless, or how far they really felt it, matters little ; for it has been shown that the cry was deliberately excited—by fabrication and circulation through Germany of countless “fearful” falsehoods. Soldiery about to pass from the Fatherland to Belgium was inflamed, as with drink, by lies of the horrible treatment they must expect and endure from civil populations and non-combatants. They were warned by calculated propaganda at home that their eyes would be gouged out, their legs sawn off, their wounded men murdered with fiendish details of suffering by the Belgians.

German valets of the type of Houston Chamberlain and Sven Hedin spread these stories ; Pastor Conrad wrote a little book and sold it to the school children that they, too, might read about their fathers’ gouged-out eyes in Belgium.

The result was certain when German soldiers found themselves with a free hand among unarmed women and their little ones ; for Germany in Belgium and Poland, and Austria in Serbia, have not been content to destroy the manhood of weak nations : they have striven to stamp out their virginity and their childhood also.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



Louis T. Karmack

They shot her as a "franc-tireur"

Humanity Torpedoed

THAT really is the essence of the matter, the summing up of the World War in an illuminating phrase. The Machine *versus* the Man ! Before the outbreak of war, in those far-off days when we talked so glibly of human progress and civilisation, the machinery which controlled and co-ordinated life seemed to be a bigger thing than life itself. The Machine in polities, in our myriad industries, in our moments of relaxation was scrapping men relentlessly. The very few perceived this and protested vigorously but quite in vain. Even in religion, using the word in its highest sense, the Machine held human souls in its grip and ground them out to an approved pattern.

Was the war inflicted upon a generation of fools to teach them wisdom ? It may well be so.

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas !

Juvenal's well-worn tag echoes down the centuries. We ask ourselves once more the eternal question : What makes life worth the living ? None of us, to-day, dares to answer that question lightly, but all—even our enemies in the field—know by bitterest experience that Man is greater than the Machine, that he soars high above it and may be crushed but not killed by it. Humanity may be torpedoed, but it remains immortal.

Our beloved dead still live.

And what message do they send us ?

Surely the gospel of kindness, which has always triumphed gloriously over cruelty. Indeed, the supreme lesson of the war would appear to be this, and this only : that kindness is the supreme virtue and cruelty the supreme vice.

If our enemies could be made to realise so fundamental a truth, if the men who control the destinies of the Allies could make it plain to the Central Powers that we are fighting against the Machine in life and not against men, the Dove of Peace might begin to preen its wings for flight.

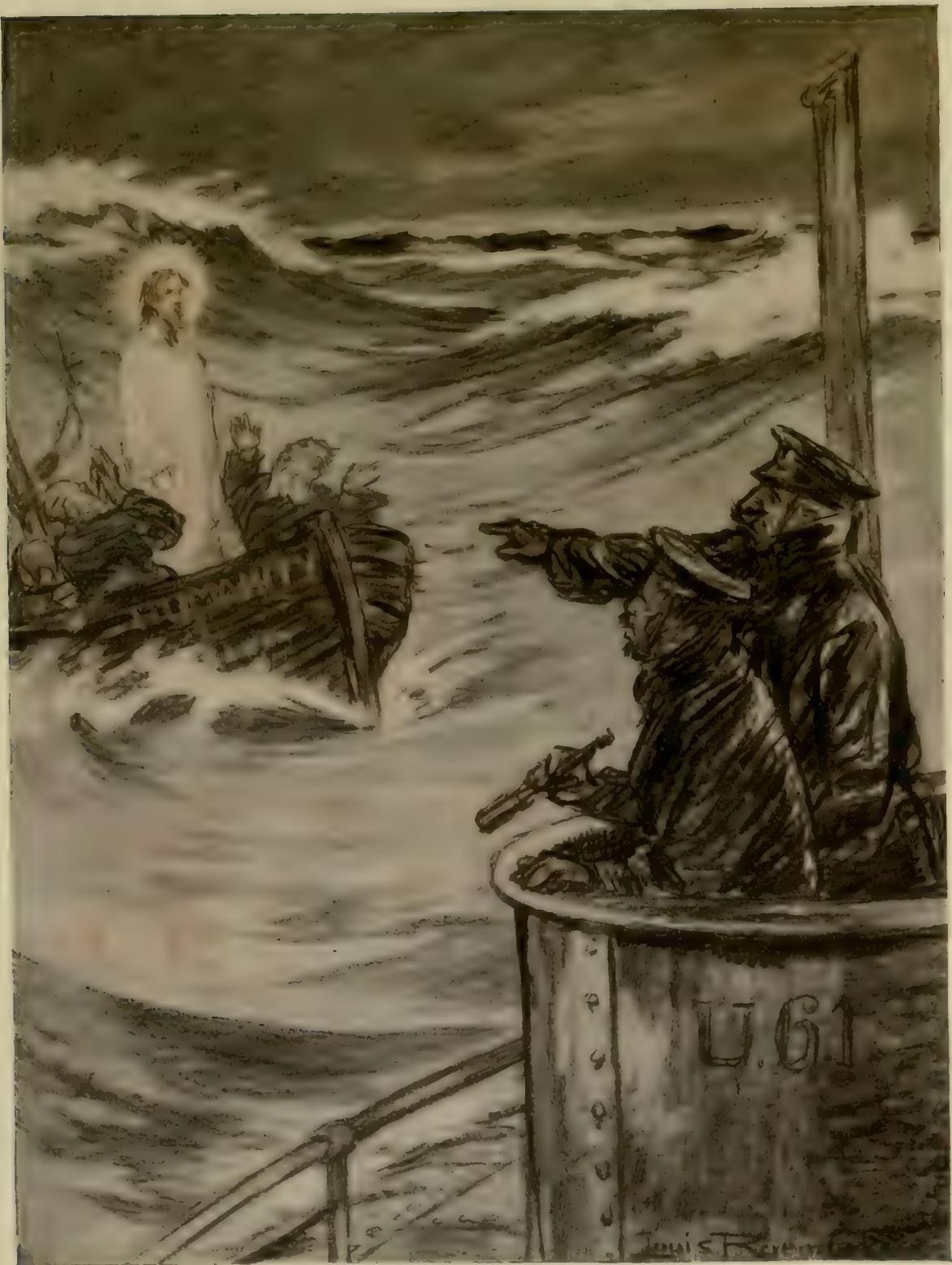
Humanity has been torpedoed, but we look for its resurrection. Petard must be hoisted by petard ; that, for the moment, is inevitable. A patched-up peace is unthinkable. Such a conclusion, most happily, has become almost universal.

And afterwards ?

If the hopes and aspirations of to-day bear fruit to-morrow, may we not envisage a brighter future during these dark hours ?

To think otherwise, to maintain, with whatever specious argument, that Force must dominate mankind, is not merely a negation of Christianity, but a negation of Humanity. Such is the creed of the Hun. By it he has been judged and found wanting.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



"Seems to be a neutral—send him down!"

Come away, my dear!

ONLY an historic interest now attaches to the activities of German diplomacy which sought, by misplaced flattery, to prevent Italy from joining the Powers of the Entente in the Great War. Prince von Bülow for many months employed all his wiles to distract Italy from the pursuit of a hostile policy. He had some good cards in his hand, and, after the manner of all German diplomatists, he overestimated their strength, while he underrated the skill and enthusiasm of the players against him. The influences of German finance worked on his side, but characteristically he ignored the spiritual forces of the Italian national sentiment, on which bribes and blandishments could make no impression. Italy's traditional hatred of Austria was only speciously held in check by the conventions of the old Triple Alliance. The perils which Austria invited by engaging in the present war were bound to set ancient memories fully aflame. It is a mangled unity of which Italy can boast so long as the Italian peoples of the Trentino and Dalmatia live under Austrian sway.

The cry of the Trentino for release from a foreign servitude overcame all those predilections for peace, which some material considerations fostered in Italy in the early stages of the war. Von Bülow undertook a thankless task when he sought by pretty speeches to deafen Italian ears to the piercing appeals of Italy's compatriots under alien sway. He may cherish the delusion that he scored a minor success by postponing for a season Italy's declaration of war on Germany. For a short while Italy was content with her defiance of Austria alone, but even this small triumph on the Prince's part proved a phantasm. To-day all the Prince's diplomatic adventures are seen to be empty mockeries and snares.

SIDNEY LEE



Louis Tussauds

TRENTINO (*Austrian prisoner*): "Help, father!"
VON BULOW: "Hsst! Come away, my dear!"

The Bringers of Happiness

"WE will bring happiness to the conquered country after the war."

Pomposity, ponderosity, machine-like movement, ruthless, cold, and calculating logic, which sticks at nothing, not even the lowest of low cunning, want of sense of humour, the absence of anything like sportsmanship or chivalry—these are qualities which the average Englishman does not admire, and finds it difficult even to understand. He cannot help reading his own characteristics, which are for good and bad so different, into other men and creatures. He cannot understand their entire absence, and it is difficult for him to believe that men so differently constituted can exist, or consist.

Mr. Racmaekers wants to make us realise the fact, to present it embodied. The legitimate emphasis of his caricature has this for its object.

Ponderous, pompous, pachydermatous, self-satisfied, fat, successful and comfortable ; but without feeling for the comfort of others. We have here the type of German military domination. Submit to Germany and you will be happy, in the German way, which is the best way, because it is German. If you don't like that you must lump it. That is the message of this speaking likeness.

HERBERT WARREN



I am not a conqueror. —

"We will bring happiness to the conquered country —
after the war."

Duty *v.* Militarism

SAME here!

Same, I suppose, in every country.

The final necessity has put to the proof that which goes to the making of a man and of a nation.

The man who is prepared to lay down his life for his country simply regards it as a duty, and does it regardless of everything. And Duty is a noble leader.

The man who is not prepared to give up his usual pleasures and dissipations, even though his country be in extremity, looks askance at the call, labels it militarism, and will have none of it.

Every age and every nation has its shirkers, who have been only too willing to let any but themselves bear their burdens so that their own personal comfort might not be interfered with. And shirkers such as these have the deserved contempt of every honest man.

But, in strictest justice to the few—like the Friends, and those who believe with them that force is no remedy—while one cannot but wonder what would have become of the world if evil were to be allowed to ravage it at will, and while one finds it difficult to view matters from their standpoint, it must be acknowledged that the military coercion of genuine conscience in these days is an anachronism which galls one's feelings.

The one thing we have now to guard against in this free land of ours is lest in breaking by force the unspeakable tyranny of Prussian militarism we lay our own necks under an equal yoke.

JOHN OXENHAM





DUTCH SOLDIER: "For me it is duty to my country, but for them it is
'militarism.'"

Before the Fall

WHEN, in August of 1914, the German hosts set out on their way to victory and yet greater victory, they had in their minds a figure which, for them, had been girdled round with dignities almost sacred. Whatever their secret thoughts regarding this figure might have been, it was ostensibly something very nearly sacred; to the rest of the world it was an imperial figure, portrayed in many attitudes, but in practically every attitude there was the suggestion of illimitable pride. The world that is not Germany had laughed at this figure a little: over certain telegrams, over the assumption of genius in certain artistic fields, and over a versatility that was almost Neronic. There was not wanting, among free peoples, a certain amount of contempt for this figure.

Here you have the figure in a new attitude, and though at the time this cartoon was published the triumphs in Roumania were still to come, and the German lines of defence were apparently as strong as ever, yet the cartoon expressed a truth, as do all these cartoons of Raemaekers. As insecurely as is pictured here stood this man who aped Napoleon and Alexander, at whose bidding women and children were fed into the furnace of war, through whose senseless ambition countless homes were made places of mourning for the men who would return no more. More than two years of suffering, and the face of the world changed, the progress of the world arrested—for this!

Beneath him is the gulf—he has hurled into it millions, and here postures no more as second only to omnipotence, but waits the inevitable fall. Thank God that it is inevitable.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



"CRUMBLING"

The Troubadour

GERMANIA loved music and so the troubadour sang to her. Gaily the troubadour sang of Glory and Empire, and the good German Sword.

And he sang a song of Kultur, a pocketful of loot.

And a song of tears, the tears of widows and orphans in other lands, widows of foolish men who had denied her omnipotent will; and of foolish reluctant virgins to whom was given the shining compensation of bearing sons to her flushed warriors.

And if he sang of her own sons that lay before Liége, and by the Yser, and on the high road to Paris and to Calais, and Petersburg, it was still a song of glory in a minor but triumphant key.

For also he sang a song of an all-highest promise, that, wreathed with the splendid bays of victory, her sons should return before the next ripening of the harvest. But the harvest was gathered and they came not.

And then he sang a song of the sea with the moan of the winds in it, and the cries of little children—which for a sea-song was not a pleasant song.

And thereafter with a fine operatic vehemence he broke into a song of glorious hate.

And again he sang (in a queer mocking voice) of the promise. But another harvest was garnered (and eaten) and still her sons returned not.

And she began to be afraid.

So (for he had a pretty wit) he sang again a song of glory and feasting, and there was laughter in his voice.

And at the last a song of thanks most indubitably sincere.

And she turned and looked upon the troubadour and found that he was Death—in the high boots of a German Hussar.

And she stopped her ears, not to mute his singing, but to shut out the thunder of the guns that came down all the winds.

JOSEPH THORP



THE TROUBADOUR

The Shirkers

IT is inevitable that there should be in every country degenerates who decline to play the game. England has her disreputable leaven of shirkers; France, whose heroism beggars description, has to reckon with her *embusqués*. The serene cheerfulness with which the bitterest sacrifices are faced daily by the mass of the nations engaged in the terrible conflict, bring into powerful relief the obliquity and depravity of the handful of men who seek to escape the heavy burden that lies upon all. There is no possibility of exaggerating the mean infamy of the men who seek their own safety by skulking behind the broad backs of the defenders of their country, when every call of duty and right demands their presence in the fighting-line. It is very difficult to distinguish between the sinfulness of shirking at a crisis like the present and the crime of overt treachery. No injustice would be done if every shirker were made to understand that he is liable to the traitor's penalty if he persist in his offence.

The repetition of conscientious objections to war, at a time when a nation is committed to a strife in which any slackening spells for it practical annihilation, causes graver and graver perplexity. It is doubtful whether any healthy mind can now plead a conscientious objection without provoking suspicion of his powers of coherent reasoning. A condition of things has arisen in which private sentiment, however honestly cherished, is bound to yield to public needs. It is a tradition of the country in normal times to treat the conscientious objector with tenderness. As far as public safety allows, it is even now a proper function of Government to discriminate between an honest delusion, however anti-social, and a wilful defiance, from contemptible motives of selfishness or cowardice, of right principle. A very formidable danger clearly lurks in any continuance of the lax toleration which is often extended to the conscientious objector, by virtue of the opportunity such considerate treatment offers the shirker of indulging his evil propensities.

SIDNEY LEE



THE SHIRKERS

"As long as the French fight so bravely, why should we?"

For Merit

THERE is no doubt a certain unfairness in the inevitable war-time method of laying the burden of the crimes of war upon this or that pair of shoulders. Princes in particular must pay this penalty attached to their august station. And few can have less just reason to complain than this slim heir of the Hohenzollerns who so thirsted for the glory of war. He has found out by now that it is a less glorious affair than it seemed when set forth in heady unwise speech (after unwise dining) from the box of a Danzig theatre.

Deprived of his expected bays by the idiotic obstinacy of the so utterly decadent French, his fond parent bestows on him the Order *pour le Mérite* with Oak leaves. It is not quite easy to see why. Surely there cannot have been any obscure sardonic reference to tanning.

But if, as the artist suggests, and the plainest reading of the facts of the fruitless Verdun assault seems to confirm, lives of men were squandered in a reckless attempt to save the princeling's face (which was, in fact, beyond saving), then does he richly deserve the grim decoration with which in the name of Infamy he is here invested—the Order of Butchery, with Knives. . . . And you may view the crosses upon the pathetic mounds before Verdun as so many entries in the Recording Angel's ledger.

JOSEPH THORP



Louis Raemaekers.—

FOR MERIT

Death bestows the "Order of Butchery, with Knives."

A Universal Conscience

NOTHING should have more utterly "staggered humanity" in the conduct and prosecution of a War that has been from first to last an exhibition of Hunnish ferocity than the elasticity of the Hun "conscience." The Prussian indeed seems to have assembled in his person all the most ignoble qualities of the untutored savage, and the most despicable vices of the political and moral Chadband and Stiggins of common quotation. Deeds which should have served to bring the whole neutral world actively upon the side of the Allies, which should have called forth protests that could not be misunderstood by the offenders, have been made even more revolting and unforgivable by reason of the horrible association by the Kaiser and his myrmidons of the Divine Being with them.

"Gott mit Uns" has not merely been adopted as a motto by a people who have been guilty of atrocities which rank with those of Nero and Attila, but has been used as a cloak for deeds of diabolism which have caused a shudder to run through the civilised world. And in this cartoon the artist has sought to depict an outraged conscience pointing the finger of accusation at the world which has looked on, contenting itself with mild protests. Grasped in the hand of this accusing figure is the Hun; a dripping dagger, which has been used to assassinate innocent women, children, and civilians in one hand, and a bomb containing poison gas in the other. A Hun with his favourite motto inscribed upon his belt. Surely a sight to make angels weep, and the Recording Angel to seek to veil her face.

The Hun at bay has added to the list of crimes to be ultimately laid at his door that of slave-raider. And the tears of women and girls, and the blood of the men who resisted the slave-raiders, cry aloud to Heaven from the stricken land of Belgium and the conquered Provinces of France.

And the slave-raider's cry is, "Gott mit Uns," accompanied by the crack of rifle, the agonised cry of mothers and daughters separated from their men folk, and the wail of little children left to starve and die.

There is an old saying, "They whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." That madness, productive of diabolical wickedness, is eating into the very brain and vitals of Germany. And like a mad dog she must, in the persons of her responsible leaders, be destroyed utterly.

CLIVE HOLLAND



A UNIVERSAL CONSCIENCE

The Super-Hooligans

THE suggestion of this caricature is perhaps not so obvious to Englishmen as might be wished; for it represents the Kaiser, and the forces behind him, as more broken down than we have reason to think they were, or at any rate, than they appeared to us at the time this cartoon first appeared. It may be that to the neutrals their cause may seem less hopeful, and more out-at-elbows, as here depicted. The continuous fall of the mark in neutral countries may mean this.

The figure of President Wilson is at any rate exceedingly clever. Detached, professorial, contemplative, slightly academic, not to say donnish, he contemplates "Mr. Turveydrop" and "Bill Sykes," for such characters they appear to be, with pensive, amused speculation. He certainly cannot expect more than swagger and sham gentility, scarcely disguising brutal ruffianism, from such figures. But is not the reality more serious and murderous?

The Kaiser is doubtless an actor, but not quite such a shabby-genteel third-rater as this, and his bullies are no doubt burglars and ruffians, but not of the old-fashioned, bludgeon type; rather the smart, modern operators, armed with automatic revolvers, oxygen blowpipes, swift motors, and other appliances of up-to-date science. "Super-Hooligans" both doubtless are, but unfortunately not to be despised as enemies. This, however, would be less easy to present in caricature, and perhaps less telling.

The point is the folly of expecting any true "gentleness," or anything but a veneer of gentility, from Germany.

HERBERT WARREN



WILLIAM: "Well, sir, if you insist, we will try to behave like gentlemen."

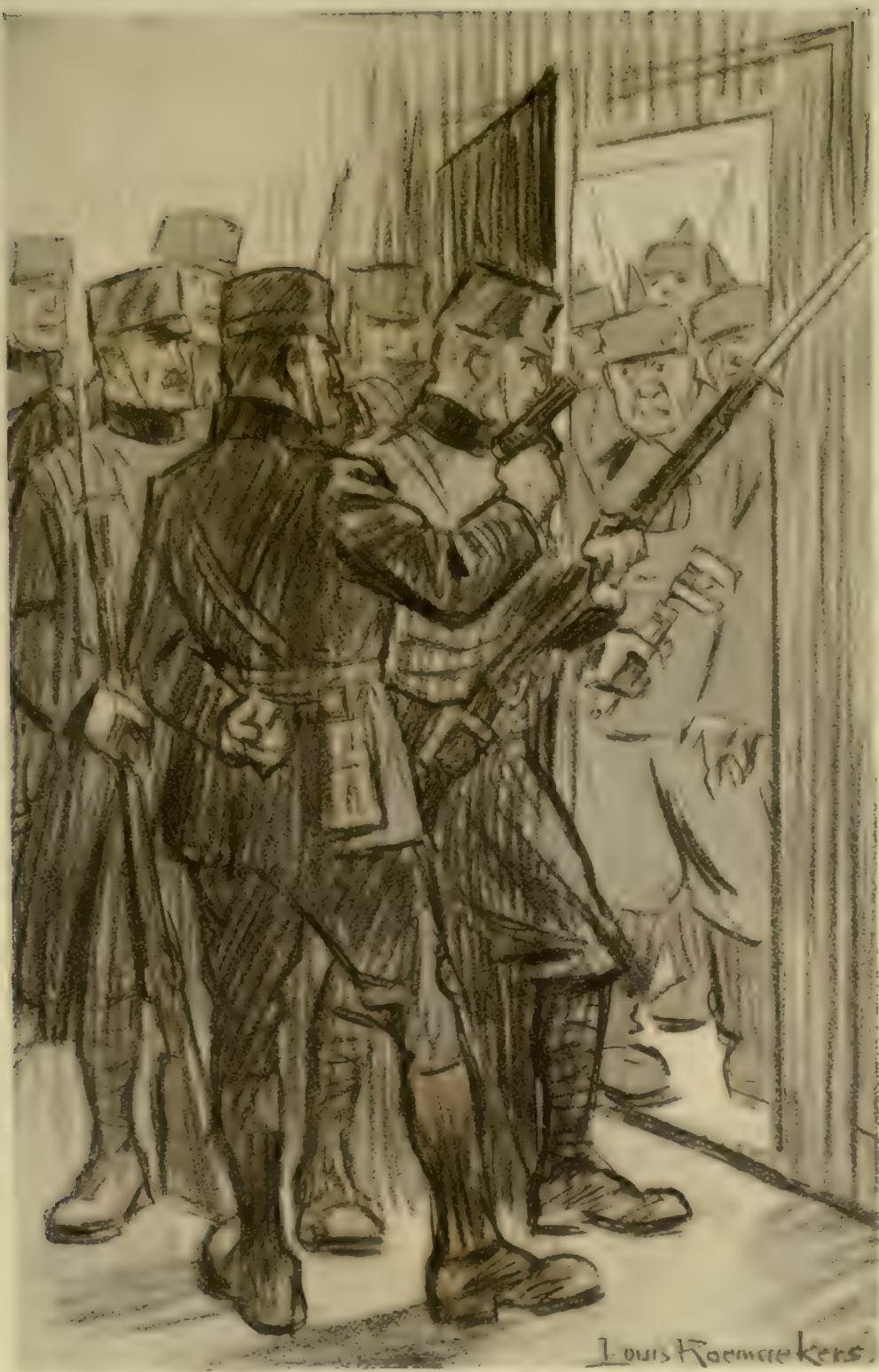
Hun Hypocrisy

WHEN the history of this war is written with a sense of detachment which only time can give—written, moreover, by an impartial neutral, some American, let us say, with the insight and intelligence of a Motley or a Hume—it will be interesting and instructive to read the chapters which deal with the conviction obsessing an entire nation that England for some mysterious purposes of her own brought about hostilities and that Germany, very reluctantly, was forced to draw the sword in defence of the Fatherland. No reasonable man can doubt that this conviction is sincere upon the part of a large majority of our enemies. From first-hand evidence it is equally indisputable that the few, the Court Party, for example, and certain writers, have frankly admitted the Teuton aims and ambitions, crystallised into the famous phrase—“Weltmacht oder Niedergang.” The amazing thing—perhaps the most amazing fact of the War—is the moral Atlantic which heaves between the few who know and the many who do not. And the bridging of this illimitable ocean, the future enlightenment of at least sixty million persons, must be, for the moment, the problem which is perplexing and tormenting the minds of the Great General Staff.

Sooner or later—sooner, possibly, than we think—the truth must out. What will happen then? Conjecture is simply paralysed at the issues involved. Briefly, it comes to this: these sixty millions have been humbugged to an extent unparalleled in history. During two years they have been gorged with lies, swallowed always with avidity and with increasing appetite. The credulity of the ignorant may be taken for granted; in this case it is the credulity of the wise, the so-called intellectuals of Germany, which clamours to Heaven for explanation. Are these schoolmasters, publicists, theologians and scientists hypocrites? That is the question which our cartoonist puts to us here. That is the question which the impartial historian will be called upon to answer.

Englishmen, with the rarest exceptions, have answered that question already. We believe firmly that the informed Huns deliberately befooled their uninformed fellow-countrymen. The few were honest and sincere in the Jesuitical faith that the end, World Dominion, justified the means. They scrapped ruthlessly all principles which stood between themselves and an insensate ambition. Had they won through to Paris and London, a nation drunk with victory would have acclaimed their policy. But they have not won through, and the reckoning has to be met.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



MACHIAVELLIAN

"I only came to make sure that the British did not do it."

Offer of Peace to Belgium

THE Kaiser's delusions grow proportionately with the difficulties that menace his cause. As his chances of victory decline, he dissipates more and more energy in endeavours to sow dissension among his Allied enemies, in the vain hope of overcoming them by dividing them. He still reckons on undermining the solidarity of the Grand Alliance, which is holding up his armies on all fronts. He has no solid ground for believing that his diplomacy will yield more fruit in the future than it has yielded in the past or present.

At the moment, he appears to cherish with especial warmth the futile misconception that the little country of Belgium, which has felt the full force of his barbarity, offers the most promising field for the exercise of his diplomatic blandishments. Again and again he repeats that he is prepared to make with his outraged victim terms which he imagines to savour of benevolence. The wolf will befriend the lamb which he has mauled. The German armies shall be withdrawn from Belgium, an indemnity shall be paid for the ruin in which he has wantonly involved the country, Belgian neutrality shall thenceforth provide the Kaiser with a new and formidable weapon.

The proposals are wasted breath. The heroic King of the Belgians sees the German advances in their true light. He has no intention of helping his cruel enemy out of her present predicament. The reparation of Belgium and her restoration to independence, and to a prosperity greater than she has enjoyed before, will never come of any voluntary act of the German Emperor. He will pay, at the compulsion of the Allies' swords, the full penalty for the injuries that he has wrought on King Albert's country. The terms of peace between Belgium and Germany will be framed by King Albert in concert with his Allies, and the Kaiser's consent to them will be wrung from him on his knees.

SIDNEY LEE



A PEACE OFFER TO BELGIUM

"Is that you again?"

The Fall of the Child Slayer

THIS is an artist's fanciful version of the headlong fall of one of those inflated monsters on which the enemy had set such high hopes. Well, we have been inconvenienced not a little by them in our goings and comings by night, and no one need pretend that he likes bombs being dropped on his or his children's heads out of a midnight sky. But we never in the old glorious volunteering days had such a recruiting sergeant, so that the military value of the Zeppelin need not be denied.

Apart from this manifest effect there has transpired in this whole business little to disturb the verdict of our optimists that there was nothing to worry about. They venture only under cover of a darkness which prevents them hitting what they dimly see from their once safe heights, which is little, or seeing what they hit, which is much—England being a biggish mark.

And advertising their presence as burglars use who knock over coalscuttles, a boy in an aeroplane flies over them and their miles of aluminium and acres of silk make a Brock's benefit for an awakened city to cheer. We should cheer less, thinking with some pity of the imprisoned crews, if the affair were conceived with less reckless vagueness, without such disproportion between aim and result. A blind ape with a ton of high explosives could do a good deal of damage in a city with ordinary luck.

But Raemaekers sees this in symbol: "a vulnerable gasbag," he seems to say, "flaming, spectacular always, to destruction."

JOSEPH THORP



THE FALL OF THE CHILD-SLAYER

The "Civilians"

HERE, with a vengeance, is majesty shorn of its externals. Although in this cartoon we get Raemaekers in lighter vein, yet the irony and force of the artist are as fully expressed as in those grimmer studies from which he who runs may read the fate of Belgium, of Serbia, and of the many non-combatants who have found death at sea through Germany's mad dream of conquest.

The elder Willie, obviously, does not like the set of his coat, after the glory of his many uniforms ; the younger Willie, apparently, has finished his trying on, and from his expression the result is as much as he could expect, and no more. In both there is that suggestion of posturing, of playing to the gallery and being determined that the clothes shall be suited to the part, for which William Hohenzollern was noted before ever this war showed him as the most infamous ruler of modern time.

There is a certain bitter correctness in Raemaekers' estimate of these exalted personages. Shorn of their uniforms, posturing before a mirror in a slightly Parisian (using the adjective in the pre-war, foppish sense) garb, they show as very little men—rather contemptible, in fact, as, of course, they are. For it is open to any man to dream of ruling the world, and of setting nations by the throat for the sake of an ambition that civilisation cannot tolerate ; it is open to any head of a Government to set the machinery in motion which might gratify that ambition—but it is open only to a *man*, in the very best of that one syllable, to bring his ambition to fruition, and even then only by strict adherence to natural law. And these two, posturing as Raemaekers makes them posture here, have ignored law ; they had the wit to dream, but not the brain to make reality of dream, nor the moral sense through which they might have made the world acknowledge the dream as worth while translating into actualities. Probably, if they were set in a St. Helena of to-day, they would fold their arms and try on cocked hats, as once they tried on uniforms. But though the clothes declare the man, they cannot make of him other than he is, and these two are mere posturers, whatever may be their attitudes.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



"Fancy, Willie—what if we really had to be civilians after the war?"

The "U" Boats off the American Coast

THERE is a grim persistency with which Raemaekers pursues the power which, in the first terrible weeks of the War, he recognised as the enemy of European civilisation. Time has not lessened the intensity of that vision, which came to him—a neutral—with no prepossessions in favour of England and her Allies, and which is, indeed, the whole significance of the fine work he has done for our cause throughout the world. Less steadfast folk of our own blood begin to wonder if, after all, it be quite worth while, seeing that the burglar is so strong, to go on with our opposition to him ; and whether it would not be better to hand our valuables—freedom, mercy and other trifling gewgaws—into his safe keeping.

Raemaekers sees in this relatively mild adventure of German frightfulness, the torpedoing of unarmed ships in the American zone under cover of American warships which, by saving the jettisoned crews, were able to keep the pirate within the letter of his pledge—he sees this as what it is, an act of intolerable brigandage and insolence. The insolence, indeed, is so colossal as to be almost admirable. Officers of the Fleet do not talk for publication ; but it would be illuminating to hear the comments of the American naval messes on the retriever work to which they were set by our friend the enemy.

JOSEPH THORP



"U" BOATS FIGHTING THE UNARMED OFF AMERICA

"Mind, I am operating at —, but not inside your gate. To-morrow, I come inside to bring you a letter from the Kaiser."

The Old Poilu

Of all Raemakers' cartoons this is the one that pleases me most.
It is the French Army.

The Grand Army that tramped away into the night after the bugles of 1812-1815 left behind it more than a sentiment and a story. It was the spirit of that army that broke the Germans at the Marne and held them at Verdun, and it is the same spirit that is holding them now on the Somme.

Here is the fighting face of France, recalling the baggage carts of the Beresina no less than the guns of Austerlitz. The old soldier of the Emperor, the old soldier of the Republic. Cambronne no less than Joffre. It is the face that has seen the snows of Russia and the sunlight on the Pyramids, victory and defeat, the heights and the depths, and always, across all and through all, the fair land of France.

The secret is in the eyes. Look at them!

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE OLD POILU
The Marne—Verdun—The Somme.

The Climber

FRITZ, apart from the blood with which he stained every rung of his two ladders, climbed well, as these things go; unfortunately for him, he was not careful at the outset to see that his ladders were solidly based. Not only did he base them both in bad diplomacy, but he added to these bases a lack of understanding of the temper of the nations whom he opposed, and then again he added a scrupulous disregard for what are generally termed the humanities. He viewed mankind as subservient to the machinery that mankind should control, whether it be machinery of government, of war, of trade, or of thought and philosophy. Organisation was of more moment to him than the spirit that should control organisation, and for that he will pay the penalty.

One may observe, with a second glance at this cartoon, that though Fritz has reached very nearly to the tops of his two ladders, yet he will never get beyond the last rungs, even if he steadies himself and his supports sufficiently to get on to those rungs. For over his head there outthrusts a ledge. Could he surmount it, he might overlook the world, and one may call that ledge the universal conscience, which the artist has pictured elsewhere in different form. It is the last obstacle, and it is insurmountable. With his crimes and cruelties, it is unthinkable that Fritz should ever finish his climb, for the conscience of the world will not permit it.

And yet another point that the cartoon suggests. This climber, the typical German, is not the stuff of which successful climbers are made. Muscle is there, and a certain amount of brain, but success in an enterprise of such magnitude demands a soul, and for sign of that one may look in vain.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



Louis R. Reynolds

THE CLIMB TO WORLD-POWER

The Prussian Guard

THE German army has fought in this war with the Allies in front of it and behind it the German Press.

Never has a war been accompanied by such ink-shed and such wholesale massacre of truth. The Allies have done their bit in this direction, but their bit has been as a mole-hill to Everest compared with the work of the Central Powers.

The fighting-men resent it. They don't like to be told that their foe is a fool, even if they are getting the better of him. When they are getting the worse the statement is a more peculiarly exasperating insult.

They don't like to be told that their victories are defeats, but they like even less to be told that their defeats are victories. In the one case they feel that the Press men are fools, in the other they feel that the Press men have made fools of them.

There is a whole lot of common sense in human nature, even in German human nature, and an army hit in its common sense receives a blow.

This is why, perhaps, Hindenburg has been issuing reports lately approaching the truth.

There is a lot of common sense in the old Marshal.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



THE PRUSSIAN GUARD

"Do you understand how our newspapers can tell we had the best of it at Ginchy?"
"Well, as a matter of fact we had to run, so we don't know what happened at the end."

War Council with Ferdinand and Enver Pasha

RAEMAEKERS is not merely a clever draughtsman and a keen observer, but also a deep and careful student of modern history and diplomacy. He knows the by-paths, the *coulisses*, and the intrigues of the diplomatic world, which are eternally going on behind the almost impenetrable curtain with which the Chancelleries of Europe seek to veil their proceedings.

Everyone knows, of course, that it was not merely affection or esteem that has ranged Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Enver Pasha upon the side of the Central Empires. In the case of the first greed had not a little to do with the final decision to which he came. He was not unwilling to be persuaded by the blandishments of his "dear brother the Kaiser," always provided it was made worth his while at the time as well as *in futuro*. In the case of the second ambition played its part, backed up by years of "ground baiting" of the kind in which German diplomacy excels.

It has been left to the pencil of this great artist and satirist to bring home to the mind of the man-in-the-street a knowledge of the actual situation that has been created, and of the methods by which it was brought about. In this cartoon we have the Kaiser in shop-walker attitude, an oily smile upon his lips, bending forward and washing his hands with invisible soap, while he exclaims, "I hope you have been well served and are satisfied." His dupes are shown bound hand and foot, with an expression of their doubts as to the ultimate genuineness and benefit of the bargain which they have struck shown upon the face of the one and the back of the other. Bound hand and foot they stand in the presence of this "artful dodger" among crowned heads, and in that of the decrepit Franz Joseph, in whose figure the artist has succeeded in so cleverly conveying an idea of the unstable and effete nature of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The "dear friends and Allies" show neither the feeling of comfort nor confidence about which their Imperial taskmaster speaks and inquires so glibly.

Bound thus to the wheels of the car of Germany's destiny, they begin evidently to question the wisdom of their choice. Already Ferdinand's doubts must have commenced to take definite shape, for the luck of "the great game" has begun to run against him at Monastir, and "crushed and destroyed" Serbia is once more in fighting trim and eager to expel the invader.

CLIVE HOLLAND



WAR COUNCIL WITH FERDINAND AND ENVER PASHA

"I hope, my dear friends and allies, that I have been able to make you feel happy and confident again."

Pounding Austria

" **I** WONDER how long my dear friend and Ally will be able to stand this ? "

So " Wilhelm " is made to remark, as he peers over from behind his parapet, safely guarded with barbed wire, and sees the aged Francis Joseph receiving blow after blow, on the one side from the Italians, on the other from the Rumanians. The caricature, it must be admitted, is not quite up-to-date in one respect, for Wilhelm has certainly done his best, and so far only too successfully, to tear off the smaller of these foes. But it is more than up-to-date in another, for the ancient " Dual Monarch " has already succumbed to his years and his enemies. And for reasons best known to himself, " Wilhelm " has run away from his funeral, and thinks he will consult his delicate health and his no less delicate dignity, by sending the Crown Prince instead, that young man being no longer wanted imperatively or Imperially on the French front. How young Wilhelm will get on with young Carl remains to be seen. The experience may have dangers of its own. Mr. Raemackers might look out for a further opportunity in this new situation.

HERBERT WARREN



Louis Rennakers. —

WILLIAM (*from behind the wire*): "I wonder how long my dear friend and ally will be able to stand it."

The Supreme Effort

“THE Religion of Valour” that new creed for which Germany now claims to be fighting—will call for many martyrs behind the fighting lines, and we may suppose that the middle classes of the Fatherland as little like the sacrifices demanded from them as any other members of the community, whose savings are the result of their own energy and enterprise. That Germany is subscribing to her loans with generosity and self-denial we have no reason to doubt; but since there is no free Press, the nation as a whole remains under delusion as to the value of its securities. The dust, however, cannot be in every eye much longer, and before another spring is spent, Germany’s people will know that she is powerless to keep her paper promises.

For the one hope: that a victorious trade war would instantly break out upon the peacee, is destined to be disappointed.

As Mr. Kitson recently and very effectively showed, economic power is the basis of political power, the root from which all national power, which can be interpreted into force, must spring. “Trade warfare is therefore a struggle for economic power, for the control of men and of all factors of wealth production.”

The British Empire seems to be grasping this fact for the first time in her national history; and though we have far to go, and the panacea of Free Trade will doubtless be vended again after the war—by those who, before it, knew so well that Germany would never fight—a growing conviction is none the less apparent that only by direct and strenuous offensive shall we win the war after the war.

Let us banish inter-tariffs, as Germany did, and unite the nation in a closer economic understanding; and let us not leave our frontiers open to the legions of German and Austrian bagmen, who only await peace to swarm over them.

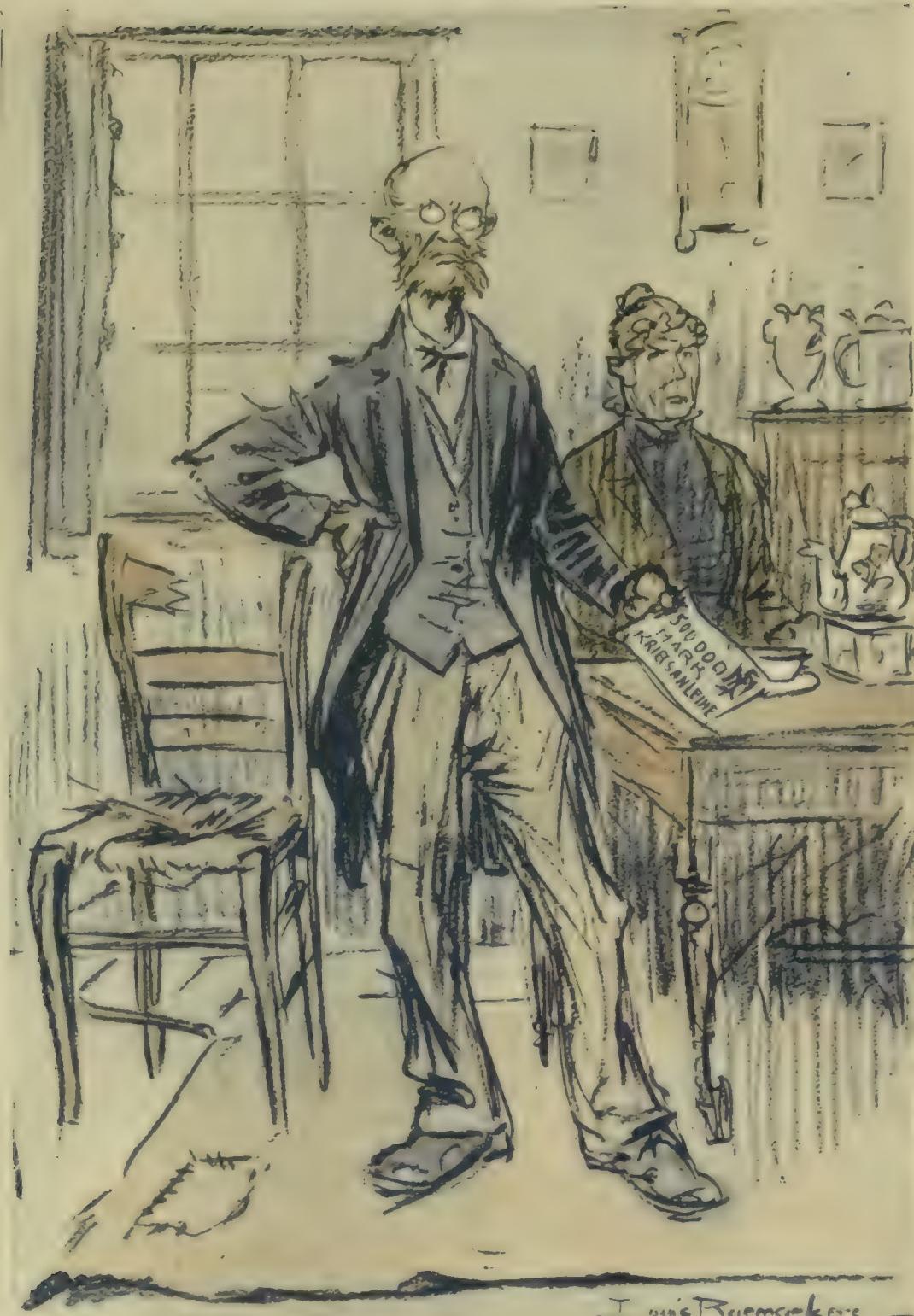
It depends largely upon us whether the gentleman in the picture will get his money back.

The grand total of the Fatherland’s indebtedness, were war to last until next April, has been calculated in Germany to represent £4,500,000,000, which would demand in annual interest a sum near £800,000,000.

One does not desire to be vindictive, but let no man forget the barefaced villainy and devilish brutality with which the Central Nations prosecuted war. It is not for us to forward the peaceful penetration of such a people through the length and breadth of our Empire if we desire to preserve that Empire an entity.

Let Germany redeem her pledges if she can; it will be no part of our post-war activities to assist her task.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



"I have pawned everything in my house in order to subscribe to the 500,000 mark war loan."

The Bloomersdijk

IN this cartoon the artist symbolises with drastic irony the powerlessness of Holland to claim respect for her rights or to maintain her national prestige. If the fair Dutch flag stands in the way of the Teutonic bully, he just tears it down and tramples it under foot. In the view of Germany the time is long past when a little community of human beings could sustain independent existence if its policy interfered in the smallest degree with the convenience of the great German tyranny. This is at once the humiliation of countries like Holland, and their claim on the active sympathy of the Allies. What can the nice little boy in the picture do to protect himself against the fists and the boots of the huge man in a Prussian helmet? Manifestly, nothing! His only chance is that his big brethren may succeed in thrashing the selfish, powerful brute as he deserves.

The attitude of Germany towards the little Sovereign States of Europe was laid down two years ago, with ineffable assurance, by Herr von Jägow. He said: "In the transformation of Europe to the profit of the Teutonic Powers, the little surrounding States must no longer presume to lead the independent existence which at present feeds their vanity. They are all destined to disappear in the orbit of the German Empire." In other words, as the rest of Germany has been subjugated by Prussia, so Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Montenegro, and Serbia must make up their minds to be melted into the Central Empire of *Kultur*. Not one of them is rich enough to maintain its existence. In the meantime, if Prussia finds it convenient to sink a *Bloomersdijk*, so much the worse for Holland, who would do well to swallow the injury in silence. And all that the civilised and cultured little countries can do is, through the tears of their exasperation, to cry aloud to God, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

EDMUND GOSSE



THE BLOOMERSDIJK : "I hope, dear Holland, this explanation is all you want."
HOLLAND : "Yes, thank you, it is quite sufficient."

Greek Treachery

R AEMAEKERS is a keen prophetic politician as well as satirist, and not seldom his pencil has pointed to future events as yet unanticipated by our "sufficient for the day" diplomacy.

One would have thought, however, that the tergiversation of the King of Greece had made it sufficiently clear no good thing could come out of his country while he continued to rule it.

Yet justice must be done to him. To Serbia, indeed, he proved false, borrowing the "scrap of paper" doctrine from his masters; but to the Allies he has preserved an unchanging front, and the logical action of those Powers who affirmed his throne should long ago have been to remove him from it, when he proceeded to abuse the constitution and deprive Venizelos of the power the nation had put into that minister's hands. Hesitancy and delay have divided a Greece that was united when Venizelos fell, and the sleepless activity of Germany bears the present fruits—so poisonous for us. It passes the wit of the man-in-the-street to understand what secret influence permitted the deadlock; but it seems hard to believe that difficulties connected with Greece's future have not arisen in the councils of the Allies. Soon the hand that is willing to wound, but afraid to strike, may be powerless to do so, for the situation develops very swiftly and the attitude of the French Admiral du Fournet has left no doubt of the Allied determination.

As we write, after needless bloodshed, Greece gives way, the fighting is at an end and her batteries of mountain guns are about to be surrendered. We are told, also, that the refusal of the Government was not inspired by the King, but by the military, who have formed a secret league with the reservists.

The exasperating problem of Greece has delayed progress very seriously and, indeed, may be seen to have modified the whole course of the war in the Balkans; for had we enjoyed her confidence and insisted on the recognition of Venizelos from the first, the country must long since have become an Ally. With her aid, instead of the withdrawal from Gallipoli, there might have been recorded a triumphant campaign with radical results.

But to cry over spilt milk is no business of the present. Concerning the modern Greek it may be written that "unstable as water, he shall not excel"; but we can yet hope that with our adequate recognition and support of the only Greek who counts, his power will triumph and his great spirit fortify a feeble people. His marvellous patience has been worthy of our utmost admiration, and those who would withhold absolute support from him at this critical juncture are certainly not the friends of Greece. That a country of such majestic tradition—a nation that has played her paramount part in the philosophy and art of the world—should be extinguished in this conflagration would not be the least of the tragedies our eyes may yet see; but the danger still exists, unless a sterner and more comprehensive attitude be taken to save Greece from herself and the ruler who is still permitted to occupy her throne.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



Louis Roodenkers.

AT SALONIKA

WILLIAM: "Mind, Tino, do not miss the right moment."

The Kaiser's Cry for Peace

A DROWNING man catches at straws. The Kaiser, when the rising waters threaten to overwhelm his barque, looks for salvation to the dove.

At fairly regular intervals through the length of the war the German Chancellor, speaking in his master's name, has announced to an unsympathetic world—to the Western as well as to the Eastern hemisphere—that Germany is ready, nay is longing, for peace—for peace on her own terms. None can doubt the sincerity of the declaration. Her powerful preparations have yielded her, in the field and on the sea, successes of a kind, but they are successes which decide nothing. Her reiterated pleas for peace acknowledge that only the voluntary withdrawal of her foes from the fray can assure her a final triumph. The Kaiser and his friends profess from time to time that they are weary of war's brutalities and are eager to enjoy its spoils unmolested. The fatuous cry rings very hollow in the ears of Allies and neutral peoples alike, and humanity outside Germany and her impotent kinsfolk in America marvel at the Kaiser's and his Chancellor's waste of breath.

Mr. Raemaekers' cartoon supplies the key to the situation. The tide, despite all local and temporary appearances to the contrary, is running against the Kaiser. His men and money are dwindling. Foolhardy exploits, which speciously look like victories, are straining his resources to the breaking point. The waves are buffeting him, and unless the dove, which he releases from his hand, brings back to him tidings of a falling flood—tidings beyond all rational hope, his doom is sure.

SIDNEY LEE



Louis Raemaekers.

WILHELM: "I am ready for peace."

Two Peals of Thunder

HERE the artist has depicted the Kaiser as a modern Ajax, not defying the lightning but afraid of it. The arch Hun sees the neutral Powers one by one abandoning their neutrality and entering the lists against him and his gospel of force and world-power for Germany. Italy, after slow progress and positive and seemingly disastrous setbacks, has emerged to the fulness of a success which has proved invaluable to her Allies as a whole. In Roumania's dark hour there is yet a gleam of hope and the indications of a dawn which shall see her triumphant and reaping where she has sown, and ultimately honoured among the nations for the part she has determined to play in the struggle for freedom and for international integrity. The reward of high courage and faith is often not at the moment, but is none the less certain for all that. Truly the keenest of all edges is upon the sword drawn in the cause of freedom. Roumania has drawn that sword, and it will not be sheathed until freedom from tyranny has been won, not alone for her but for the nations of Europe as a whole.

CLIVE HOLLAND



TWO PEALS OF THUNDER

(Italy and Roumania have declared war on Germany.)

Tit for Tat

THIS cartoon illustrates what is, perhaps, the fundamental principle which governs Kultur. The "Will to Conquer" has become such an obsession that it defies not only law but also those instinctive and primitive compromises upon which law establishes itself. The Hun says : "I hold you to your obligations, I scrap mine." A Hun can sell munitions to belligerents. During the Boer War they supplied us with anything we wanted. But it is monstrous, according to the Hun code, that Uncle Sam should munition the Allies. The Huns starved the women and children of France. But it is abominable that Hun women and children should be starved by England. One could cite a score of such instances. Raemakers remembers the treatment accorded by the All Highest to Oom Paul. So does everybody—except, apparently, the All Highest himself. He and his expected the cordial co-operation of the South Africans whom they had flouted and abandoned.

To what can we attribute this singular expectation ?

The answer may be found by the psychologist who has imagination enough to Prussianise himself, and to look, panoramically, at the world from the Prussian view-point. Prussia still believes in *Weltmacht*. A Prussian is self-constituted a Superman. So convinced is he of world victory that he is amazed and exasperated with those—be they weak or powerful—who dare to question his future supremacy. That supremacy, as he admits candidly, must be established by force. He proposes to rule by fear. He is confounded when he discovers that there are men and women who do not fear him. In this cartoon Kruger puts a question which it may be instructive to attempt to answer.

KRUGER : " You want my people to help you now, and yet when I came to ask you for help you chased me from your door like a dog."

KAISER : " Quite true. I had forgotten your little affair, which was essentially negligible then as now. Had I helped you I might have embroiled myself with a Great Power with whom I was not ready to fight. To-day, I am ready. Behold in me, my friend, a World-Conqueror ! I give you my All-Highest word that I shall win. What pains and perplexes me is that you don't back a certain winner. Hoch dem Kaiser ! "

That, in fine, is the Prussian point of view. Woe to those who do not realise that it "pays" to bow down before the Juggernaut of Might !

But there must be moments, ever-recurring moments, when the All-Highest mutters to his august self : " What will become of ME if I don't win ? "

And at such moments he may recall the vast and pathetic figure of Oom Paul, whom he chased from his door like a dog.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL



KRUGER: "You want my people to help you now, and yet when I came to ask you for help you chased me from your door like a dog."

The World's Judgment Seat

THE German Chancellor is well known to be neither a Pan-German nor a lover of war. He has done his best to propitiate the war-party by the truculence of his harangues against this country; but Reventlow and his friends are notoriously dissatisfied with him. He probably belongs to a large class of moderate-minded Germans who were brought over to the war-party by appeals to their fears. The militarists dinned into their ears the ominous facts that Russia was reorganising and increasing her army, and planning strategic railways; that France was doing the same; that everything pointed to a concerted attack upon Germany, say in 1917. "It is absolutely necessary," they said, "to strike now, before our enemies are ready."

This large class probably included the Emperor, and without its concurrence the war could hardly have been launched. It is natural for such men to protest that they had no aggressive designs, and that they only wished to protect themselves against attack. It may be true, as far as they are concerned; but it is not true of the soldiers who frightened them for their own ends. Behind the Chancellor, in this picture, hides a ruffian in uniform.

It is also true that Germany has conducted the war in such a manner that that nation is really fighting with a rope round its neck. The moderate party would now welcome peace. But on what terms? These have been divulged; but the Allies do not seem to have thought them worth serious consideration. As long as the military caste is the director of German policy it does not seem likely that any statesmanlike proposal will come from Berlin. Meanwhile, Justice holds the scales, and waits in vain for some offer to make reparation for outrages unparalleled in civilised warfare.

W. R. INGE



GERMANY AT 'THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT SEAT'

HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG : "Since the first day the war has been to us nothing but the defence of our right to existence and freedom."

Joan of Arc and St. George

NOT only those who are fighting the battle of tyranny and defending force against the arms of civilisation have failed to see this dazzling white light in which they stand. Many who now support the Central Kingdoms, to the extent of desiring an indecisive peace, are similarly blind to the pure ray which bathes these allegorical figures. The foulness of the shadowed protagonists comes from within. It belongs to their spirits ; and yet those who desire peace can survey facts and, in the name of righteousness, wish that no humility or indignity should fall upon them. The hearts of men are being searched out and by their deeds shall men be judged. Vain, then, to beg that Germany be not thrust beyond the pale of Nations, for who put her there ? Vain to pray that no humiliation or indignity fall to her lot when peace returns, for who have brought them upon her ? She has outraged herself and stands humiliated before her own conscience. "Let no wound fall upon her inviolate land," cry the peacemakers. As well might they pray that a man shall escape the harvest he has sown. Not Belgium, not Serbia, not Armenia stream with innocent blood and lie polluted under the filthiness of these premeditated crimes ; but Germany, Austria, Turkey reek to the hearts of their capitals. Their kingdoms are defiled, their streets shadowed and stained by their own abominations ; the unnumbered ghosts of murdered women and children haunt their homes.

Let us hear no more cant that Germany is a great and noble nation, that the Turk is an honourable, clean fighter and a good friend. We cannot see one or other of them for the blood and tears of their defenceless victims ; nor do we desire to see them, nor breathe the same air with them until the lustral waters have washed and the cleansing fires have purged. We must know with whom we are called to make peace before the word can touch our lips ; for shall honest kingdoms be ordered to treat with this horned murderer, or the leprous reptile crawling away from the light into familiar darkness ? Let the defeated nations cast out the devils that have led them into their present degradation before they dare to call upon the sacred name of Peace.

A distinguished Academician, Mr. Nicholas Butler, President of Columbia University, has very effectively voiced the situation in a recent utterance. He holds that "no greater opportunity for an act of constructive and far-reaching statesmanship has ever presented itself in modern history than that now presented to the Governments of the Allied Powers."

May we be found equal to this tremendous task when the way to humanity's triumph has been flung open by the spirits of Joan of Arc and St. George, who typify our united arms.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



JOAN OF ARC AND ST. GEORGE

"He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat."

The Voices of the Guns

ONE may characterise the figures in this cartoon as not altogether imaginary : in the villages behind the lines of the Somme, and in the tumbled country north of Verdun, there must be many such little homes as that in which the old man is pictured, homes befouled and desecrated by the presence of these hard-faced men who look on contemptuously while the old man listens. He and his kind know the voices of the guns, for they have heard them before. What memories of '70 and his own fighting days must come to him and to all his kind as they wait the coming of the guns that shall drive out this scourge of France—this vileness that for nearly half a century has poisoned the life of all Europe, and on France especially has set an abiding mark ? What hopes must be his for the day when Prussianism shall be no more than a vague name, and the sons of those sons of his who fight to-day shall work content, in the knowledge that their fathers have freed them from this Damoclean threat ?

How these people in the conquered territories have endured, how they have waited and hoped, even when there seemed no ground for hope, in the darkest of the days, we shall perhaps know when peace comes again. Yet even then we in Britain can never know all, for there is given to us a shield that France has never known—our shield, and in a measure our danger. For no man in Britain sits and listens for the guns that shall free his house and his land, and in that fact is possible lack of comprehension and consequent great danger ; as once it has been, so it may be again.

Yet it may be that, when the stories of these old men behind the enemy lines are told, they will waken the whole of the world, not only to the need for destruction of such a thing as the militarism of Prussia, but to the knowledge that only the strong man armed may keep his house. Had *all* realised this in time—

Meanwhile, as this third year of the war passes, the guns that speak freedom come nearer.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



THE OLD PEASANT: "Our guns come nearer!"

Forced Labour in Germany

ENGLAND has always had the credit for hypocrisy. The historic commonplace, not wholly undeserved, was this, that with the advantages of Puritanism, we developed its odious features and, from the Commonwealth, began to thank God we were not as other men. The spirit then created proved anathema to the Latin nations, and their accusation, founded on truth, stuck to us.

But civilisation may cede the distinction to Germany henceforth, for never until now has self-interest been practised and enforced under the name of God as by the Fatherland. Their archaic deity is invoked daily, from the Kaiser to the last poor boy, whose bloodstained pocket-book is found upon his corpse, with pencilled prayer that the cup may be taken from him.

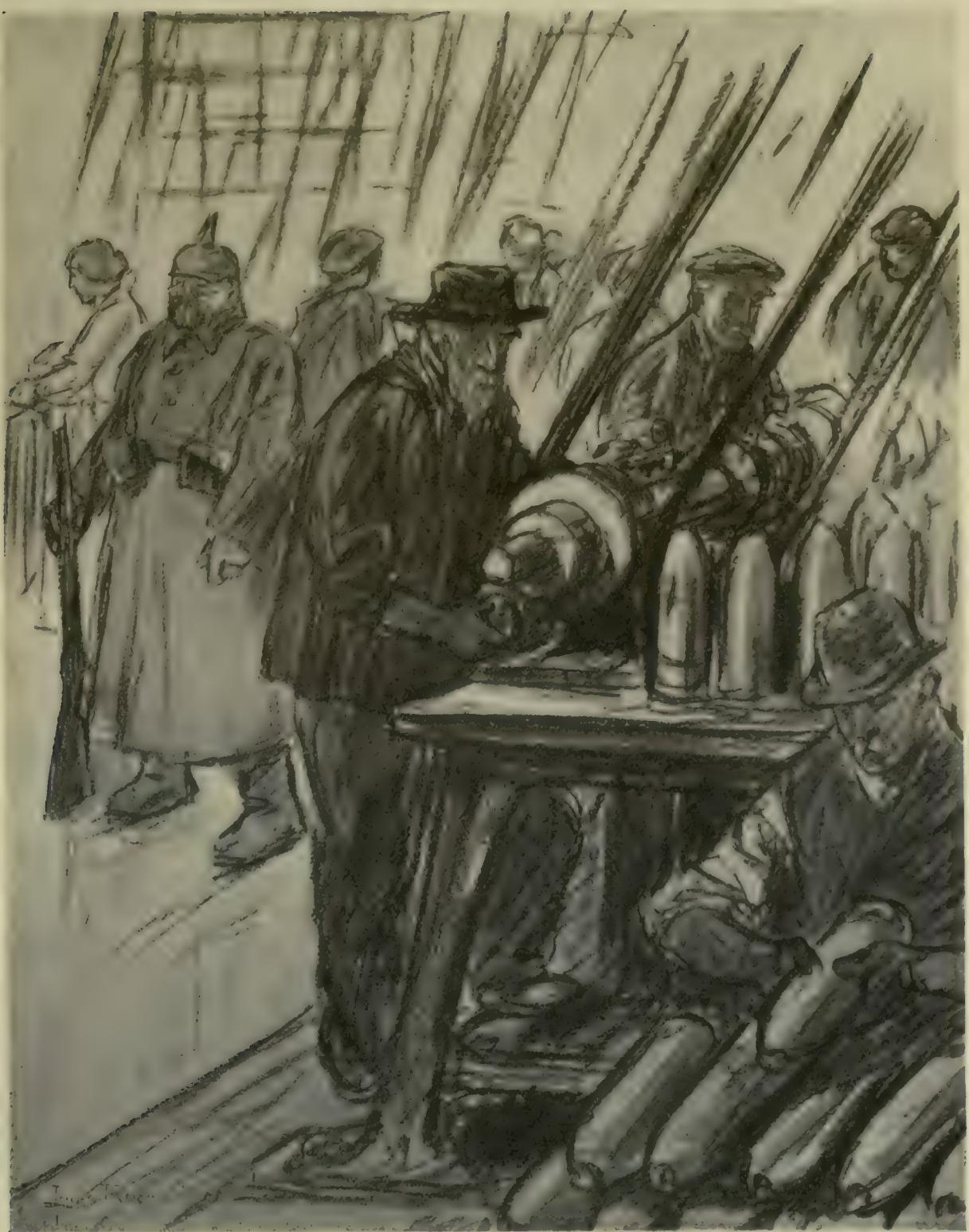
Few things have more illuminated the spirit that actuates Germany's Higher Command than the answer to America's Note on the subject of the Belgium and French deportations.

America, as might have been expected, was peculiarly sensitive before a return to the principle of slavery. None has known and felt the meaning of that awful word ; none has fought to expunge the fact from civilisation as she. But her Note met the fate of all her Notes. She is told that Germany, and not America, is Belgium's true friend at present, and that an all wise and prevenient Government has torn out the remaining adult population of conquered territory into the bosom of the Fatherland—for its own sake. Such transparent insults to the intelligence of a great nation have been flung at America for two years ; but one must still hope that the day of reckoning may come.

Meantime the raided Belgians, of whom a hundred thousand have been swept into Germany, are working at the point of the bayonet for their conquerors, and this drawing is no cartoon, but a simple transcript of truth repeated in a thousand of the enemy's munition factories to-day. The German lathe-worker joins the army, and his place is taken by the father of those he goes to slay.

And neutral nations still listen patiently, while this people proclaims itself the Chosen of the High God.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



"Perhaps this one will kill my boy on the Yser."
(Belgians have been forced to labour in Germany's munition works.)

Durchhalten—"Hold Out"

THE Roman Emperor Tiberius, that gloomy tyrant, is said to have remarked that governing the Roman people was like holding a wolf by the ears. Here the position is reversed. The patient, obedient, and faithful German people, for such, however infatuated, we must allow it has been, is represented as by no means like a wolf, but more like the traditional opposite, a sheep. But even the sheep may turn if driven beyond measure. Meanwhile this caricature may help to bring home to it the true position.

The Kaiser, stout, with all his heavy, comfortable clothes, his military cloak, his helmet, and boots and spurs, one of which last he digs into his beast of burden, rides comfortably on the back of "German Michael," the common soldier, and cheerfully bids him "hold out" and struggle up the toilsome hill of victory, with its shifting, clogging soil.

The desperate agony and pain of the poor victim, the drops of sweat falling from his brow, his eyes starting from his head, are well depicted, and also the complacency of the Emperor, blended with senile vanity and self-glorification. His aspiration not long ago was to be the "Young Man of the Sea." Here he is depicted as the "Old Man" of that element.

HERBERT WARREN



"HOLD OUT!"

Give Him Paper

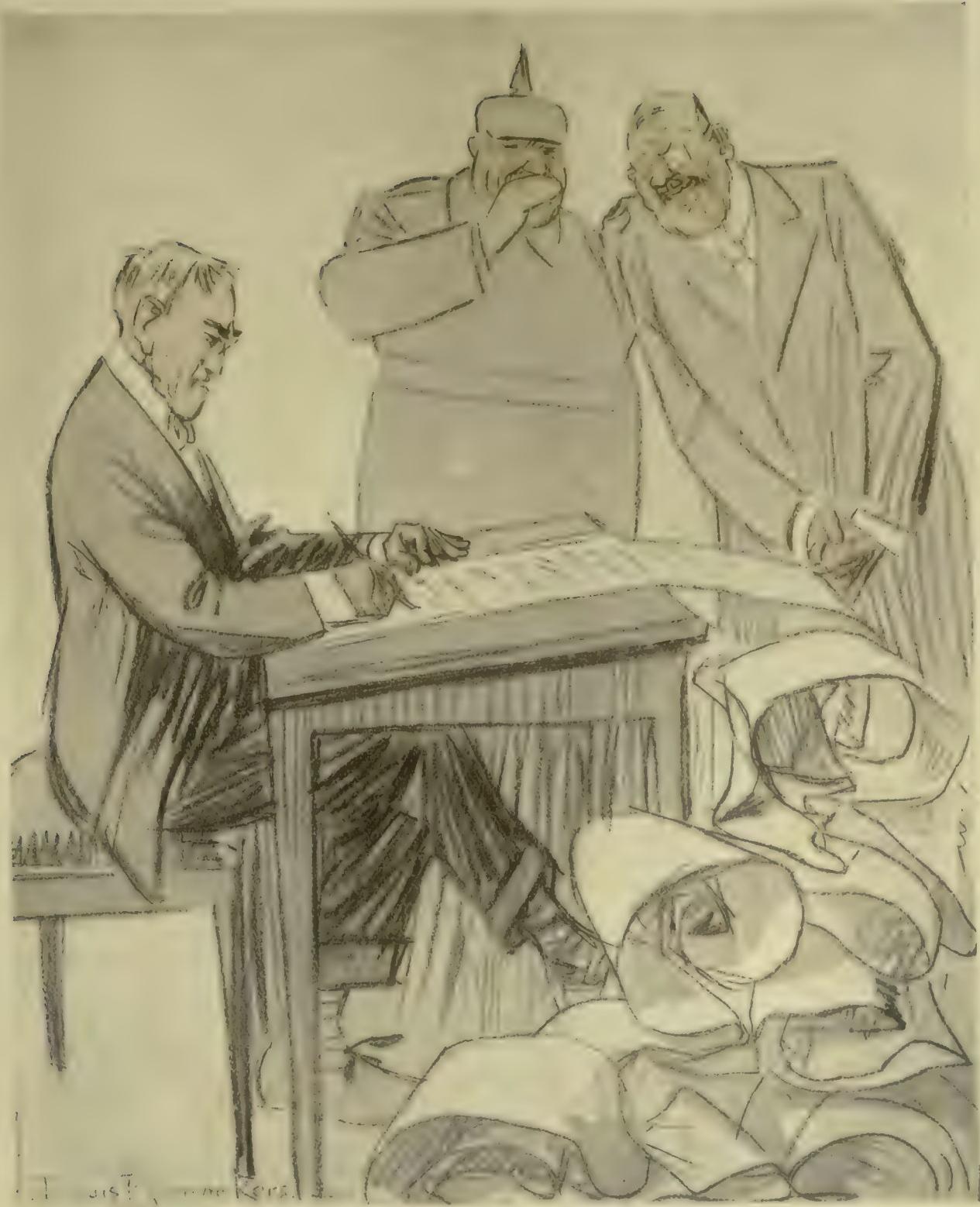
FEW things in connection with neutrals and the War have proved more puzzling to the average Britisher than the attitude of the United States of America as reflected in that of President Wilson. To apply the term "correct" to that attitude does not serve to elucidate it. The breaking of every rule of civilised warfare; the flouting of every provision of The Hague Convention; the atrocities which in the early days of the War made of Belgium a shambles; the submarine "warfare," better deserving the description of piracy, that has been the means of sending thousands of innocent men, women and children to watery graves; and latterly the wholesale slave raids, with the infinite possibilities of both shame and suffering for the unhappy women and girl victims, have seemed to us to call aloud for more energetic and definite protest than the "ink spilling" with which the President of the greatest Republic in the world has up to the present contented himself.

It is true that the psychology of a conglomerate nationality such as that of the United States is not easy to comprehend. But even granting that there are great difficulties in "representing" the views of a "mixed" population, it is not to be wondered that a satiristlike Raemaekers should have chosen the attitude of President Wilson as the subject of a cartoon.

In the picture which the artist has drawn one sees the President seated with a benevolent—though perhaps somewhat puzzled—smile of strict neutrality upon his face engaged upon one of the fruitless and numerous "Notes" which he has from time to time addressed to the German Government, while the Chancellor and the Ambassador to the United States smile broadly at the innocent victim of their machinations and breaches of good faith. Their motto is not "give him enough rope and he will hang himself," but "give him enough pens, ink and paper, and nothing will be done." They hope that a manifestation of *cacoëthes scribendi* on the part of the President will ensure that sterner measures are not taken. Up to the present it certainly has. Every "correct" protest has led to a disingenuous disclaimer by the Hun Ambassador (made with his tongue in his cheek) and to a repetition of the offence against which that protest was made. The artist has cleverly caught the inward feelings of the onlooking Huns and translated them in the expressions of amusement and satisfaction which appear upon their faces.

One may imagine, indeed, the Ambassador whispering to the Chancellor: "So long, my dear Hollweg, as we can keep him employed in writing protests nothing will happen. And we can continue to be diplomatically sorry."

CLIVE HOLLAND



"GIVE HIM PAPER"

Rumours of the Trenches

BY this cartoon Raemackers does not mean to suggest that the wish for Peace never comes to tired men in the trenches. There, as at home, among those who suffer intolerable loss and the exquisite torture of inactive waiting, the thought comes very often : " Is it worth while ? " and the answer comes also to those who take counsel with themselves and face the really deep issues.

And the answer is that to let this struggle between opposite ideals, the ideal of struggling human liberty on the one hand and ordered mechanistic efficiency on the other, be settled, or botched rather than settled, because the upholders of liberty do not think the agony worth while, is to shatter the best that humanity has found through blunder, travail and sacrifice in the last formative centuries. If each can lay his hand on heart and say, " It matters little what happens to me, but this great cause must go forward "—that shows a nation sound at the core. Of ourselves it is certainly true that the *major et sanior pars* would make such an answer.

Meanwhile it perhaps does little harm that the neutrals and the great ecclesiastics and the amazingly detached folk of the world should send up their little peace balloons—certainly not made in England.

JOSEPH THORP

RUMOURS OF THE TRENCHES

"...and I know there are easier to make peace."

I-ozie Remakes —



"The Axe is Laid unto the Root of the Tree"

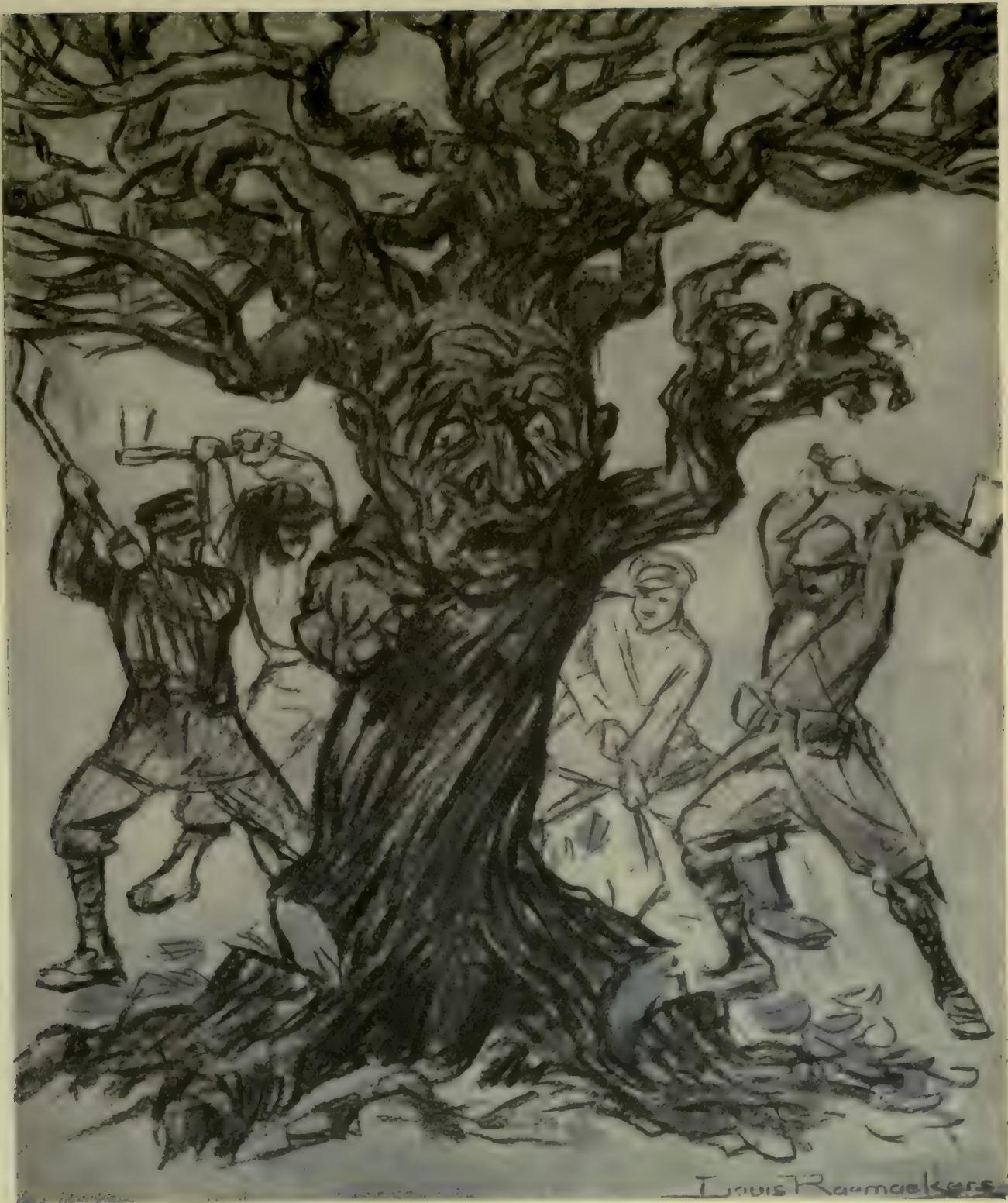
RAEMAEKERS is an optimist whose prophetic vision of victory cannot be dimmed by any untoward events. He sees with his mind's eye the approaching fall of German militant imperialism, as the Hebrew prophets foresaw the judgment of Heaven upon Nineveh and Babylon. Probably he is right, as they were right.

The domination of Europe, for any length of time, by one nation has been proved by history to be almost if not quite impossible. Spain attempted it, with the power of religious fanaticism behind her. France attempted it, with all the idealism of the Revolution behind her, and with the unparalleled genius of Napoleon to direct her blows. Both failed. Germany inscribes neither religion nor liberty on her banners. She brings no gift in her hands; for her wonderful organisation is for herself only; she would be the last to allow her vassals to develop anything like it for themselves.

Probably no nation since the times of Sennacherib and Esar-haddon has been so intensely, universally and justly hated and feared. The whole world is vitally interested in the removal of a standing menace to its security, progress and happiness. We ought not to be surprised at the power of a great predatory empire to resist a coalition which appears on paper to be overwhelming. The history of Europe provides more than one instructive parallel.

But in the long run the will to freedom is stronger than the "will to power," of which the Germans speak. Napoleon, the great outlaw, whom our enemies admire and imitate, confessed at last that the experience of his life had taught him that "hardly anything can be achieved by brute force alone." The sturdy oak of German tyranny will fall, as the Napoleonic empire fell. The Allies are hacking at its roots; but our hopes for our children must rest mainly on the return to sanity and neighbourliness of the German people themselves.

W. R. INGE



THE ALLIED AXEMEN

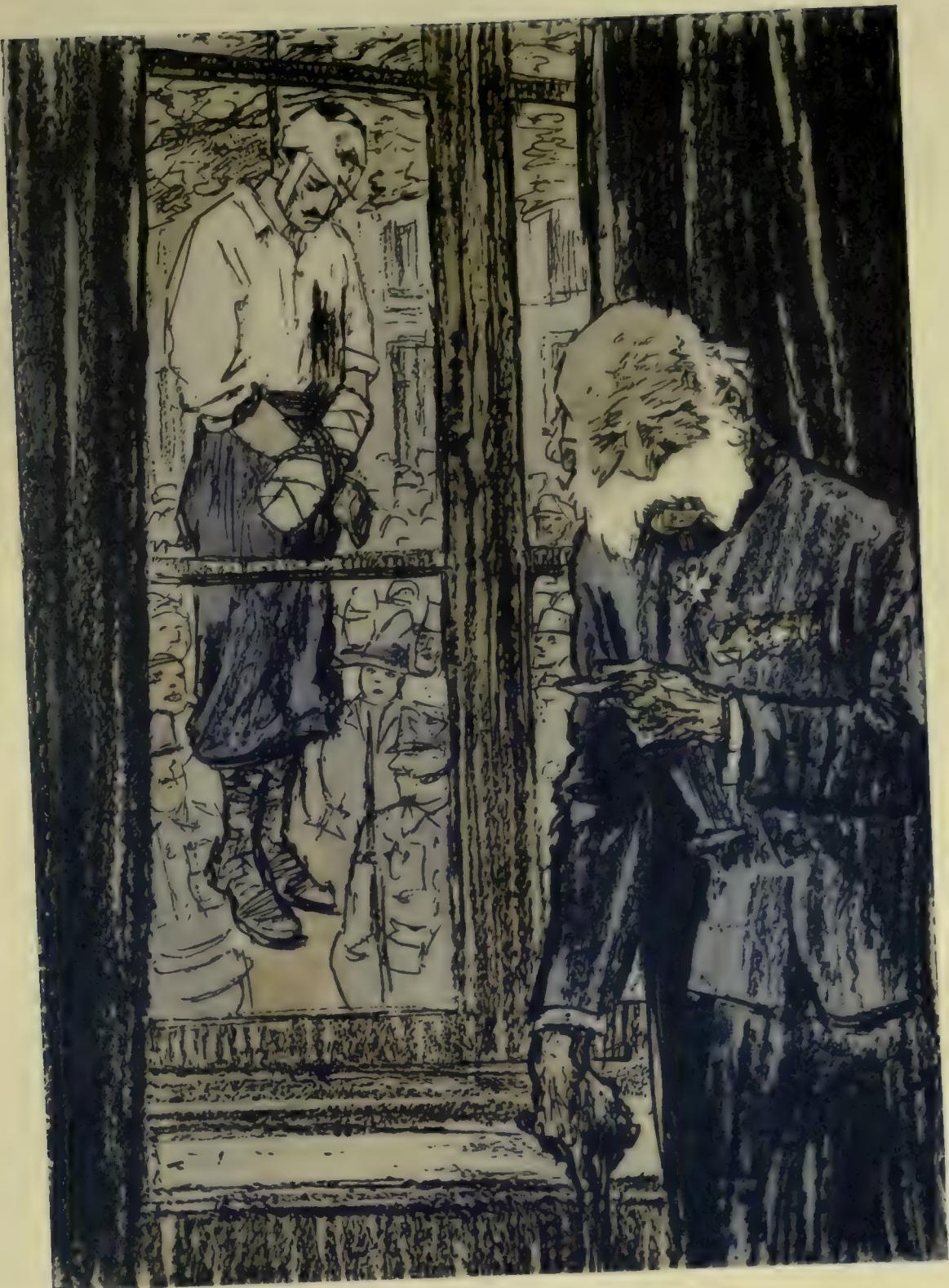
Deputy Battisti

“*D*E mortuis nil nisi bonum” is a generous maxim, but the sentiment which inspires it conflicts with reason. The kindly saw stands condemned when “the evil that men do lives after them.” The aged Emperor Francis Joseph went to his account with all his imperfections on his head. Throughout his long reign he cherished a blind faith in punitive violence as a cure for disaffection among the peoples of his ramshackle empire. The present war confirmed his fanatical trust in the scaffold or the gallows as the pacifying specific when dissentient subjects showed centripetal or rebellious tendencies.

The fate of one of the martyrs to the cause of Imperial unity, as the late Emperor conceived it, is graphically depicted by Mr. Racmaekers. The Italians of the Trentino sent one of their own number to represent them in the Austrian Parliament. Deputy Battisti lived for his own race and longed for release from the yoke of alien conquerors. Staking everything on a desperate throw, he joined the invading army of his kindred, and fortune betrayed him. Being taken prisoner by those whose service he had abandoned, he was consigned by them to a shameful and a vindictive death. He had risked with open eyes the fate of a traitor in the sight of the law. No brutality of physical torture was spared him by his gaoler and executioner.

Well may the old Emperor have regarded the outrages which this helpless captive suffered at his agents’ hands in the Trentino as a deed of vengeance worthy of his brother-in-arms of Berlin, who claimed credit not long before for the legal murder of Miss Cavell at Brussels. It is for such deeds, which the two Emperors have encouraged and condoned, that the Allies of the Entente will extort reparation before peace is proclaimed.

SIDNEY LEE



DEPUTY BAPTISTI

FRANCIS JOSEPH : "How jealous William will be—this beats his Miss Cavell."

The Acquittal of the "Telegraaf"

THE circumstances attending the arrest and prosecution of the Editor of the well-known and ably conducted Dutch paper, the *Telegraaf*, will be within the recollection of many people. It is only fair to admit that the Germans are very thorough in the methods by which they seek to influence neutral opinion, both in a military and a civil sense. Anything which stands in the way of their Press campaign of mendacity must go—that is to say, if it is possible, by hook or by crook, by fair means or foul, to remove it. The *Telegraaf* from the outset of the war has been notably sympathetic to the Allies. It has often fearlessly criticised German policy and military events, and has been scathing in its expression of horror at the atrocities committed. It has, too, not been altogether silent regarding the danger to Holland's independence which would come with the triumph of Prussianism.

Berlin decided that the *Telegraaf* must be suppressed, and great pressure was brought to bear upon the Dutch Government. As a result, its Editor was arrested, brought to trial upon a trumped-up charge of violation of neutrality, and—to the undying honour of Dutch judges and justice—was acquitted.

Raemaekers has depicted very cleverly the chagrin of the foiled German Ambassador at The Hague, who is made to exclaim : "We cannot fool Dutch judges as we fool some of their generals." It is a lesson for the Dutch themselves rather than for us. Let us hope that the unsuccessful attempt to "fool" the judges may have opened the eyes of the generals.

CLIVE HOLLAND



THE ACQUITTAL OF THE "TELEGRAAF"

GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT THE HAGUE: "We cannot fool Dutch judges, as we fool some of their Generals."

Neutrality

GERMANY'S first act, in the War of 1914, was to hack her way through a small, unwarlike, neutral country—unwarlike because, by the oath of Germany's Sovereign, she had been promised the protection of all her neighbours. To the crime of a causeless war Germany added the outrage of publicly broken faith.

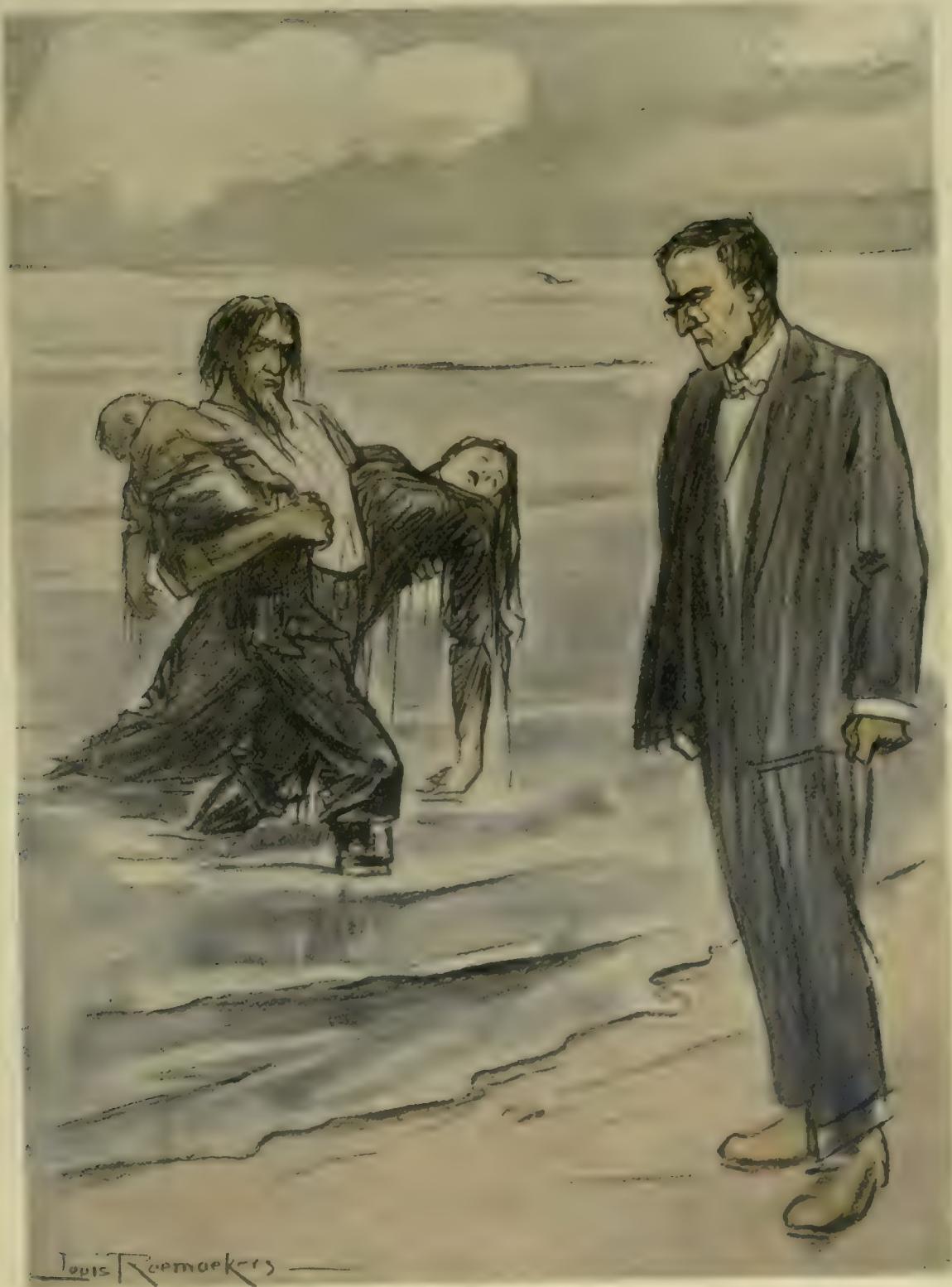
No country, however unconcerned politically, could remain morally *neutral* on the issue raised—for all intercourse between civilised people, private as well as public, is based on the understanding that contracts will be fulfilled, honour preserved, and promises kept.

Only one great Power has, in fact, remained outside the war. Though private Americans, almost to a man, have condemned, first, the invasion, then the outrage, and now the slavery of Belgium, the Government of the United States, speaking through its President, has declared the causes of the war to be "too obscure" for a judgment as to which side is right or wrong to be given!

When Germany threatened to extend her policy of murder to the high seas she was met by the warning that if a single American subject suffered the offenders would be held to "strict account." But hundreds of Americans have perished and no account has been exacted. Yet America is rich, and has a fine fleet, and a people whose ancestors fought as gallantly and as unselfishly as ever men have fought before or since. Why has she endured these German insults unmoved and left her slaughtered citizens unavenged?

She is tied by the maxims of her earliest statesmen. When the thirteen colonies became a free nation there were included within the new boundaries, which were three times as large as Europe, hardly more than three million people. No news of "the old country" could reach the sea-board in less than a month, nor be spread throughout the country in less than two. The affairs of France, Austria, Prussia and Great Britain seemed as remote as those of another planet. But steam and electricity, with the high development of commerce that they have brought, have altered the conditions, and German submarines will complete the conversion. America cannot limit herself to assuaging the lot of Germany's victims. She must ultimately take a hand in stopping further crime, and in punishing the offenders.

ARTHUR HUNTERFORD POLLEN



U-BOAT 53

PRESIDENT WILSON: "We can save, but cannot we prevent?"

The Materialists

GOOD cause for mirth, the diplomacy of the Allied Powers—and especially for Constantine, who, apparently incapable of playing a straight game himself, sees in the straightforward policy of the Allies plenty of scope for his own double-dealing. And the two satyrs at either edge of the cartoon, too, have a nice sense of how the word "diplomacy" may be stretched to cover anything, any duplicity, so long as it serves their own ends.

Yet this point of view—the point of view of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, of Constantine of Greece, and most certainly of Enver and his associates in the misgovernment of Turkey—is a strictly material one. It has, beyond doubt, paid these people in the immediate present—but will it pay in the long run? For to pay in the long run a man's conduct must not only bring him material advantage in the present, but—if he be placed as these men are placed—must also advantage him when set in historical perspective. And how will these posturers show in the light of history—what place will their descendants accord them, their people accord them?

William Hohenzollern—not all the waters of all the seas will wash out the memory of his crimes against humanity. Ferdinand of Bulgaria—will go down to history as the man who took his people over to the side of a doomed Power, and brought on them the just punishment of all who aided that Power. Constantine of Greece—a truckler to mean ends, double-faced, perpetuating the old Latin reproach of the Greeks, dragging down the country he might have raised. And as for the rulers of Turkey, history will accord them but a very small place, for Germany is the real ruler of Turkey.

These men have set the world ablaze, for material ends. Will it pay?

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



AFTER THE FALL OF BUCHAREST
"Long live the diplomacy of our enemies!"

Berlin, August 5th, 1914

THE tragic irony which waits on events has been very busy during the war. We have had many examples. Lord Kitchener, whose tremendous exploit it was to raise armies from the land, perishes on the sea. Venizelos, whose chief aim was to provide Greece with a constitutional monarchy, now finds himself hampered at every turn by a monarchy which defies the constitution. Wilhelm II., who is the chief representative of a military autocracy based on stringent discipline and implicit obedience to the War Lord, is forced to shake hands with Enver Pasha, who "slew his master," Nazim Pasha. These examples could be added to indefinitely—some, like the experience of Roumania, too impressively tragic to be brought in as mere illustration.

Mr. Raemaekers' cartoon suggests one of the most vivid of these contrasts of history. We all remember with what high national glee the war was ushered in at Berlin. It was one of our early mistakes to suppose that the crime of beginning hostilities rested only on the heads of Imperial malefactors, and that the German people were to be held exempt from the tremendous responsibility. The crime was not limited to a despotic Emperor and a reckless military camarilla. Germany herself was guilty, and rapidly proved her guilt by all those specious professions of faith by philosophers and divines which, one and all, bolstered up the Teutonic creed of infallibility and spread far and wide the miasma of Teutonic culture. Wilhelm undoubtedly interpreted the will of his subjects when he gave the order for mobilisation. He let loose the dogs of war amid the general enthusiasm of a race eager to prove its superiority over the rest of the world. Only a few Socialists, like Liebnecht, dared to utter their dissent.

And the issue? The issue is what we see to-day. It is a choice stroke of irony that the Germans, who like Shylock's servant Gobbo are "gross feeders," should now be suffering the pangs of actual hunger. But the contrast is too painful for humour. It is the catastrophe of a nation of boasters, whose boasts have come home to roost, the downfall of arrogant Supermen whose "Deutschland über Alles" has betrayed their colossal ambitions. The crowds who in August 1914 drank champagne and danced in the streets of their capital, and insolently answered the efforts of peacemakers by a declaration of war—where have they gone? Some to the trenches of the Somme, some to the incessant toil of munition making, and most of them starve.

W. L. COURTNEY



BERLIN, AUGUST 5th, 1914

The Berlin papers declared that the population, mad with joy, drank champagne and danced in the street.

Berlin, December 14th, 1916

BERLIN in its delirium of joy in 1914 is succeeded after twenty-nine months by Berlin in an agony of apprehension and suffering. Mr. Raemaekers points the contrast with bitter skill. At the earlier date Germany's answer to the Allies was War : at the later the Allies' answer to Germany is War. She willed it in 1914 : to-day she cannot help herself, but must endure what her adversaries ordain. For the figure of the demi-mondaine dancing with the champagne bottle in her hand in the first picture, we have in the second the gaunt figures of wives crying out for bread. And Death in the fur coat of the capitalist, smoking the cigar of luxury, jeers at the penury and want around him and seems to demand fresh victims. They say that on December 14th Berlin crowds waited all night in the snow hoping against hope that some favourable answer might be returned from the Allies, some message in reply to the Chancellor's offer to enter into negotiations which might contain a faint promise of peace. And they waited in vain. He that taketh the sword must perish by the sword.

Of course it is very difficult to get accurate information as to the internal condition of Germany. A great deal of so-called news is concocted for foreign consumption with the apparent object of deluding the foe and appealing to the humanity of neutral countries. But certain things are plain. We know that very serious riots have occurred in Hamburg, in Munich, in many of the cities of Austria-Hungary, in Silesia, and in Berlin itself, and that the police have found it by no means easy to repress the tumult. In some cases the military have been called out and have been ordered to fire on crowds largely consisting of women and children. The failure of the potato crop has caused untold suffering. The stores of cereals and of oils which were to have been the most precious result of the raid into Roumania have been most disappointing in quantity, as in most cases they were destroyed by the retreating army. America, which keeps in closer touch with Germany than most nations, sends us many accounts of destitution and hunger throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland, which at least must be approximately true. The Kaiser's soldiers complain that they do not get enough food, and we may be sure that they at all events would not be kept short, if only supplies were available. Above all, Germany is anxious to enter into negotiations for peace as the Chancellor's note and the answer to President Wilson show. Is there any other explanation possible except that Germany feels that she is exhausted ?

Exhausted she undoubtedly is—in food, in money, in men—although we do not know the extent of the exhaustion. But she cannot escape from the doom which she has herself invoked unless she makes adequate restitution and reparation for her wrong-doing and gives the Allies trustworthy guarantees for her future conduct. To this pass she must come at last.

W. L. COURTNEY



BERLIN, DECEMBER 14th, 1916

The Berlin papers related that, after the German peace proposals had been announced, hundreds of thousands waited in the streets during the night for the answers from the Allies.

Captain Fryatt and Kultur

IN all ages war has been marked by occasional acts of chivalry. Generally these were limited to acts by nobles towards nobles—the common soldiery and the poorer people being excluded from such benefits, perhaps because humanity to them was seldom picturesque. The incident of the Burghers of Calais is preserved only because it was the sympathy of a queen that had won a conqueror's clemency. In the nineteenth century a conscious and consistent effort was at last made to reduce chivalry and humanity to a code, applicable to all; and this code civilised nations accepted as a guide to their conduct in future wars. It was of the essence of this code that all non-belligerents should, so far as their lives and persons were concerned, be absolutely immune from the direct assaults of war, while, in every way that was practicable, their property was to be immune also. It is Germany's sinister distinction to have shattered this code, and not by the barbarous indiscipline, lust and cruelty of her soldiers, but of set purpose and by the fixed orders of the Higher Command. So that we had arson, rape, massacre and deportations into slavery presented to us as public acts of German policy.

But this did not suffice. The German Higher Command had not only to revive the fiercest cruelties of pagan times; they had to make them horrible by a mockery of the Christian sanctions. It is this that makes the murder of Fryatt quite singular in the history of crime. It is a murder committed by a State through processes of law, which include the calling of God to witness, first, that only true evidence is given, and, next, that public statutes are justly interpreted and impartially enforced. If the atrocities perpetrated on Belgium are a challenge to the conscience of mankind, the murder of Fryatt is a deliberate challenge to Heaven.

Raemaekers personifies German cruelty here by presenting the Kaiser as a Mohawk. But rightly looked at he is libelling the Mohawks. For sheer cruelty and love of torture there is, perhaps, little to choose between the Redskin of the century before last and the Hohenzollern of the cultured present. But the Mohawk did not gild his barbarity with blasphemy; he practised it for fun only.

A. H. POLLEN



Louis Ruempler.

CAPTAIN FRYATT AND KULTUR

Brussiloff's Advance, 1916

THREE was joy in Germany over the great advance of the summer of 1915, joy that was, to a certain extent, justified by the course of events. The mistake that was made over this advance was the muddling, in the public mind, of tactics and strategy : the fall of Warsaw, of Lemberg, and of Vilna were tactical successes—and the average German, believing the statements of his Government as a good German ought, saw in them strategic triumphs—which would have been a very different thing. For had that advance of 1915 been a strategic success—had it achieved the end for which it was designed—there would have been no Russian offensive in 1916, and probably no Brussiloff to give this singing Cossack cause for melody.

We have him here as he is, not as we have long imagined him. Throughout the half-century that preceded the outbreak of war we had the Russian—and especially the Cossack—presented to us as a fearful thing, for it was part of the German propaganda work to render Russia as a perpetual menace to the rest of the world, Russians as semi-barbarians who must be kept in check lest they overrun Europe, and especially Central Europe. The full extent of German machinations, and the distrust they have caused among the nations of Europe, are yet to be learned; but it is certain that if Russia was misunderstood, if Russians were set down as uneducated, semi-barbarous, and a little less than men, that view accorded with German policy. If Germany did not actually inaugurate such a view—if it were a survival from the time when Russia was isolated by difficulties of language and distance—still Germany helped to keep it alive, because of the fear that the Slav was a better man than the Teuton—if he were given a fair chance.

Germany's view-point is that Germany must have a fair chance, and the development of the rest of the world must wait Germany's will and pleasure. Hence the war; hence this singing Cossack and Brussiloff's victories—and the Cossack will sing louder yet, a song that will drown the voice of Germany and prove the knell of Germanism.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



BRUSSILOFF'S ADVANCE, 1916

The Cossack's Song of Victory.

Fighting on the Somme

THE Battle of the Somme was fought during the summer months of last year, so close to London that the din of it might have been heard only for the noise of the traffic. Five minutes of the fire on the Somme at its hottest would have swept Troy off the face of the earth, and beside this gigantic conflict all other battles stand dwarfed; yet within sound of it the buses were running to Putney, and people were lunching at the Carlton, and the steady stream of life was flowing north and south and south and north across London Bridge just as it has flowed since London Bridge was built, the cinemas were packed and the theatres overflowing, so that a man from Paris or Mars, seeing without understanding, might have reckoned the English lost to all sense of danger and responsibility.

Yet all the time the English guns were breaking the German defences, the English aviators beating down the German aviators, and the English Army defeating in hand-to-hand fight the German Army.

There was no fuss and flurry in London whilst all these things were being done over there and done by bank clerks and railway porters, by lords and commoners who would sometimes take a day off and cross the mine-infested and submarine-haunted channel to visit their families or see "A Little Bit of Fluff."

Raemaekers has caught the spirit of the Somme fighters, both English and French, but the pencil cannot tell everything, neither can the pen. The imagination itself fails to grasp the whole glorious comedy and tragedy of the Battle of the Somme, whose guns, all last summer, mixed something of their note with the hooting of the taxi-cab and the eternal imperturbable roar of London.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



FIGHTING ON THE SOMME
“Nom de nom ! Compliments l’Anglais !”

The Martyrs of Lille

THE universal condemnation of Germany's outrages upon France in 1870 resulted in the Conference of the Hague and its subsequent Conventions. The Rules of Warfare there established constituted an attempt to control henceforth the horrors of war within such bounds that the bestialities of Prussia to non-combatants and prisoners should not again be possible. Her crimes against France awoke a spirit of shame in every other country ; the nations strove to prevent all recurrence of such degraded warfare, and Germany, with the rest, undertook to observe these humane ordinances henceforth.

But a kingdom degenerate enough to suffer military rule, a nation spoon-fed on a political code of grab, a people taught from the cradle to believe themselves the salt of the earth, cared not for Treaties and indeed only signed them as an act of war and a means of hoodwinking civilisation into fancied security.

In the long sequence of cowardly crimes unfolded upon land and sea, the deportations from Lille may take their place as a work of unmitigated villainy, the sequel of which has yet to be told.

If there is any meaning in Justice, then those who have governed these cities of France and Belgium should be brought to it ; and if von Bissing and similar tyrants evade their responsibility by pointing to those above them, then let the criminals be hunted to their lairs, even though they lie in royal palaces. For remember what this war on women means and consider the fate of those who are swept out of their homes and deported, God knows why, or whither.

When the war is won may no general scheme of reparation swallow the separate justice these unhappy sufferers demand ; and may the women of England, who have been spared this martyrdom at the hands of a country whose name should henceforth waken a shudder in every feminine heart, forget not their sisters when such as have lived through their slavery are free again, and the blood of the dead cries for atonement. Women have done glorious work in this war ; let their unspeakable wrongs be remembered after we have won it.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



DEPORTATION
The Martyrs of Lille.

The Crown Prince

THE Crown Prince figures so frequently in Raemaekers' cartoons that it is not easy to find anything fresh to say about this paltry personage, whom Mr. H. G. Wells describes as "common-fibred, sly, and lascivious. His nickname in India was the White Rabbit. And now he steals bric-à-brac."

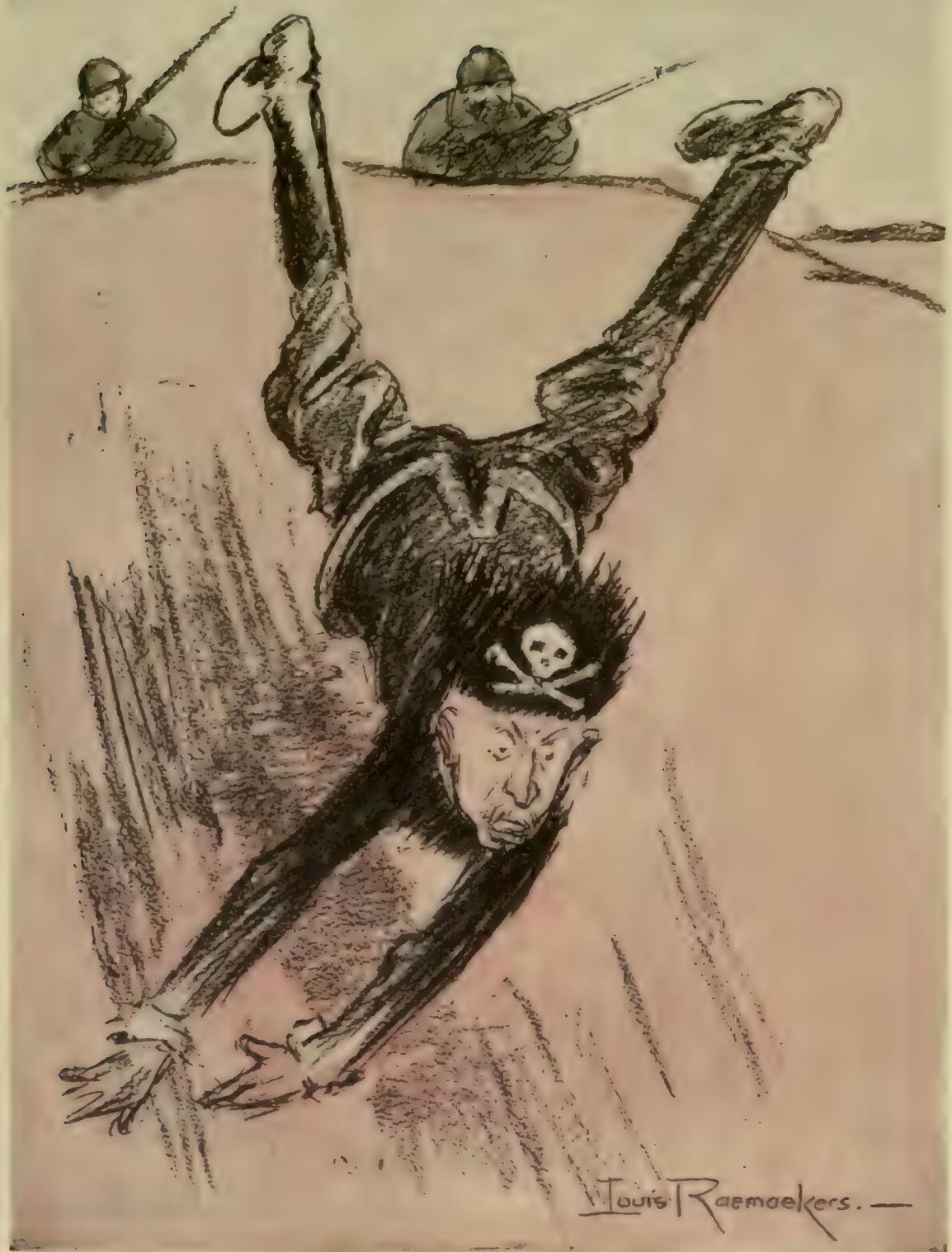
The significant fact is that he does fill so large a space on the canvas. It is, of course, the Achilles' heel of despotism that it is impossible to secure either ability or character in the despot. It is essential that his authority should not be given him from below; to allow this would be to knock the keystone out of the arch. He must be head of the hierarchy by divine right; and this is why the hereditary principle, theoretically so absurd, is indispensable to autocracy.

If a family could be found in whom the qualities of a great ruler were as strongly inherited as scientific genius has been for five generations in the Darwins, despotism might be as stable as it is unquestionably effective in international rivalry. But history shows no example of such qualities persisting for more than two generations. An heir to the throne hardly has a fair chance. He is surrounded by toadies, and exposed to temptations which are fatal to a man with coarse instincts or strong passions. And so the fountain of honours becomes itself choked with mud. Then one of two things must happen. Either despotism must be tempered by assassination—Caligula and Nero must be removed by violent means; or the autocrat becomes a puppet in the hands of the prætorians—the military caste, who soon discover that they are the real masters of the country.

The latter is what has happened already in Germany, though the Kaiser is a man of more than average ability and energy; and if his contemptible son is allowed to live and reign after his father's death, it will be by the grace of the Army alone. But will a great industrial community stand this? Unless the Germans are very unlike all other Europeans, the answer must be "No"; and in this expectation lies the best hope for the future tranquillity of Europe and the happiness of the human race.

W. R. INGE

(*Dean of St. Paul's*)



The Crown Prince leaves Pepper Hill to occupy a second line of defence that had been prepared beforehand.

Germany's Anger at Norway's Submarine Decision

GERMANY has many obsessions, and not the least remarkable of these is that which leads her to consider strict neutrality consists of affording her privileges of a most favoured nation and of permitting her to make use of neutral territorial waters and neutral harbours as bases for her piratical submarine warfare.

Since the event which provided Raemaekers with the idea for this cartoon took place, examples of Germany's lawless treatment of neutrals have followed in quick succession. The latter, indeed, have learned to their cost, as regards the destruction of their shipping, that there is little or no difference in the estimation of Germany between the nations with whom she is indisputably at war and those with whom she is at least ostensibly at peace. Whilst ever screaming and protesting to neutrals when a merchantman of the Allies attempts to defend itself against her maritime crimes, piracy, and depredations, she has no compunction in sinking neutral shipping at sight in her endeavour indirectly to harm the Allies. She has proved over and over again that she cares little what becomes of the crews of vessels which have been destroyed by gun-fire or by torpedo. To the crowning infamy of her invasion and spoliation of Belgium, and her hideous ferocity in the treatment of its inhabitants and of those of the north-eastern departments of France still under her yoke, she has added the despicable and futile crimes of sunken trawlers, torpedoed fishing smacks, and small merchantmen.

When insulted and outraged neutrals have protested she has assumed diplomatically the attitude of Admiral von Tirpitz, depicted by Raemaekers in this cartoon, which is one of mingled insolence and rage. Germany professes with assumed innocence that she is astounded that she should be hated by the whole civilised world. For ourselves our only wonder is that the whole (and not merely the greater part of it) has not long ago been ranged in arms against her shoulder to shoulder with us and our Allies.

CLIVE HOLLAND



Louis Raemaekers. —

Germany's anger over Norway's submarine decision.

Free Speech

THE Kingdom of Righteousness, when it is established upon earth, shall be under the protection and patronage of Germany, Bulgaria and Turkey; for these nations, at some personal inconvenience, have crucified our more primitive humanity that its salvation may be assured. We know, further, that the Kingdom of Righteousness will be founded on German "Kultur," thereby making good the word of the All Highest, who has declared that "Our German people will be the granite block on which the good God may complete his work of civilising the world."

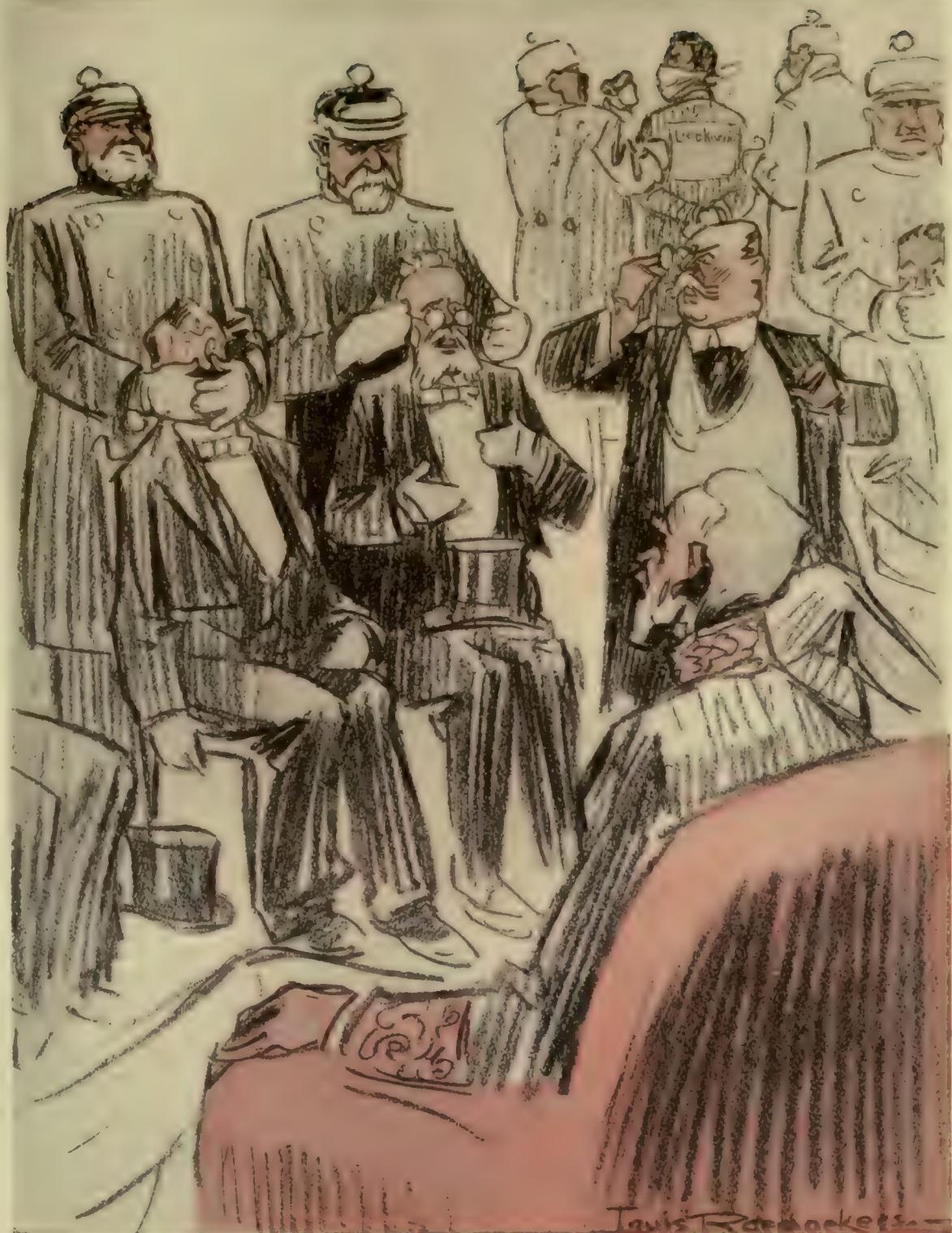
Granite, however, under some conditions, will metamorphose into china clay, and civilisation is now presented with the spectacle of certain Powers reduced to a substance that becomes daily more pliable. But clay must pass through the fire before it can be of prime value to man.

Many influences indeed are still at work to stiffen Germany, and the first and most powerful continues to be an imposition of ignorance and a stern control of all publicists and party leaders; but some facts cannot be concealed. It is impossible, for example, to hide from a soldier that he is hungry and his family in want of food and clothes. The destruction of free speech and the imprisonment of a Liebknecht will not fill hungry stomachs, nor cover naked limbs, be the people never so trusting.

And a time must come when a Nation that has deliberately sacrificed her birthright of liberty to her rulers will discover their war is lost, their "Day," that dawned with such a red sunrise, is ending in destruction and tempest.

One can wish no better for Germany than that, despite the rigorous tyranny of ignorance still imposed upon her, despite the long servitude under which she has been tutored to endure such contemptuous discipline, she may yet declare her freedom of judgment, turn a united front against her betrayers, and seek regeneration from a nobler system of government that shall echo the upward evolution of morals and the eternal hopes of mankind.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS



FREE SPEECH IN GERMANY

Bethmann-Hollweg in allowing it to the Party Leaders is believed to have used every precaution.

The New Canute

ONE great difference between the old Canute and the new was that the old Canute, in ordering his chair to be placed at the edge of the waves, was careful to see that he had a place to which to move back, while for this new Canute, on whom the waves of Allied troops roll, there is no place to which he can move back. He is doomed to sit and wait the oncoming of those waves, which shall bear him—whither?

For in these days, when the tide of Allied victory is steadily swelling, that question is worth asking. What awaits this man, who dreamed of world conquest, at the end of his attempt? What country shall shelter him, find place for him? Not his own country, surely, for there a wakened people will demand too bitter a vengeance; not the countries of the Allies, for there is among them not one that has not suffered too greatly to house such as this; and in a neutral country, what safety can there be for such as this Kaiser, would-be Cæsar, when with the fall of his power the truth of his deeds and plans becomes evident?

That he should retain sceptre and crown is unthinkable, for the whole world, even including his own country, is weary of his war, and will count it not least of the blessings of peace that this war-maker and war-planner is removed, that he may make and plan no more. His Neronic posturings were tolerated far too long; we may hope, now that these last two years have revealed the character of the man, that

if he survive the great catastrophe of the end—there will be found for him some modern counterpart of a St. Helena rock on which he may sit, sceptreless and crownless, to meditate on the inevitable end of those who count necessity the only law, and material advancement the only good.

E. CHARLES VIVIAN



THE NEW CANUTE

Cleansing the Temple

IT will create no surprise in the minds of those who have followed the work of Raemaekers closely to find that he has chosen such a world-famed subject for art as that of Christ driving forth the money-changers from the Temple. It is a fitting basal idea for a striking and impressive cartoon. Only one must remember that the money-changers of Scripture were angels of light in comparison with the Sovereigns of the Central Empires and their Allies, who have not only broken all the canons of Christian conduct ruthlessly, but have desecrated and outraged numberless temples of the Most High and shrines of piety in the lands which with lust for power they have overrun and devastated.

We believe that Raemackers' cartoons have a wide circulation in the United States and that they have done something to form the really intelligent opinion and even to range it on the side of Great Britain and her Allies. If this be so we trust that President Wilson may see this cartoon, and that its meaning may recall him from those idealistic dreams and abstractions in which he finds himself so unaccountably detached from the actualities and vital issues of the European struggle. He seemingly has as yet been both unable to differentiate between the aims of the two sets of belligerents, and to discriminate between the respective responsibility of the victims and the criminals. We trust that he will not miss the analogy brought so vividly to mind by the master pen of this great satirist and humanitarian artist. He must be dull, indeed, who cannot discover the fundamental differences between the aims of the Entente Powers, and those of the bloodstained apostles of German "kultur and frightfulness" who in the picture are seen in flight before the scourge of an outraged Christ at the portals of the Temple, whose foundations are laid most securely when based upon a code of pure and beneficent human conduct.

It is for these ideals that the Allies have been striving for a period of two and a half long years, through seas of blood, and oceans of tears shed by women and little children. And the "detached" observer, with thousands of miles of sea between him and the sound of the Flanders guns and the unceasing wailing of the oppressed, declares academically "There must be no Victory" as a reward for all our sacrifices and treasure freely spent in the cause of freedom and national integrity, lest the aggressor should be humiliated and envenomed.

The answer to this is surely "As ye have sown so shall ye reap," and "They who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

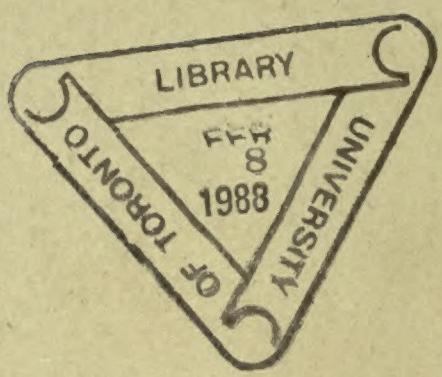
William of Germany, fouled by his deeds of blood, and his Allies as abettors, shall pay the reckoning, and merely symbolic as is this picture we believe that the scourge of God will yet sear their hearts and consciences.

CLIVE HOLLAND



CLEANSING THE TEMPLE

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